

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

FEBRUARY, 1834.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE LATE KING OF SPAIN.

THE personal history of Ferdinand VII., if ingeniously written by any body who had lived with him from his earliest years to his decease, would be almost as interesting as the memoirs of Napoleon. It would exhibit a series of vicissitudes more romantic than any modern fabricator of fictions would dare to imagine. The eldest son of Charles IV. and of Teresa Maria Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Parma, he was born at the Escorial on the 14th of October, 1784. He had not completed his forty-ninth year when he died; and yet his brief career is crowded with events, to which, perhaps his own hand alone could have done justice. He was, in all probability, the only legitimate son of the king: his features and character furnished the strongest evidence upon that point which nature could supply. His brothers, Carlos, and Francisco, are so unlike their father and each other, that they may be said, without any scandal, to have been born of different sires. The supposition, though by no means popular in Spain, is perfectly warranted by the licentious habits of the queen, and by the peculiar hatred which she conceived towards Ferdinand almost from the hour of his birth. Though married at an early age to Charles IV., she never loved her husband. She looked upon him as a mere curtain, behind which she gave the rein to all her passions; and, although, in the prime of her life she became the avowed mistress of Godoy, the notorious prince of the Peace, it is well understood that she was rivalled only by the Russian Catherine in the variety of her paramours.

Charles was throughout his life an imbecile. He easily fell under the control of a fiery woman, who left no means untried in order to carry her purposes of pleasure or ambition into effect. She permitted the ascendancy of Godoy, because he artfully lent himself to all her intrigues, and was the slave of her desires. The incompetency of the king for the management of public affairs filled them with the perpetual fear of an abdication. They, therefore, resolved to render Ferdinand still more

unfit, if possible, for the cares of empire. He was brought up in a state of ignorance which would have disgraced the son of the poorest mechanic in England. From his boyhood he was surrounded by illiterate persons, by buffoons given to low amusements and vicious propensities. With the exception of a single individual, Escoiquiz, canon of Toledo, who happened to have opportunities occasionally of conversing with the prince, no person was ever admitted to his presence who was in any manner distinguished for intelligence. The good canon observed in secret the atrocious system upon which the education of the heir to the throne was conducted; and resolved to counteract it as far as he could without exposing himself to danger. His exertions were attended with very limited success; but they generated in his bosom an attachment to the prince, and a paternal solicitude about his fortunes, which remind us frequently of Mentor. Unhappily, Escoiquiz possessed little of the political wisdom which characterized the preceptor of Telemachus; but his devotion to the just interests of the royal youth was marked by a degree of courage and constancy, alike honourable to the man and to the sacred ministry of which he was a member.

When reading the history of Spain, we often imagine that we are in the midst of some Asiatic empire. In Hindoostan, before it became British, in Persia and Turkey, even to this hour, the sudden elevation of a valet, or a barber, to the highest dignities of the state may be considered as an event quite in the ordinary course of things. Since the Bourbons have occupied the Spanish throne, many instances have occurred of similar promotions. But I remember no occurrence of this description so remarkable for the many disasters to which it gave rise, as the sudden step which the joint favour of the king and queen enabled Godoy to make, from the rank of a cadet to an office which constituted him for several years the real sovereign of the Peninsula. Born of obscure parents at Badajoz, he took an excursion to Madrid, literally for the purpose of seeking his fortune. He was accompanied by his brother Louis. Both, especially Manuel, were fine-looking young men. Without a dollar in their

pockets, they applied themselves to all the arts that are calculated to win the attention of women. They conversed fluently, danced with spirit and grace, sang and played on the guitar in an agreeable style. One of the ladies of the court, who bestowed her favours on Louis, prevailed upon the queen to hear him. Pleased by his performance she paid him some compliments. "Ah," he exclaimed, "what would your majesty have said, had you heard my brother?" He was ordered to attend with Manuel the next evening. The king and queen were present, and were both equally enchanted by the skill, voice, manners, and appearance of the musician. Manuel was invited to court, and from that hour his fortune was secure. He, whose wealth had lately consisted only of his cap and sword, rose, by rapid strides, to the highest station which the monarchy could give. He was created a prince. His arms were embroidered upon the banners of the artillery—the proudest branch of the Spanish army. The courtly biographers of the day traced his descent to Montezuma! His levees were more crowded than those of the Escurial or Aranjuez. He was attended with all the pomp of a Sultan, by almost all the *grandees*—the most profligate aristocrats in Europe; by the commanders of the forces, the civil employes, and by the whole of the judges and law officers—at all times in Spain a most corrupt and servile race. He was in all circles the rage—the very idol of the women—the uncontrolled distributor of honours and emoluments; he sometimes sold them for money; more frequently he gave them in exchange for the gratification of his vanity or still more criminal passions. Merit, talent, virtue, knocked at his door—but never found admission. The man who without a purse in his hand, solicited the patronage of Godoy, was obliged to exhibit in the ante-room a beautiful wife, a virgin sister, or daughter. If the victim struck his fancy the bargain was made. Her dishonour became the price of a foreign mission, or a governorship in the Indies, or of success in the courts of justice: for be it said, to the disgrace of human nature, that in those days the tribunals never pronounced an important judgment, without previously consulting the wishes of Godoy!

It is no wonder that as Ferdinand advanced in years, two parties became distinctly defined in the court and the nation. Whatever hasty and superficial travellers may be pleased to say to the contrary, the mass of the inhabitants of Spain are essentially a grave, religious, and moral people. It is true that they are not easily interested in public affairs. Their climate and soil yield them in abundance all the necessities, many of the luxuries of life. The mountainous nature of their territory, and the paucity of road and canal communications, tend to encourage their pastoral dispositions. Never driven to discontent or insubordination by those frightful vicissitudes which are of frequent occurrence in manufacturing countries densely peopled, they

can rarely find motives for leaving their homes in the contentions of political factions. But it is not too much to say, that as soon as the situation of the young prince, oppressed by the unnatural and unrelenting hatred of his mother, and by the persecutions of Godoy, became generally known to the provinces, a sentiment of deep indignation against the court, and of sympathy for the unhappiness of Ferdinand grew into a passion throughout the Peninsula.

The popular feelings in favour of the young prince, thus created in the earlier part of his life, remained undiminished to the last. They sustained him through many changes of policy, which must otherwise have subverted his throne. They were, in the first instance, unequivocally displayed upon the occasion of his marriage to Maria Antonia, (daughter of the King of Naples) which was celebrated at Barcelona amidst the most enthusiastic rejoicings. This princess possessed a highly cultivated intellect. Perceiving, upon her arrival at Madrid, the utter insignificance to which her husband was condemned, she set herself resolutely to the task of restoring him to the rank which belonged to him as heir to the throne of Spain. Her premature death was the only result of her exertions. It was very generally imputed to poison—a rumour to which the suicide of the court apothecary a few days after afforded some confirmation. A tradition is still preserved of a letter, which the unfortunate man is said to have written, but which was carefully suppressed by the police, containing a full confession of the deed, and disclosing the names of the parties by whom he was instigated to administer the fatal potion.

The blunders of Godoy in his transactions with the revolutionary governments of France, aided not a little by the confusion into which his profligacy, and that of the court, threw the whole administration of the kingdom, at length led to his downfall. He owed his title to the peace which he concluded with France in 1795. But when Napoleon established his dynasty, as he foolishly thought, for ever, and determined to encircle his throne by royal satraps of his own family, he found the means of convincing Godoy that a title Prince without a principality was a mere empty sound. He proposed to create one for him in Portugal. But for this purpose Portugal must first be conquered and partitioned. In order to do both these things, a combined French and Spanish army was of course necessary. The treaty was agreed upon. The French troops were not only permitted to pour into the northern provinces of Spain, and to take possession of all the strong places, but they were absolutely hailed as deliverers. The game of falsehood was played until troops were actually on their way to seize the royal family. Suddenly it was resolved that the king and queen, together with their children, should embark for Mexico. The court was then at Aranjuez, where it was never attended before by more than a company of guards. The rapid collection of several regiments destined

to protect the royal family in their progress to Seville gave the signal of alarm. The people of La Mancha, the most excitable in Spain, assembled to the number of forty thousand in the neighbourhood of the palace. Godoy was justly looked upon as the immediate author of the misfortunes which impended over the nation. His house was attacked by the multitude, and if he had been found, he would assuredly have been murdered. They were, in some degree, calmed by a promise which Ferdinand gave them, that, happen what might, he would not quit the country. Already the favourite of the people, they then proclaimed him their king. The queen, terrified more on account of her paramour, for whom the multitude were eagerly searching every part of the palace, than even on her own account, advised Charles to abdicate. The act was quickly drawn up and signed, and the reign of Ferdinand commenced. Godoy, who had lain concealed beneath some mattresses during twenty-four hours, urged by a violent thirst, rushed into a gallery, where he met a sentinel, to whom he offered a costly gold repeater for a glass of water. The sentinel knew the traitor, and delivered him to the people. It was one of Ferdinand's first acts to preserve the life of this most deadly enemy, by declaring that it was necessary to discover from him his accomplices.

The revolution of Aranjuez afforded Napoleon every diplomatic facility which he could have required, in order to lend a slight form of decency to his usurpation of the throne of Spain. Murat, who was then at Madrid with a large force, was of course unprepared to recognise Ferdinand as king. It was an event which had not been provided for in his instructions. He must wait for the orders of his imperial master. But in the mean time he placed himself in active correspondence with the queen, took Godoy under his own protection, and was soon furnished with abundant evidence of the discord which prevailed in the royal family. The abdication was then made out to be an act forced upon Charles by armed rebels, instigated by Ferdinand. The abdication was, therefore, of no validity, and Ferdinand possessed no title to the crown, which he so wickedly assumed. His mother painted him in her letters as a monster, prepared by his natural dispositions for the perpetration of any crime. The wily Savary next appeared upon the scene of treachery. He came directly from the emperor, whom he had left at Bayonne, preparing to realize a promise previously given to Charles, that he would visit Madrid. Savary congratulated Ferdinand upon the turn which events had taken in his favour, but forgot to address him by the title of "Majesty!" When this slight mistake was hinted at, he answered that he reserved for the emperor the honour of being the first among Frenchmen to salute the new king. Napoleon had not yet arrived. Not yet; but doubtless he was already at Burgos, whither of course Ferdinand was about to proceed to receive his distinguished guest.

Ferdinand, attended by his feeble advisers, set out post haste to meet the emperor at Burgos. But to their infinite surprise there was no Napoleon, nor any symptoms of his approach, at Burgos. Business, the management of important state affairs, had detained him on the way. No doubt could be entertained that his majesty was at Vittoria. Off the deluded Ferdinand and his mules scampered to Vittoria. But Vittoria was as free from the presence even of an imperial page as Burgos. It was, however, full of French troops, who surrounded the town, and prevented Ferdinand, when he resolved upon such a measure too late, from returning to the south. He had no alternative but to advance to Bayonne. He had scarcely alighted at his hotel when he was visited by Napoleon. Felicitations upon their meeting were lavished on both sides; it was too soon to think of politics. Duroc stayed behind to invite Ferdinand to dine with the emperor at Marac—the artillery barracks near the town. Ferdinand went, and, charmed by his reception, returned to his hotel in high spirits. He was smoking a cigar when Savary was announced. "I have the honour," said the military diplomatist, "to state, on the part of my royal master, that the dynasty of the Bourbons has ceased to reign in Spain, and that it is about to be replaced by that of Napoleon, who has directed me to receive your renunciation in his favour of the crown, as well for yourself as for all the princes of your family."

Ferdinand was astounded. When he found words, he declared, with some dignity, that whatever he might do as to his own rights, he would never sacrifice those of his family. By the contrivance of Murat they were all soon there to answer for themselves, and a course of negotiation, accusation, and recrimination followed, which we could wish, for the sake of humanity, that history were enabled to erase from her scroll. The imperial arbitrator quickly decided, upon their own showing, that none of them were competent to exercise the functions of sovereignty. Ferdinand and his brothers were sent to Valencay; Charles and his spouse, together with Godoy, were pensioned, and permitted, to fix their residence at Rome.

Sometime in the year 1816 or 1817, a person named San Martin, who frequently visited Charles, happened to converse with him on the extraordinary fortunes of Godoy. In the course of the conversation, the ex-king, as if himself astonished at the rise of a man of no birth, innocently asked to what circumstance it could possibly be traced. San Martin thoughtlessly replied, "To the well-known passion of the queen, without doubt." Strange to say, this was the first time that this unwelcome truth had reached the ear of Charles. He never had the slightest suspicion of the infidelity of his wife—but now a thousand circumstances rushed upon his memory to establish her guilt. To his honour it must be added, that he quitted her society instantly, and sought refuge at the court of Naples

But the intelligence which he had obtained so unexpectedly was a blow from which he never recovered. He died very soon after. His consort, who, it said, repented towards the end of her life of her early crimes, followed him to the tomb in 1819, and in the year 1823, Godoy was also numbered among the dead.

Before Ferdinand quitted Spain, he solicited from Napoleon the hand of one of the princesses of his family. While at Valengay he repeated his wishes on this point more than once, in terms which rendered him the laughing-stock of the imperial court. But the events which took place in the Peninsula and the North of Europe, in 1812 and 1813, produced an important alteration in Ferdinand's fortunes. No longer a prisoner, he was restored to his throne and his country; and if, instead of spending his exile at Valengay in indolent repose or puerile amusements, he had endeavoured to repair the deficiencies of his education, he might have raised Spain from her ruins to the rank which she deserves as one of the first-rate powers in Europe. Never had a monarch a more admirable opportunity of placing upon a secure foundation the happiness and prosperity of his people, than Ferdinand possessed when, from the Pyrenees, he once more looked down upon the fertile fields of Spain. He had pledged himself to the maintenance of the leading principles of the constitution. He might have easily reformed the political errors with which the theory of that scheme abounded, and have reconciled all the useful attributes of his crown with the freedom of his subjects; but with the levity which disgraced his character, he flung the volume of the constitution into the fire, the moment he heard the enthusiastic "*vivas*" with which he was saluted on all sides upon passing the frontiers. He dismissed, in the most insulting terms, the Cortes which had been mainly instrumental in the preservation of his throne, and proclaimed his resolution to extinguish every trace of that liberal spirit which had been the liberator of his country. Ingratitude and folly combined to plunge him in a course of evil government, which for six years placed every respectable family in the kingdom in a state of constant alarm. The blood of some of the best men of Spain—of men who had fought heroically against the enemy for their hearths and altars—was shed upon an ignominious scaffold. Compelled, at length, by the sudden revolution of 1820, to accept a new version of the constitution, he basely temporized with the events of the hour. Immediately after swearing in the most solemn manner faithfully to perform the duties assigned to him by the new order of things, he despatched agents to Louis XVIII. who carried his secret protest against the acts which he executed in public. His conduct during the three years of the constitution was marked by so many indications of insincerity, that we are surprised at the facility with which the leading men of the Cortes suffered him to lead them, step by step, to their own ruin. From the recovery of his absolute

power, through the intervention of France to the last hour of his existence, his sole object seemed to have been how he might render it most injurious to the country that was intrusted to his care. The massacre or exile of all her most enlightened men—the desolation of her towns and villages—the destruction of her internal and foreign trade—the total loss of her noble colonies—her degradation in the scale of Europe, where she scarcely ranks as a third-rate power, remain to mark the reign of Ferdinand VII. as an epoch of disaster and shame in the annals of the Peninsula.

Nevertheless, the personal biographer of the late king might find some traits in his character, which, though they could not, indeed, redeem his political transgressions, must secure him, at least, from being considered as his nefarious mother pronounced him to be—

— "Monstrum nulla virtute redentum."

I myself have witnessed the condescension with which he attended to the petitions of the poor. Loitering one day about the palace of Madrid, which, by the way, is well worth the attention of a stranger, as one of the handsomest edifices of the kind in Europe, my attention was attracted by a number of state carriages which were proceeding towards the principal entrance. I followed them almost instinctively, and soon found myself stationed among a number of grenadier guards, who were drawn up near the lower steps of a magnificent staircase. In the passage to which the staircase opened there were seven or eight old women, with papers in their hands, ready for presentation. In a few minutes the king and queen (his third wife Amelia, of Saxony) descended, followed by a brilliant group of officers in full dress. The king wore a dark blue coat, turned up with crimson, laced with gold, white small-clothes, white silk stockings, a blue riband over his left shoulder, and a star on his breast. The queen was then little more than twenty years of age, but her pale countenance already disclosed symptoms of that broken heart which soon after found repose in the grave. Her figure, which was slight and elegantly formed, was nearly enveloped in a blue silk mantle, edged with ermine. She wore on her head a pink hat, without feathers. Her appearance contrasted strongly with that of Ferdinand, as he handed her into the carriage. It is well known that his chin and lower lip were nearly in a right line with the extremity of a nose of no ordinary dimensions. The deformity of his features was, in some degree, palliated by large mustachios. But although his figure was erect, manly, and even princely, I could not help thinking, when he took his seat by his fragile consort, of the celebrated story of "Beauty and the Beast," until I beheld him taking, with his own hand, through the still open door, the petitions of the poor people whom he called to him for the purpose. His swarthy rude face was suddenly lighted up with an expression of kindness, which showed that he was not wholly unaccus-

tomed to acts of a benevolent description. I know not whether any of these supplicants ever received any answer to their representations; but I saw that they were already half satisfied, at least, by what I may really call the paternal smiles of their sovereign.

This royal attention to the lower orders is a practice of an ancient date in Spain. During the prevalence of the constitution, Ferdinand was not, indeed, allowed to give audiences to inferior persons, as suspicions were entertained, not without good grounds, that plots were often in preparation for effecting the escape of the royal family from Madrid to the French frontiers. But when the constitution was destroyed, the king resumed his former habits on this point, and once or twice every week admitted all persons, without any distinction of rank, to his presence. He rose generally at six, and soon after took a cup of chocolate and a cigar. His morning was passed in the apartments of the queen, and it is understood that he never was so happy in them as since they were occupied by her present majesty. He became devotedly attached to her from the moment that she gave those hopes, which were afterwards realized, of continuing his race—an object which he had always looked forward to with the utmost solicitude. He transacted business with his ministers regularly between twelve o'clock and half-past two, when he dined. He then drove out with the queen for two or three hours, after which he saw any person whom he had appointed to attend him. He supped at half-past eight, and retired early. During the whole of Ferdinand's reign, the manners of the Spanish court were extremely simple and unostentatious. He never had any avowed mistresses; indeed, after his restoration in 1814 he is said to have been without any liaison of that kind. The offices of religion were regularly performed every day in the beautiful chapel of the palace. But Ferdinand was at no time of his life impressed with the necessity of attending earnestly to that subject. He had, in this respect, more of the character of Louis XVIII. in him than of Charles X. The story of the embroidered petticoat has never been denied—so far, at least, as the presentation of such an ornament by Ferdinand to a particular church. This proceeding was, however, rather the result of his superstition, than of his religion, between which there is not only a distinction, but a wide difference. Pascal was a thoroughly religious man, without a particle of superstition. Napoleon was superstitious in the extreme; but his most republican enemies never accused him of religion.

The society of Madrid has been uniformly grave since the war of independence. The poverty of the nobles, who suffered enormous losses of property at that period, has been, perhaps, the principal cause of this revolution in the manners of a capital which had long been remarkable for its gaiety. The personal dispositions and habits of Ferdinand gave moreover a tone

of reserve and retirement to the court, which necessarily exercised an influence upon society. Brought up, I may say, a prisoner, and confined for nearly six years at Valengay, at a period of life when the character is most susceptible of permanent impressions, he was accustomed to find his pleasures and amusements within a narrow circle. He was, in truth, extremely domestic—too much so for a king. He smoked so great a number of cigars during the course of the day, that his breath was quite tainted with that unpleasant after-smell which tobacco leaves behind it. He ate also, sometimes, inordinately. An over-indulgence in this way brought on the fit of apoplexy which terminated in his death. He drank very little more wine than Spaniards do in general; but it was always of the best description. For some years he had been afflicted with the gout, a complaint of which he fully availed himself, in order to delay his departure with the Cortes from Madrid to Seville, in 1823. The communication to him of the resolutions of that body for the removal of the court brought on an attack of that malady, which, according to his own report, tortured him incessantly for three weeks; but when the legislative physicians expressed an apprehension that it might, if it continued longer, lead to insanity, which would render the appointment of a regent indispensable, the disease quitted him with miraculous expedition.

Ferdinand paid little attention to the grandees of Spain. His confidential ministers were seldom selected from that class. He was partial, rather than otherwise, to *parvenus*; and felt a pleasure in raising men to office who had often little to recommend them, beyond the talents which they exhibited in administering to his private amusements. His real courtiers were frequently persons of very low birth and station. At one period of his life, the most influential man in Spain was Chamarro, who was nothing more than a buffoon; but his fantastic tricks made Ferdinand laugh immoderately, and nothing was refused to his solicitations. He was so much pleased with Montenegro, who was one of his valets at Valengay, that he appointed him intendant of the royal palaces, and bestowed upon him, moreover, abundant marks of his favour. The queen (Maria Isabella,) fully participated in the king's attachment to this servant. Happening, one day to be engaged in fastening a cross of Charles III. to a riband of that order, she desired Montenegro to hold one of the ends of the riband. He knelt on one knee for the purpose, desirous of performing her Majesty's commands in the most respectful manner. The king, suddenly entering the apartment by a private door, beheld this apparent scene of gallantry with indignation; not perceiving how Montenegro was employed, and urged by an irrepressible feeling of jealousy, he rushed past the queen and knocked him down at full length on the floor. The queen shrieked, a number of domestics immediately hastened to her assistance; in the con-

fusion, Montenegro got up as well as he could and ran away. But when the affair was explained, Ferdinand had the grace to be ashamed of himself, and the quondam valet was raised to higher favour than ever.

It was, perhaps, a very natural trait in such a character as that of Ferdinand, that there was very little constancy in his preferences of this description. He was remarkably tenacious in causing it to be believed that he acted in all things from his own unbiassed opinions, although every body about him well knew that he frequently made or rescinded appointments, from the reports which were daily repeated to him even by the lowest of his domestics. He encouraged them at all times to tell him of what was going on in Madrid; and it is understood that they availed themselves frequently of these opportunities to recommend or baffle the views of those whom they wished to serve or to injure. Whenever he had any reason to suspect that any particular individual was considered out of doors as his favourite, he forthwith discarded that person from his presence. He was never believed to have entertained anything like a sincere attachment for his court companions, with the exception, perhaps, of a single instance. Lozano de Torrez, the nephew of a once well-known matchmaker of the same name in London, was the son of a carpenter at Cadiz, where, in his early days he sold chocolate. By some accident he obtained employment in the commissariat during the war of independence; he discharged his duties with considerable ability. When the king returned to Spain, Lozano, who was then at Badajoz, addressed to him a letter full of protestations of the most devoted zeal, and of bitter complaints against the liberals. This letter was answered by an order, directing Lozano to proceed to Madrid, where he was admitted at once to Ferdinand's confidence. Lozano was the most ingenious of courtiers. He wanted nothing for himself. His whole ambition was to serve about the person of his sovereign, in whose fortunes he felt a sympathetic interest which he could not describe, the cause of which was to him inexplicable. It seemed to him as if his heart must have been framed, as it were, in the same mould with that of the king. He wore Ferdinand's portrait in his bosom, knelt before it as an idol, and appeared to live only for his royal master. Whenever his opinion was asked upon any subject, he gave it candidly, always most disinterestedly; several valuable appointments were offered him—he refused them all. He would rather be a lackey in the palace than captain-general of the two Castiles.

After a due course of servitude, Lozano was prevailed upon to accept the office of minister of state; that is to say, secretary for foreign affairs. Now this was a post to which, more than to any other, usage had established a certain right of succession among the members of that department,—gentlemen who had previously served abroad in a diplomatic capacity, who, of

course, were acquainted with foreign languages, conversant with the whole train of pending negotiations, and experienced in official forms. Well knowing that they could not speedily be replaced, they resolved to resign in a body rather than serve under Lozano. He prudently yielded to the storm. To the astonishment of the nation the ci-devant vendor of chocolate was next appointed minister of grace and justice, which placed in his hands the entire patronage of the magistracy and the church. But he flattered the clergy, encouraged the fanatics, persecuted the liberals, terrified Ferdinand with the numerous conspiracies against the throne and the church which he daily discovered, and kept his place. A droll proof of Ferdinand's credulity, with respect to Lozano's *sympathies*, has been related by one of his biographers. The courtier was in the habit of sending a messenger every morning to inquire how the king passed the night. On one occasion the answer was, that his majesty had suffered from a severe fit of the colic. The moment Lozano heard this he ordered his carriage, posted to the palace in his dressing-gown, and demanded an audience upon business of extraordinary importance. Ferdinand, who was by this time convalescent, ordered him to be admitted. Seeing Lozano in such a dress, his face pale, and his hair in disorder, he eagerly inquired what was the matter. "Oh," exclaimed the minister of grace and justice, "oh, señor, I have had such a terrible attack of the colic; I have been ill with it all night," and then he went on minutely detailing the symptoms (which he had not experienced) of that agreeable complaint. "Wonderful," cried Ferdinand; "they are precisely the pains which I have suffered myself; how very wonderful!"—"Not at all wonderful, señor," replied Lozano, "nothing certainly can happen to your majesty without happening to me also. While you were ill I was ill. Now that you are better, I feel recovered again." At length Lozano fell into disgrace, and was exiled from Madrid. Ferdinand, when his liking was over, used often to laugh at the impositions which this fellow practised upon him.

The suddenness with which Ferdinand constructed and dissolved his cabinets formed an essential part of his absolute system. He has presided at important councils, heard propositions discussed, to which he gave his unqualified assent, ordered the ministers, to whose department the execution of them belonged, to attend him with the necessary decrees the next morning; and before the morning came those very ministers might have been met with on their journey to a *presidio*.

I have never seen a good portrait of Ferdinand. The artists say that it was impossible to sketch one, on account of the singular mobility of his features, sometimes sombre in the extreme, sometimes so gay and lively, that they hardly seemed to belong to the same person. Often when his brow was overcast with a shade, which deepened the habitual gloom of his shagged

lips and chin, his eyes betrayed a pensive expression that made them for the moment almost beautiful. But it was "beauty sleeping in the lap of horror." He spoke generally with a nervous precipitation, indicative of the shallow source from which his thoughts emanated. He was a wrong-headed man, irascible, obstinate, and selfish. He died under the impression which he always entertained, that he was the most popular man in Spain. Perhaps he was; but he has not left a single individual in the world who laments his departure with a genuine tear.

By his repeal of the Salit law, he has bequeathed to the Peninsula a civil war, which, in whatever way it may terminate, will necessarily throw back that fine country another half century, in addition to the period in which she is already behind the rest of Europe as to all the great improvements of modern civilization. During the reign of Charles II. a company of Dutch contractors offered to render the Manzanares navigable to the point where it falls into the Tagus, and the Tagus navigable from that point to Lisbon. The proposal was laid before the Council of Castile, and the answer of that enlightened body was to this effect:—"That if it had pleased God that these two rivers should have been navigable, he would not have wanted human assistance to have made them such. As he had not done it, it was evident he did not think that any thing of the kind ought to be effected. To attempt it, therefore, would be to violate the decrees of Providence, and to mend the imperfections which he designedly left in his works." Strange to say, this doctrine is still practically enforced in Spain. The great public works begun before the war still remained unfinished. The few projects which have been since approved remain on paper, through the want of means for carrying them into execution. There is no country in the world in which so many natural facilities exist for the creation of canals, none in which such means of communication are so much required. But the only attempts at such achievements worth speaking of are the canals of the Ebro and of Castile, both of which were abandoned before they were extended to any considerable length. The civil war will postpone their completion to the next century.

It must be confessed that the contests for crowns now going on in Portugal and Spain between brother and brother, uncle and niece, are sufficiently calculated to make the inhabitants of those devoted countries envious of the democratic tranquillity and prosperity of the United States. Don Miguel has drawn upon himself the odium of every honourable mind. His conduct, since he left our shores to execute the functions of regent, has been so perfidious, that we all have felt a kind of personal anxiety to witness his downfall. But we suspect that the people of this country are almost indifferent to the result of the struggle about to be commenced in the other kingdom of the Peninsula. The

manifesto of the queen-regent may have been a very politic one at home; abroad, at least in France and England, it has ruined her cause. If she is to govern without a Cortes, what guarantee are we to receive that she will not turn out as great a fanatic as Don Carlos is already reputed to be? The possession of absolute power in the midst of contending parties is necessarily calculated to lead to persecution. What matters it to the unfortunate Spaniards whether they are lawfully hanged by the court or butchered by the guerillas?

M. M.

From the Quarterly Review.

THE UNIVERSE AND ITS AUTHOR.

1. *Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology.* By the Rev. Wm. Whewell, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity college, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 381. London. 1833.
2. *On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man, principally with reference to the Supply of his Wants, and the Exercise of his Intellectual Faculties.* By John Kidd, M.D., F.R.S., Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford. 8vo. pp. 375. London. 1833.
3. *The Hand, its Mechanism and endowments, as evincing Design.* By Sir Charles Bell, K.G.H., F.R.S. L. and E. 8vo. pp. 288. London. 1833.
4. *Of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man.* By the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. In two volumes, 8vo. London. 1833.

It is impossible to peruse the titles of these books, without feeling an emotion of gratitude towards the memory of the noble and reverend person to whose munificence we are indebted for their publication. The charitable institutions, which abound in this country, afford ample proof of the benevolent spirit that pervades the opulent orders of our community. But it has happened to few of its members to aim at so noble a design, as was provided for by the will of the late Earl of Bridgewater, (the last of his distinguished race,) when he dedicated a liberal portion of his wealth to the discussion of some of the most important questions, upon which the human faculties can be employed. If ever the possession of the gifts of fortune be envious, it is when we see them administered for such a purpose as this. Envious too must have been the reflections of him who thus secured, as far as he could do, the erection of one altar more to the attributes of the Omnipotent, hoping, perhaps, though we fear in vain, that it might endure to remote ages, bearing round its basement an humble but emphatic testimony to the ardour of his faith as a Christian, and to the truth of his perceptions as a philosopher.

But it is unfortunately to be regretted—deeply to be regretted by all persons friendly to the diffusion of really useful knowledge—that the testamentary dispositions of that amiable nobleman have been strangely misinterpreted, by the parties to whom the execution of them was entrusted. We desire it to be understood, that to the gentlemen in question we impute none but the most pure and the most honourable intentions; but we certainly have no hesitation in saying, that they have essentially mistaken the purpose which Lord Bridgewater had in view, and that, if they have not wholly defeated his intentions, they have accomplished them in a manner, to say the least of it, imperfect and inconsequential.

The sum set apart for the attainment of the objects which the deceased Earl had in contemplation was eight thousand pounds sterling, which, together with the dividends accruing thereon, he desired to be paid to the person or persons whom the President of the Royal Society should appoint to write, print, and publish a work "On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation; illustrating such work by all reasonable arguments; as for instance, the variety and formation of God's creatures in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; the effect of digestion, and thereby of conversion; the construction of the hand of man, and an infinite variety of other arguments; as also, by discoveries, ancient and modern, in arts, sciences, and the whole extent of literature." Who can doubt, from these terms, that the meaning of the testator was, not that a number of works should be written on this mighty theme, by different individuals, each conducting the argument to the same conclusion, by his own mode of treating the question; but that if no one person could be found competent to the task, two or more learned individuals should be induced to contribute their labours to one volume, which, by combining the excellence of each, might be calculated to make a powerful and permanent impression on mankind?

This plain and most advantageous course has not been taken. Eight thousand pounds were to be disposed of, and, *therefore*, eight gentlemen, all unquestionably distinguished for great ability and knowledge, were selected, to whom was confided the duty, not of contributing to one compendious publication, but of writing each a work of his own upon one of eight branches, into which, by the exertion of an unhappy ingenuity, the general subject has been subdivided. The inevitable consequence of this proceeding will be, that we shall have at least nine volumes, instead of one. Is it likely that a series of treatises, so numerous and expensive, will attain any wide circulation in these days of cheap literature? Could it have been the intention of the testator that the argument for which he so liberally provided, should be thus rendered inaccessible to the less wealthy classes of society, and wearisome to all? Lastly—could he ever have dreamed that, if a massive series of volumes were

to be the result of his dying arrangements, these should be offered for sale at exactly the same sort of price which the booksellers might have been justified in affixing to them, had they (the booksellers) been compelled to pay 8000*l.* out of their own pockets to the authors employed?

In order to carve out portions of the proposed theme for eight different individuals, a classification has been effected with reference to the departments of the subject, which renders it utterly impossible for one writer to avoid constantly trespassing upon the boundaries prescribed to another.—Thus, for example, Dr. Kidd is directed to discuss "the adaptation of external nature to the physical condition of man," while Mr. Whewell is instructed to treat of "astronomy and general physics," with exactly the same view. We need not say, that "astronomy and general physics" comprehend "external nature" in the largest sense of that term; hence more than the half of one volume is a repetition of the topics which are found in the other. Again, to Sir Charles Bell, whose name reflects renown upon any labour in which he takes a part, is allotted "The hand: its mechanism and vital endowments, as evincing design." But this subject is necessarily included in *the physical condition of man*, appropriated to Dr. Kidd. It is one upon which, at best, not more than a few pages could be usefully extended in a popular production, not meant to be a treatise on anatomy. Sir Charles Bell has actually exhausted it in less than a fourth of his volume; the remaining three-parts he has filled up with remarks on the peculiarities of the mole, the bat, the ant-eater, the anatomy of birds, the action of the splint-bone of the horse, and the horse's foot, upon which he is enthusiastically diffuse, and the structure of the megalonix, the megalosaurus, the plesiosaurus, the ichthyosaurus, and all the other species of the saura to be found in the pedantic catalogue of the old naturalists. Sir Charles enters into the whole physical system of man, to the exposition of which who can be more competent? He treats most elaborately of the sensibility of the surface of the skin—of the senses generally, including the eye and the ear, and of the sensibility to impressions of infants, insects, and fishes. The mechanical properties of bone, and the geological changes which have taken place in the earth at successive periods, have also received a considerable portion of his attention. But when we find that Dr. Kidd has, as his subject required, taken great pains to illustrate the organization and uses of the hand, and has entered at large into the whole physical character of man—that Dr. Buckland is to give us a volume on geology—and Mr. Kirby one on the history, habits, and instincts of animals, we need scarcely waste an observation on the confusion and fatigue which so much tautology must impose on any person who attempts to read the whole of these treatises.

Again, a considerable portion of Dr. Kidd's work is devoted to the connexion of

vegetables with the physical condition of man. "Animal and vegetable physiology" forms the subject which has been assigned to Dr. Roget. The former, as well as Mr. Whewell, is copious on the atmosphere and its adaptation to human wants. Dr. Prout, when he comes to treat of meteorology, must go over the same ground. Dr. Chalmers is in fact the only writer amongst the eight who occupies a territory which he may call his own. But the manner in which he came into the possession of it will not, perhaps, be deemed perfectly legitimate. That able divine was requested to point out the adaptation of external nature to man's intellectual and moral constitution. This certainly must be admitted to be a task of extreme difficulty in the execution. We all perceive the relation of external nature, composed of the fertile earth, its varied produce, the sea, the atmosphere, the sun, and especially our own satellite, to our physical necessities; but their adaptation to the intellect, which seeks higher objects of contemplation, is not so obvious. Dr. Chalmers was, therefore, reduced to the necessity of considering men in general, as "external nature," in relation to an individual of the species; by this contrivance he has been enabled to shape his theme to his own studies, and to furnish us with two volumes on metaphysics and ethics! The books will doubtless have their admirers, but we apprehend that they are not of the class of literature which the Earl of Bridgewater had in his view when he made his will.

Who does not admire the prodigious powers which Dr. Chalmers displays, not only in the pulpit, but in the chair of the professor, and in the closet of the political economist? We, at least, have the greatest respect for his learning and genius, but we are bound honestly to confess, that these volumes disappointed us. We have seldom followed a few ordinary ideas through such complicated and endless mazes of language, as those with which his pages bewilder us—language too, we must add, not always drawn from the "well of English undefiled." Many of his idioms and expressions are to us quite novel, as for instance—"the primeval mind that emanated all this gracefulness," (vol. i. p. 190;) the corporeal appetites were furnished in order "to supplement the defects of human prudence," (ib. p. 194,) a phrase frequently to be met with in these volumes; the "summation of particular utilities," (ib. p. 227,) a word not to be found in our dictionary, nor in any dictionary that we know of, and meant, we presume, as a new synonyme for "aggregate." We certainly should not say that "there is an ethics," (vol. ii. p. 266,) nor "a profound metaphysics," (ib. p. 239,) nor should we dare to coin the verb *virtuefy*—"it is this which virtuefies emotion." (ib. p. 244.) Perhaps Dr. Chalmers may be deemed a competent authority to fabricate phrases of his own; but it had been better, we think, if he had reserved the use of them for some other occasion.

Of the manner in which the other volumes, whose titles we have prefixed to this article, are executed, we may speak in more agreeable terms. With the exception of the fault of repetition, for which the authors are not fairly to be blamed, we are happy to be able to say that these works are creditable to the higher literature of the age. Sir Charles Bell's volume is a delightful one, not only from the illustrations which he adduces in support of the general argument, but for the tact and taste which he generally displays. Dr. Kidd's book will be studied with pleasure by every reader—who has not previously perused the masterly production of Mr. Whewell, which promises, in our opinion, to be the most popular, as it is the most comprehensive, of the whole series. While still under the influence of their statements and reasonings, we shall endeavour to present in a condemned view the prominent topics of the magnificent theme to which these treatises are dedicated—a theme, in comparison with which all others are visionary and insignificant.

Man, indeed, can never attain, in the shape of conviction, a lively idea of his own position on the scale of the universe, unless he look with undistracted attention above and around him, and put forth all the energies of his intellect, with a view to explore the vast scheme of existence of which he forms a part. As long as he confines his curiosity to the history of his fellow-men, wondering at their progress from the tangled forest to the crowded city; shuddering at the sanguinary wars, foreign or domestic, of which almost every field on the globe has at one time or another been the theatre; poring over obsolete principles of philosophy and legislation, or devising new combinations for the regulation of transitory interests,—so long will he remain unconscious of the much more exalted pursuits for which his faculties are destined. The little routine of each succeeding day leads him into notions altogether false, as to the real purpose for which life was given him. Looking upon the immediate objects of his avarice or ambition as exclusively worthy of his care,—his busy thought by day, his feverish dream by night,—he feels an exaggerated sense of his own importance, that precludes him from bestowing a single reflection upon the commencement, the termination, and the final issue of the sixty years,—an hour—nay, not a minute—of eternity—which are allotted to his share. Sometimes he falls into the opposite extreme. Travelling over the Alps or Andes he grows pale at the lightnings which reveal their peaks crowned with the snows of past ages; he trembles at the thunders that shake the stupendous masses to their centre, and if the forked bolt shiver the rock on which he stands, what an insect he becomes in his own esteem! Wrecked on the Scilly isles in the midst of a tempest, he beholds the billows of the Atlantic lifting their heads to the sky, and threatening to break down the bulwarks which nature and art have conspired to raise against their

fury:—he shrinks in idea to the rank of the cockle-shell, which the retiring wave leaves behind it on the shore.

The man, however, who permits his conduct to be affected by either of these opposite impressions, must be a stranger to reflection, or destitute of the ordinary rudiments of knowledge. Scarcely an hour passes, it is true, which does not abound with mementos of our mortality. But, on the other hand, we have the proud consciousness within us, that that creature cannot be without value of whom it has been said, in language to the truth of which all things animate and inanimate bear testimony—"How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In expression, how like a god!"—But it is this reason, it is these faculties, which ought to teach him, that, though *like* to an angel in action, and in apprehension to a god, he *is*, while he trends the earth, neither the one nor the other, though he may partake of the nature of both. Happy must he be if his intelligence inform him of this great truth, and of the perishable constitution of the entire material system which has been expressly created for his temporary use—partly to prove his virtues—partly to prepare his spirit for those scenes that know no decay, where he is, indeed, *to be*, the angel in action, if not in apprehension almost a god.

Providentially for millions of mankind, the attainment of this knowledge has not been left to the mere exertion of their own intellect. Direct communications of a supernatural order have admonished them of the existence of Divinity, who had no beginning and can have no end; by whose power the universe was created; by whose wisdom its multitudinous parts were harmoniously adjusted, and by whose beneficent will it has been sustained during centuries of whose number we can form no conception. But although the records of inspiration demand and deserve our implicit belief, our most unreserved confidence, the time appears to have nearly arrived, when science and conviction ought to walk hand in hand with faith. The re-examined and accumulated results of the researches of geologists, and of the combined labours of astronomers and mathematicians, cannot have been intended for the mere entertainment of those who have devoted themselves to such pursuits. They point to a higher destiny. The more successfully the sciences have been cultivated, the brighter and the more numerous have become the signs, and, we may add, the demonstrations of the existence of an Omnipotent Intelligence by whom all things were made.

From the earliest ages shepherds tending their flocks on the plains of Asia have been familiar with the more remarkable of those objects which shine by night in the sky, and to which the Persians gave the general name of stars.* The word imports, in its

origin, to rule or direct, those lights being often the guide of the shepherd over the spacious pastures which he had to traverse, and of the husbandman as to the seasons of the year. The stars were long supposed, and still are imagined by a great majority of mankind, to be fixed; but the telescope has enabled us to say with certainty that many, and with a strong degree of probability that the whole, are in a state of motion, although we, borne along in the train of succession ourselves, are not capable of discovering the direction in which they march round the orbit of the universe.

We are as yet, and doubtless ever shall be, without the means of numbering those tenants of the firmament. Every new improvement of the telescope brings within the range of vision countless multitudes which human eye had never seen before.† Some stars are double and even triple; that is to say, they appear to us within a barely distinguishable distance of each other. Upwards of three thousand double stars have been already discovered, and it is justly supposed that even this number by no means exhausts the fertility of the heavens in these twin productions, some of which have been actually observed to move round each other in orbits requiring for their entire completion twelve hundred of our years. Such systems as these give the mind a faint glimmer of eternity.

Astronomers conjecture, not without reason, from the analogies of our own system, that these suns do not revolve round each other shedding their light in vain; but that each is accompanied by its circle of planets, which, being opaque bodies, would of course ‡ be for ever shrouded from

† For instance ϵ in Orion, which is marked in South and Herschel's catalogue as containing two distinct sets of stars, each set triple, appears in Mr. Barlow's fluid refracting telescope, as composed of two quadruple sets, with two very fine stars between them, which, as well as the fourth star in each set, had previously escaped the powers of the most finished instruments. Mr. Barlow's telescope has also enabled him to exhibit α in Perseus, marked double in the same catalogue, as a collection of no fewer than six stars! See *Phil. Trans.* 1831, p. 10. We trust that Mr. Barlow's efforts for the improvement of his telescope may meet with the support which the importance of the subject demands. Were its powers increased only fifty-fold, it is not improbable that, instead of six, he might discover a hundred stars, where only one now appears to the unassisted eye.

‡ The double star γ in the foot of Andromeda, we observed, under favourable circumstances, on the evening of the 30th of July last. It is among the most beautiful objects in the heavens. One of these stars is considerably larger than the other, and of a reddish white light. The colour of the smaller star is of a fine bright sky blue, inclining to green. Seen through a telescope of inferior power, they appear like companion butterflies fluttering in the sky; in one of medium power they become well-defined objects. Sir W. Herschel says, that 'the striking difference in the colour of the two stars suggests the idea of a sun and its planet, to which the contrast of their unequal size con-

* We leave the planets at present out of our consideration.

our view by the splendour of their respective orbs of day. This idea leads us to conclude that the stars, which are separated from each other by distances at least as great as that of Uranus from our sun—that is to say, some eighteen hundred millions of miles—have also their respective planets, their Mercuries, their Earths, their Jupiters, and Saturns, and are the centres of peculiar systems throughout the whole firmament. If those planets be peopled by intelligent beings, as Earth is, and the other planets of our solar region are supposed to be, the contemplation in thought of such myriads of globes with their inhabitants overwhelms the mind.

We have no mode of ascertaining the distance of any one of the stars from the earth. We have measured the circumference which we describe in our annual journey round the sun; we take the diameter of that circle, and with it form the base of a triangle whose vortex should be at the nearest of those luminous bodies. The angle thus formed, however, at the star, would be unappreciable with the most perfect instrument of human invention. Now an angle of one second of a degree is appreciable; consequently the distance of the nearest fixed star must exceed the radius of a circle, one second of whose circumference measures one hundred and ninety millions of miles; that is, it must exceed two hundred thousand times the diameter of the earth's orbit. If the dove, that returned no more to Noah, had been commissioned to bear, with her utmost speed, an olive branch to the least remote of the spheres, she would, therefore, still be on her journey:—after towering for forty centuries through the heights of space, she would not at this moment have reached even the middle of her destined way.

No machinery has yet been invented, indeed it seems at present impossible that we should ever devise any means, by which we might estimate the magnitude of even the least of the stars, since we never behold their discs. We become sensible of their existence by rays of light, which must have taken, in some instances, probably, a thousand years to reach our globe, although light is known to travel at the rate of one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles in a second. Sirius, the brightest, because perhaps the nearest to us of those luminaries, is conjectured by Dr. Wollaston to give as much light as fourteen suns, each as large as ours. Magnificent, therefore, as the *system* must be of which Sirius forms the centre, yet we behold no part of it. The planet Saturn, with its appendages of rings and satellites, exhibits, when its rings are visible, a spectacle, which seen

through a telescope of moderate power, we imagine that a half-crown piece would cover.* But an individual gazing through a similar instrument from a planet of Sirius at our sun, might suppose, in the same manner, that he could cover our entire system with a spider's thread. He would set down the sun in his map as a fixed star; but to his eye it would present no variation, as the largest of our planets would not intercept much more than a hundredth part of the sun's surface, and could not therefore produce any loss of its light of which he could take an estimate. For him this globe of ours, immense as to our finite faculties it seems to be, would have actually no existence. It would find not even a point's place on his chart, and if it were blotted out of space to-morrow, it would never be missed by any of the probably fifty worlds that are bathed in the floods of light which Sirius pours forth. Whose eye is it that watches over our sphere? Whose is the ever-extending arm that maintains it?

The star called Omicron, in the constellation *Cetus*, appears to us only twelve times in eleven years. It is seen in its greatest brightness during a fortnight; it then decreases gradually during three months, when it disappears. After an interval of five months it again becomes visible, and continues increasing during the three remaining months of its period. Another star, that called Algol, or β Persei, continues visible during a period of sixty-two hours, when it suddenly loses its splendour, and, though a star of the second magnitude, becomes reduced to the fourth magnitude in the course of two or three hours. It then begins to increase again, and in three hours and a half it resumes its wonted lustre. Goodricke, who discovered† this remarkable fact in 1782, suggests, and his idea is now generally adopted by astronomers, that this variation must be caused by the revolution around Algol, of some opaque body, a planet of its own, which, when interposed between us and the star, cuts off a large portion of its light. It is highly probable that a similar arrangement periodically affects the light of Omicron, though upon a different scale. There are eleven other stars that exhibit analogous phenomena, some of them at inter-

* The rings have been gradually opening since the 13th of June. In 1839 they will afford as magnificent a spectacle as they did in 1825.

† The same discovery appears to have been made nearly about the same time by Palitzsch, a farmer of Prolitz, near Dresden—a peasant by station, an astronomer by nature—who, from his familiar acquaintance with the aspect of the heavens, had been led to notice, among so many thousand stars, this one, as distinguished from the rest by its variation, and had ascertained its period. The same Palitzsch was also the first to rediscover the predicted comet of Halley, in 1759, which he saw nearly a month before any of the astronomers, who, armed with their telescopes, were anxiously watching its return. These anecdotes bring us back to the age of the Chaldean shepherds.—Sir John Herschel's *Treatise on Astronomy*, p. 381. n.

tributes not a little. With all due deference to his authority, we must say, that we cannot understand how one self-luminous body can be the attendant of another. A straight line drawn downward through the two brightest stars of Cassiopeia, and extended to something more than twice their distance from each other, will strike the double star in question.

vals of five hundred years, to which we may look forward without danger of mistake—thus opening a vista of futurity. When we reflect upon these facts—and upon the circumstance that the rays, by which we may to-night behold the Pleiads, must have left their sources in the time of our Heptarehy, or before it—we feel that the mind which is in this manner enabled to comprehend the existence of myriads of peopled worlds besides our own, and to glance to the future and the past with more than the speed of light itself, must be the creation of some superior Spirit dwelling in eternity.

Placed as we are, according to the opinion of astronomers, in the middle of the strata of systems which animate all space, and favoured though we be by supernatural disclosures and by great scientific acquirements, we are nevertheless prone to question whether such systems exist of their own innate vigour, or whether they have been created by a power extrinsic to themselves. If they are discovered to be self-existent, it follows that they must be imperishable. But if they are proved to be perishable, it follows that they cannot be self-existent, and then they must have been created by an extrinsic power, which power must be Omnipotent from the very nature of its productions. The same power must be self-existent therefore, since no agency inferior to Omnipotence could have given such a Being birth; and it must be Eternal, as an Omnipotent, Self-existent Being can know neither infancy nor age. Here then, upon an inquiry of the greatest importance to mankind, astronomical facts come to our assistance, which carry with them a force of conviction as strong as any demonstration in mathematics—and stronger than most of the evidence upon which the history of human transactions is founded. The stamp of mortality, the finger of death itself, has been traced upon some of the brightest worlds which have ever yet been seen in the firmament.

In the year 125 B. C., an extraordinary luminary attracted the attention of Hipparchus, which induced him to frame a catalogue of stars, the earliest on record. That star disappeared in his time from the heavens. In A. D. 389, a star blazed forth near α Aquile, remained three weeks as bright as Venus, and then died away. In the year 1572, Tycho Brahe, returning home one evening from his observatory to his dwelling-house was surprised to find a group of people looking in astonishment at a bright star, which he with all his scrutiny of the heavens had never seen before. It shone in the constellation Cassiopeia, was then as bright as Sirius, and for a while was visible even at mid-day. It began to fade in December of the same year, and after exhibiting all the changes of conflagration, disappeared in March, 1574. Was this a satellite of some fixed star which caught fire, and thus pre-figured to us the fate, that, according to the declarations of the prophets, awaits our own world?

'Similar phenomena,' says Sir John Her-

schel,* 'though of a less splendid character, have taken place more recently, as in the case of the star of the third magnitude discovered in 1670, by Anthelm, in the head of the Swan; which, after becoming completely invisible, re-appeared, and after undergoing one or two singular fluctuations of light, during two years, at last died away entirely, and has not since been seen. On a careful re-examination of the heavens, too, and a comparison of catalogues, many stars are now found to be missing; and although there is no doubt that these losses have often arisen from mistaken entries, yet, in many instances, it is equally certain that there is no mistake in the observation or entry, and that the star has really been observed, and as really has disappeared from the heavens.'—*Treatise on Astronomy*, p. 384.

The existence and death of Alexander the Great,—the rise and fall of the Roman empire,—the destruction, by earthquake or volcano, of cities, which were once the seats of commerce and the arts—have been handed down to us upon evidence, in no respect whatever better entitled to our belief, than that upon which the astronomical facts here related by Sir John Herschel stand recorded. Men who have made it their peculiar occupation for years to observe the changes in the firmament, agree in stating that, in many instances, stars, which were once familiar to the eye, have ceased to appear, and that, too, for periods which clearly indicate their annihilation. The consequence is obvious and inevitable—those bodies must have been created, otherwise they could not have been liable to decay.* They performed their appointed revolutions, and they perished—just as man lives his predestined number of years, and dies. If created, then there must be some power which gave them existence, and prescribed the laws by which that existence was carried to its close.

We know it will be said, that these, after all, are but the records of astronomy, a science which deals with objects that cannot be

* The work from which we quote is Sir John's *Treatise on Astronomy*, which forms one of the numbers of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. We recommend it to the attention of everybody who wishes to become acquainted with the sublime truths of astronomy, without having his mind harassed by the technical details which render almost all other works of the kind repulsive to the general reader. But before he enters upon that treatise, he should prepare his thoughts for the tone of elevation which it requires, by reading Mrs. Somerville's delightful volume on the 'Connexion of the Physical Sciences.' The style of this astonishing production is so clear and unaffected, and conveys, with so much simplicity, so great a mass of profound knowledge, that it should be placed in the hands of every youth, the moment he has mastered the general rudiments of education.

* We forget whence we extracted the following quaint but expressive lines:—

'Quench'd volcanoes, rifted mountains,
Oceans driven from land,
Isles submerged and dried up fountains,
Empires—whelm'd in sand:—
What?—though her doom be yet untold—
Nature like time is waxing old.'

subjected to the touch, or compelled to go through the ordeal of experiment—objects of a magnitude that cannot be measured, placed at distances from us, that never can be ascertained. It will be admitted, however, by any person who looks into the Almanac, that eclipses of the sun and moon are calculated beforehand to the moment. We have now, for instance, before us a list of eclipses for the whole of the present century; and until some one of these calculations shall turn out to be erroneous, it must be conceded that astronomy has its certainties as well as chemistry or mathematics. But more than even this can be said for the pursuits of a Kepler and a Herschel. The former was enabled by his acquaintance, even in the sixteenth century, with the mechanism of the heavens, to lay down a series of laws, from which it was subsequently inferred as a strong probability, that a planet, which had then been never seen by human eye, would be discovered in a particular region of the firmament; and this prediction was verified. Kepler showed that the planets then known,—viz.:—Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn,—to which Sir W. Herschel added Uranus, in 1781,—were all, as it were, of one family, 'bound up in one chain—interwoven in one web of mutual relation and harmonious agreement—subjected to one pervading influence, which extends from the centre to the farthest limits of that great system, of which all of them, the earth included, must henceforth be regarded as members.' Now as the intervals between the planetary orbits go on doubling, or nearly so, in proportion as they recede from the sun, and the much greater interval between Mars and Jupiter would form an exception to that family law, which, however, prevails again with respect to the remoter planets, it was long suspected that some planet might have a place between Jupiter and Mars, and the early part of the present century was in fact distinguished by the discovery of Ceres, Pallas, and Juno. The small and irregular figures of these planets, and the close approximation of their mean distances, led to a conjecture that they might be the fragments of a large planet which at some remote period occupied the interval in question. If so, it was not improbable that other fragments of the same body were still in existence, and that the most likely place to detect them would be near the nodes of those already observed; and to this profound reasoning we are indebted for the discovery of Vesta. The realization of an inference of this description, legitimately founded on principles previously announced, would seem to entitle astronomy to a higher appellation than that of a mere theory of probabilities.

The reader may have been startled by the familiarity with which we have alluded to the existence of intelligent beings, on the myriads of orbs that are supposed to circulate round the stars. That the Stars are Suns is a matter which admits of no doubt. That some of them are periodically eclipsed by opaque bodies, which apparently are

members of their planetary family, we have already seen. Positive knowledge assures us that the Earth is inhabited; and analogy urges us to the inference, that if an opaque sphere, such as the Earth is, revolve round Algol, it must be for the purpose of receiving from its orbit round that central Sun, light, heat, variety of seasons, day and night,—so many gifts which it is preposterous to suppose the Deity would bestow, without any purpose, upon a mere collection of matter.

The analogies which thus display a family likeness throughout all the systems of the universe will perhaps be more easily comprehended, if we advert for a moment to the other planets of our own system, which are more immediately within the sphere of our observation. Mercury and Venus both have atmospheres much loaded with clouds, which are manifestly a provision serving to mitigate the intense heat and glare of the sun. We shall see presently the intimate connexion which subsists, not only between the vegetation of our Earth, but also the subsistence of animal life, the transmission of sound and light, nay, all the arts that tend to civilize society, and the existence of the atmosphere which we possess. Wherever an atmosphere is found encircling a sphere, and supporting upon it clouds of vapour, we may infer that upon such spheres there are water and dry land, vegetation, animal life, intelligent beings, and civilization. This inference becomes the more inevitable when we find that, according to the best observations, both these planets have their day and night of nearly the same length as our own. In Mars, the outlines of continents and seas have been discerned with perfect distinctness: it has also its atmosphere and clouds, and brilliant white spots at its poles, which are supposed, with a great deal of probability, to be snow. The general fiery aspect of its appearance is conjectured to arise from an ochrey tinge in the soil, not unlike our red sandstone districts. Its day and night differ from ours by little more than half an hour. These are all analogies to Earth, which render the idea of those three planets being mere blanks in the solar system, altogether inconsistent with what we actually know of the fecundity which teems with life, wherever air, water, heat, and light are combined. We shall extract a singular illustration of the activity with which these elements pursue their appointed duties, from a manuscript diary of a friend, who has been, for upwards of twenty years, an enthusiastic, though silent, observer of nature:—

'I have often taken up a drop of water on the head of a common pin, and placed it on a glass slide, which stands edgewise in the instrument (a solar microscope:) consequently, if there had been a full drop, it would have run down the surface of the glass slide; yet, little as there were of it, it more than covered the side of the room in which I stood, and was twelve feet in diameter as its parts were successively brought in view on a screen placed five feet from the lens. By using another lens

I could, of course, have extended the twelve feet to twenty-four. The little drop of water thus magnified appeared filled with several species of animalcula, of all sizes between one-sixteenth of an inch and thirteen inches! They often appear in such numbers that I cannot find one unoccupied spot on the screen which the head of a pencil would cover in the space of twelve feet. Frequently the screen appears to be one sheet of minor living animals just coming into life, each not larger than the head of a pin, or at most a pea, while the larger and more perfect are sporting amongst them. Sometimes they are so numerous as to form an opaque moving mass, and I am obliged to wipe off a part and dilate the remainder with pure spring water, in order to make them appear separately, and to observe their movements. What myriads there must be! and no doubt living upon animals still less than themselves, which not even the solar microscope can detect!

With a common microscope I have often seen a great number of animalcula, called glutons, feeding within the transparent shell of a small dead *wheel** animal, both the shell and its numerous contents being invisible to the unassisted eye. This little creature resembles the *Brachionus Bakiri*; the females carry their eggs in the same way; its shell has six teeth.

If a portion of water not so large as a drop be thus peopled with a countless host of animalcules of various races, would it not be unphilosophical in the extreme to suppose that light and heat, air and water, vegetation, day and night, seasons and climates, are bestowed on Mercury, Venus, and Mars, without any view to animal life, without any purpose of administering to the maintenance and happiness of intelligent beings capable of appreciating the blessings of existence? The argument applies with still more force to Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus; with respect to each of which, machinery of the most complex description has been devised, manifestly (amongst others) for the purpose of making up the great deficiency of solar light, which they would otherwise experience, owing to their vast distance from the centre of our common system. We are all of one family with reference to matter and motion. Is it not incumbent upon us to conclude that the family resemblance extends to the individual character, as well as to the countenance and conduct?

We speak here only of the planets, not of their satellites, which are evidently used only as auxiliaries to their primaries for the reflection of light, the balancing of their waters, and perhaps the due regulation of their motions respectively. Our moon, for instance, does not appear to us capable of supporting animal life. We find its surface, at least that part of it which is seen from

Earth, occupied by volcanic craters, some of them of prodigious magnitude; we can discern upon it no indication of vapour; therefore it can have no water, unless the element be hid in caverns, inaccessible to the rays of the sun. Without clouds and atmosphere the animal system cannot be supported. But whether this reasoning be right or wrong, it will appear, that not only the moon but the earth, of which it is the handmaid, and the planets, with their attendants, are all proceeding, by slow but inevitable steps, to a period when they shall cease to exist, however remote that period may be from the time in which we happen to live. If this be so, the argument drawn from the mortal character of the stars is equally sustained by the particular system of which our habitation forms so small a part.

The reader need hardly be reminded that the diameter of the real globe of the Sun, without reference to the luminous element by which it is surrounded, has been calculated at eight hundred and eighty-two thousand miles. But he has not perhaps much considered the striking fact, that if the eleven planets by which that orb is surrounded at various distances in space, together with their eighteen satellites, as well as the two rings of Saturn, were fused into one sphere, the bulk of that sphere would hardly be one three-hundredth part of the magnitude of the Sun. The apple which falls from the tree to the earth, the return to the earth of a stone thrown into the air, demonstrate the irresistible power which a large mass of matter exercises over a smaller. It is by the operation of the same law that the sun attracts Mercury, for instance, at the distance of thirty-seven millions of miles. But the force of that attraction is in some degree counteracted by that of Venus, as well as by the attraction of all the other planets and their satellites; and the precision with which all these complicated forces, resulting from the power of the sun over all, and from the individual power of each planet with respect to the other, have been adjusted, is of itself a proof that nothing less than a divine intelligence could have framed and combined this splendid machinery. The magnet and the piece of sealing-wax made warm by friction attract other bodies, by means of the electric fluid with which the one is permanently, the other temporarily, charged. But the celestial motions are regulated by the influence with which every one particle of matter is endowed in relation to every other in the universe.

These mutual gravitations of the planets towards each other in their career round the sun are the causes of certain perturbations in the system, which, though very minute in each particular case, become considerable in the lapse of ages. It is, for example, one of their consequences, that the moon performs her monthly revolution round the earth in a shorter interval now than she did formerly, as appears from the record of an eclipse observed by the Chaldeans at Babylon seven hundred and twenty-one

* We are convinced from observation, that the *wheel* is an optical deception. The whole of the head of this animalculum is fringed with feelers, which it throws out and retracts with a rapidity that at the angles gives the appearance of circular motion.

years before the Christian era. These perturbations are, however, restrained within certain points of oscillation, beyond which they cannot pass. The stability of the solar system is therefore so far secured; for it would be scarcely worthy of the Great Architect that any damage should be done to it by a palpable defect in the machinery. Neither is it likely that any material change would occur in our system, if it be true, as we cannot doubt, that it is in movement, together with the stars and their planets, round the centre of the universe, the sovereign sun of all things, the position of which no earthly vision can ever discover. A remove of this description would be to us utterly imperceptible. "The developement of such an alteration," observes M. Poinset, "is similar to an enormous curve, of which we see so small an arc that we imagine it to be a straight line." Upon this supposition the true equatorial plane of all the suns, and of the worlds which they illumine, would pass through the centre of gravity of the universe, and in that centre we shall, therefore, find the uncreated and only abode of absolute and eternal repose—the throne of the Omnipotent. Is it not given to the imagination to picture, until it shall actually witness the grandeur of such a procession, composed of innumerable orbs clothed in light, encircled by their planets teeming with every order of intelligence, and moving round the great Mind which has fashioned the whole, veiling but not eclipsing the radiance of His glory.

Whether it be ordained that as one system perishes another shall supply its place in eternal succession, thus manifesting to all ages the presence of an ever-active Omnipotence, it is not for us to conjecture. But the agency of destruction has been proved from its effect in particular instances in the firmament of the stars; and as to our system, a similar agency is found in a resisting medium, which, though extremely rare, and hitherto of imperceptible influence, so far as our globe is concerned, nevertheless must at length modify the forms of the planetary orbits, and involve them in disorder and ruin. The supposition of the presence and power of such an ethereal fluid was a favourite notion among the Cartesians, who, without perceiving the whole of the consequences of their theory, concluded from mere abstract reasoning that all space was full of some species of matter. The calculations of Newton, on the contrary, have been made upon the hypothesis that all the heavenly bodies move in a perfect vacuum. A remarkable recent discovery shows that the doctrine of the Cartesians is right, although it does not substantially affect the calculations of our own great astronomer, so very rare is the fluid in question, and so protracted are its final results.

We owe this discovery to the observations that have been made upon a body now generally called Encke's comet, which moves with extraordinary rapidity in an exceedingly eccentric orbit round the sun. That orbit it completes in about three years

and four months, or, more accurately speaking, in twelve hundred and eighty days. It is a body of extreme apparent tenuity: when in our sky it looks like a speck of mere vapour. The stars shine through it without any diminution of their brightness. Nevertheless, slight as this wreath of vapour may seem to us to be, it extends over an immense tract in space, and observation has proved that it is acted upon by exactly the same force of solar attraction which influences the other bodies of the system. It might easily have been conceived, that if the parts of space unoccupied by denser matter were filled with a resisting fluid, however rare, its effect upon such a body as Encke's comet would probably be capable of actual perception and calculation, and so in fact it has turned out. This comet was first seen in 1786; it was again discovered in 1795, 1805, and 1819. Astronomers at first supposed that they had in these instances seen four different comets. Encke, however, showed that their observations could apply only to four returns of the same revolving body, and he calculated beforehand its re-appearance in the southern part of the heavens in 1822. A material difference, however, was found to prevail between its calculated and observed places in that year, and also again in 1825 and 1828. These differences were, doubtless, partly attributable to that disturbing force from the action of the planets which, as we have already seen, they exercise upon each other. But the effect of these causes has been calculated with great care, and after due allowance for them has been made, the result has been to bring to light a 'residual phenomenon,' as Sir John Herschel expresses it, from which we arrive at the inference of a resisting medium. The effect of the obstruction arising from this fluid has been to diminish the time of the revolution of this comet by two days since the period when it was first discovered; and it is now no less than ten days in advance of the place which it would have reached, had no such resistance narrowed its orbit. It must, therefore, eventually be absorbed in the sun, however remote the period may be when that event shall take place. But we may borrow language more powerful than our own—

"The same medium," says Mr. Whewell, "which is thus shown to produce an effect upon Encke's comet, must also act upon the planets, which move through the same spaces. The effect upon the planets, however, must be very much smaller than the effect upon the comet, in consequence of their greater quantity of matter.

"It is not easy to assign any probable value, or even any certain limit, to the effect of the resisting medium upon the planets. We are entirely ignorant of the comparative mass of the comets and of any of the planets;* and hence cannot make any calculation founded on such a comparison. Newton has endeavoured to show how small the resistance of the

* The comparative masses of the planets, inter se, are however well known.

medium must be, if it exist.* The result of this calculation is, that if we take the density of the medium to be that which our air will have at two hundred miles from the earth's surface, supposing the law of diminution of density to go on unaltered, and if we suppose Jupiter to move in such a medium, he would in a million years lose less than a millionth part of his velocity. If a planet revolving about the sun were to lose any portion of its velocity by the effect of resistance, it would be drawn proportionably nearer the sun, the tendency towards the centre being no longer sufficiently counteracted by that centrifugal force which arises from the body's velocity. And if the resistance were to continue to act, the body would be drawn perpetually nearer and nearer to the centre, and would describe its revolutions quicker and quicker, till at last it would reach the central body, and the system would cease to be a system.

'This result is true, however small the velocity lost by resistance; the only difference being, that when the resistance is small, the time requisite to extinguish the whole motion will be proportionably longer. In all cases the times which come under our consideration in problems of this kind are enormous to common apprehension. Thus Encke's comet, according to the results of the observations already made, will lose in ten revolutions, or thirty-three years, less than one-thousandth of its velocity; and if this law were to continue, the velocity would not be reduced to one-half its present value in less than seven thousand revolutions, or twenty-three thousand years. If Jupiter were to lose one-millionth of his velocity in a million years, (which, as has been seen, is far more than can be considered in any way probable,) he would require seventy millions of years to lose one-thousandth of the velocity; and a period seven hundred times as long to reduce the velocity to one-half. These are periods of time which quite overwhelm the imagination; and it is not pretended that the calculations are made with any pretensions to accuracy. But at the same time it is beyond doubt that, though the intervals of time thus assigned to these changes are highly vague and uncertain, the changes themselves must sooner or later take place in consequence of the existence of the resisting medium. Since there is such a retarding force perpetually acting, however slight it be, it must in the end destroy all the celestial motions. It may be millions of millions of years before the earth's retardation may perceptibly affect the apparent motion of the sun; but still the day will come (if the same Providence which formed the system should permit it to continue so long) when this cause will entirely change the length of our year and the course of seasons, and finally stop the earth's motion round the sun altogether. The smallness of the resistance, however small we choose to suppose it, does not allow us to escape this certainty. There is a resisting medium; and, therefore, the movements of the solar system cannot go on for ever. The moment such a fluid is ascertained to exist, the eternity of the movements of the planets becomes as impossible as a perpetual motion on the earth.'—*Waceell*, pp. 197—200.

* *Principia*, b. iii. prop. x.

The inference from the discovery of the resisting medium* is, therefore, not only that Encke's comet will eventually be destroyed, but also, that Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and the rest of the planets, must be successively precipitated on the Sun, and effaced from the universe. It is of no consequence whatever to the truth of the argument, that these are events which require for the natural period of their accomplishment millions of years, a period of which we can form no conception. Nor is it necessary that we should. Our faculties are suited to the purpose of a short existence on a particular planet. The higher intelligences must look upon us as mere ephemera—or rather the beings of a moment. Can we count the objects which the microscope discloses to our view? Have we yet, after the observations of nearly four thousand years, been able to number the stars? How then shall we calculate the years still remaining to be accomplished by the solar system? But the difficulty which we have in doing this, or rather its impossibility, has no effect upon the discovery, which shows that however remote the day, yet a day is undoubtedly assigned when the solar system shall cease to be. The consequence admits of no question. That system which is destined to decay cannot be eternal. As it is to have an end, it must have had a beginning. The time was when it did not exist. The time is yet to come when it will exist no more. It must then have been of necessity created by some Power, which is competent to such a prodigious work—a power unlimited in its attributes, and thus we return once more by unerring steps to the existence of an Omnipotent Creator, to whose view our millions of years calculated by revolutions round the sun are but the results of a law which is unknown in eternity.

'We are in the habit sometimes of contrasting the transient destiny of man with the permanence of the forests, the mountains, the ocean,—with the unwearied circuit of the sun. But this contrast is a delusion of our imagination; the difference is after all but one of de-

* 'The zodiacal light may be seen any very clear evening soon after sunset, about the months of April and May, or at the opposite season before sunrise, as a cone or lenticular shaped light, extending from the horizon obliquely upwards, and following generally the course of the ecliptic, or rather that of the sun's equator. It is extremely faint and ill-defined, at least in this climate, though better seen in tropical regions, but cannot be mistaken for any atmospheric meteor, or aurora borealis. It is manifestly in the nature of a thin lenticularly-formed atmosphere, surrounding the sun, and extending at least beyond the orbit of Mercury, and even of Venus, and may be conjectured to be no other than the denser part of that medium, which, as we have reason to believe, resists the motion of comets; loaded, perhaps, with the actual materials of the tails of millions of those bodies, of which they have been stripped in their successive perihelion passages, and which may be slowly subsiding into the sun.'—*Sir J. Herschel's Treatise on Astronomy*, pp. 407-8.

gree. The forest tree endures for its centuries and then decays; the mountains crumble and change, and perhaps subside in some convulsion of nature; the sea retires and the shore ceases to resound with the everlasting voice of the ocean; such reflections have already crowded upon the mind of the geologist, and it now appears that the courses of the heavens themselves are not exempt from the universal law of decay; that not only the rocks and the mountains, but the sun and the moon, have the sentence "to end" stamped upon their foreheads; that they enjoy no privileges beyond man, except a longer respite. The ephemeron perishes in an hour; man endures for his three score years and ten; an empire or a nation numbers its centuries, it may be its thousands of years; the continents and islands which its dominion includes have perhaps their date, as those which preceded them have had; and the very revolutions of the sky by which centuries are numbered, will at last languish and stand still. — *Whewell*, pp. 202, 203.

These reflections lead us to the conclusion, that the district of which we are a part, has still a multitude of centuries to count, before, in the ordinary course of things, it shall be destroyed. Even with respect to Mercury, the effect of the resisting medium has as yet produced no changes that we can discover. That its influence is therefore very minute, even in thousands of years, we may feel assured; and we also may believe, that as the Creator operates by his own laws, he will permit them to take their course, and accomplish their object without interruption. Our globe must, consequently, be still in the very swaddling clothes of its birth, and man, as to experience, a mere infant. We cannot guess at the susceptibility for further and higher improvements in the sciences and arts, in civilization, and above all, in religion, which may be imparted to him by the new stages of existence that are still to arrive. We cannot look forward to the lapse of even one hundred thousand years, without supposing that, in that time at least, education and Christianity would be universal over the earth. The generations of those distant times would look back upon ours as a period of comparative obscurity and barbarity. War would be unknown to them. All the necessary points of legislation and economy would have been fully arranged. Communications between all nations would have been facilitated in every way that ingenuity could devise. New empires would have arisen, and perhaps new continents have emerged from the bosom of the deep; and reason and knowledge would be found, as uniformly as they ought to be, the friends and not the enemies of faith.

There is, indeed, hardly a circumstance connected with our existence, which, when examined with a little attention, does not yield abundant evidence of the wisdom and beneficence which preside over the universe. We have only to turn up the soil at our feet, to find in it innumerable seeds useful to man.* We have only to look

around us upon the surface of the earth, to see it stocked with a variety of animals, conducive not only to our subsistence, but to our convenience and recreation. The sea also, and the air, have their population at our command; and the more deeply we investigate the laws by which the whole system of vegetable and animal life is governed, the more clearly we shall perceive their complete and exclusive adaptation to the planet on which they carry on their operations.

Thus we find in the internal functions of plants, a complete cycle, which corresponds exactly with our year. Most of our fruit trees, for example, require the spring for the ascent of the sap, the summer and autumn for ripening the fruit, and the winter for hardening the wood which the tree has made during the previous season. Suppose the Earth to be placed where Venus is: its year would then consist of only seven months, a change which would throw the whole of our botanical world into confusion. The tree, after having put forth its leaves, blossoms, and fruit, would be destroyed at once by a winter which would come instead of autumn. Suppose the Earth to be removed to the orbit of Mars: its year would then consist of twenty-three months. Six months of continued spring or of summer may very well suit vegetable life in Mars, but to that of Earth, either would be destructive. If the wheat ear were to remain exposed to the sun of a six months' summer, the grain would be reduced to chaff. If it were green during a spring of similar length, it would never come to maturity. Either our vegetables are suited to our year, or our year to them. In either case we see a law of mutual adaptation, which demonstrates the necessity of previous design.

A similar observation applies to the length of our day. There are numerous flowers such as the day lily, the common dandelion, the hawkweed, the marigold, and others, which open and close at certain hours, as any body who attends to the floral world must have observed. If the day were considerably lengthened or shortened, the clockwork of these productions, if we may use the expression, would require a totally new construction, in order to adjust their hours to the changes in the rising or setting of the sun. Night is for man and almost all animals the period of repose. If the day and night were lengthened to forty-eight hours, his present strength would not enable him to toil for twenty-four hours, even with the intermissions to which he is now accustomed, and it would be impossi-

with seeds, that if earth is brought to the surface, from the lowest depth at which it is found, some vegetable matter will spring from it. In boring for water lately, at a spot near Kingston-on-Thames, some earth was brought up from a depth of three hundred and sixty feet: this earth was carefully covered over with a hand-glass, to prevent the possibility of other seeds being deposited upon it, yet in a short time plants vegetated from it. — *Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History*, pp. 139, 40.

K

* "So completely is the ground impregnated
VOL. XXIV.—No. 140.

ble for him to sleep more than eight or ten hours at the utmost. The remaining fourteen hours of night would be wholly lost, for he could not turn them to advantage either by mental or bodily occupation. Here is another manifest proof of design, whether we consider the present habits of animal life to be suited to the period of the earth's revolution round its own axis, or that revolution to them.

The force of gravity within the region immediately influenced by the earth depends upon the mass of the earth—and this mass is, as we have seen, one of the elements of the solar system. Our globe might have been as large as Jupiter or Saturn, or as small as Pallas or Ceres, without causing any derangement, apparently, in the general system to which it belongs. But if the earth were as large as Jupiter, the intensity of gravity at its surface would be so great that it would prevent the sap from rising in our trees, and absolutely stop the vital movements of every plant we are possessed of. Thus we may perceive a wonderful relation between the mass of the globe and the budding of a snow-drop. Further, any considerable increase of the force of gravity, beyond that which we experience at present, would be wholly subversive of the muscular powers of all our animals. The fawn would feel almost as heavy as the elephant, the hare would creep like a sloth, the tiger would lose the power of springing on his prey, and man himself moving with difficulty and pain on his hands and feet, would be degraded to the rank of a quadruped. He could scarcely breathe, so dense would be the lower strata of the atmosphere; the felling of a single tree would cost him his life; he could not guide the plough, nor sink a well, nor raise the rocks from the bosom of Jupiter for the erection of bridges or of temples, which, if such edifices exist there, must be upon a Cyclopean scale, in order to resist the floods and tempests of that planet. He could not live there a single day, unless his stature were strengthened with additional muscles, supplied with a new tide of the vital current, with new channels for its circulation, and a robust furniture of lungs proportioned to his powerful frame. The facility with which all our animals, from the elephant to the squirrel, execute their movements, and go through the circle of their existence, shows that their size and limbs and muscles, and the most minute instruments which are subservient throughout their structures to the maintenance of life, have been adjusted with the nicest precision to the force of gravity, which, emanating from the mass of the earth, operates upon them. So also it is with man. All over our globe he bears the same proportion to its magnitude, thereby clearly showing that the Omnipotent, in creating him, weighed him as it were in one hand while poisoning the earth in the other.

The invariable regularity with which the earth accomplishes its orbit is in itself a striking proof of the divine perfection with which that orbit was traced out. A differ-

ence of ten days at one time, of three weeks or a month at another, in the length of our year, would disappoint the labours of our husbandman, and render every attempt at chronology abortive. The history of past generations would be a chaos, and all calculations as to the future, with respect to astronomical phenomena, and every thing connected with time, would be altogether visionary. We could have neither months nor years—nothing but a succession of days to which we could hardly give a name—and the whole of our present routine of life would be thrown into irrecoverable confusion. The dexterity, if we may use such a phrase, with which the earth preserves its path in space, without encountering any of the numerous comets which are perpetually wandering in all sorts of orbits through the firmament, is the result of a provision that must have been made before one of those enormous masses was launched upon its course. The comet of 1680 was followed by a tail which considerably exceeded in length the whole interval between the sun and the earth; the tail of the comet of 1769 extended sixteen million leagues; and that of the great comet of 1811, thirty-six millions. The orbit of the small comet called after M. Biela, of Josephstadt, by a remarkable coincidence, very nearly intersects that of the earth; and it is very well known, that had the latter been only a little month in advance of its actual place at the time of the passage of that comet in 1832, there must have been a rencontre between them. Considering that Biela's comet is so small, and, like Encke's, is scarcely more solid than a cloud, it might not possibly have produced any effect upon the orbit of the earth. But it would have most probably deranged, during its passage, the component parts of our atmosphere, rendered it very generally inconsistent with the continuance of animal life, and prodigiously aggravated the pestilence with which so many nations were visited in that fatal year.*

The mean depth of the sea is, according to La Place, from four to five miles. If the existing waters were increased only by one fourth, it would drown the earth, with the exception of some high mountains. If the volume of the ocean were augmented only by one-eighth, considerable portion of the present continents would be submerged, and the seasons would be changed all over the globe. Evaporation would be so much

* It is curious enough that Jupiter, whose vast magnitude, as compared with Earth, enables him to sustain such shocks with impunity, seems to be a perpetual stumbling-block to comets. The comet of 1770 actually got entangled among his satellites, and being thrown out of its orbit by his attraction was forced into a much larger ellipse than it had traversed before. It is a proof of the smallness of the mass of that comet that none even of Jupiter's satellites suffered the least perceptible derangement of motion from this extraordinary conflict. What effect it may have produced upon animal life within his atmosphere, we have no means of conjecturing.

extended, that rains would fall continually, destroy the harvests, and fruits, and flowers, and subvert the whole economy of nature. There is perhaps nothing more beautiful in our whole system than the process by which the fields are irrigated from the skies—the rivers are fed from the mountains—and the ocean restrained within bounds, which it never can exceed so long as that process continues on the present scale. The vapour raised by the sun from the sea floats wherever it is lighter than the atmosphere; condensed, it falls upon the earth in water; or attracted to the mountains, it gathers on their summits, dissolves, and perpetually replenishes the conduits with which, externally or internally, they are all furnished. By these conduits the fluid is conveyed to the rivers which flow on the surface of the earth, and to the springs which lie deep in its bosom, destined to supply man with a purer element. If we suppose the sea then to be considerably diminished, the Amazon and the Mississippi, those inland seas of the western world, would become inconsiderable brooks; the brooks would wholly disappear; the atmosphere would be deprived of its due proportion of humidity; all nature would assume the garb of desolation;—the bird would droop on the wing—the lower animals would perish on the barren soil—and man himself would wither away like the sickly grass at his feet. He must, indeed, be incorrigibly blind, or scarcely elevated in the scale of reason above the monkey, who would presume to say, or could for a moment honestly think, when duly informed on the subject, that the machinery by which the process of evaporation and condensation has been constantly carried on upon earth for so many centuries, exhibits no traces of divine science and power, and especially of benevolence towards the countless beings whose subsistence and happiness absolutely depend upon the circumstance of the waters of the ocean, earth and air, uniformly preserving the average of their present mutual proportions.

Let us glance in passing at the amount of riches which this process at present bestows annually upon mankind, particularly in those countries where they have complied with the first condition of happiness imposed on them by their Creator,—that of assiduously labouring to cultivate the earth. We find that in France, which teems with an agricultural population, unskilled however in many of the modern improvements that have been carried to such perfection in Britain and Belgium, the average yearly produce is about twenty-one millions of quarters of wheat, thirty-two millions of other grain, and sixteen of chestnuts and potatoes, the whole of which would amount, at moderate prices, to about one hundred and forty millions sterling, exclusive of the wealth which they gain by their olives and vines. The annual value of all the grain grown in Britain, and of its cattle, sheep, hides, wool, butter, cheese and poultry, has been estimated at about two hundred and twenty millions sterling. A French writer,

whose elaborate tables, though not always accurate, offer in most instances an approximation to the truth, has estimated the ordinary number of our sheep at forty-two millions, of our cattle at ten millions, and of our horses at one million eight hundred thousand. It has been calculated, that the wool shorn from our sheep in one year was worth, at eighteen pence a pound, a sum exceeding eight millions sterling. If we consider that the wines of France are but the vapours drawn from the sea by the sun, returned by the clouds and mountains to the earth, thence pumped up through the stems of the vine and distributed through the purple clusters with which at the vintage-time their branches are weighed down, we must at once perceive that any material derangement of the process in question would convert all the vineyards of France into mere collections of wood, fit only to be cut down and thrown into the fire. By the same process a grain of wheat may with due care be multiplied into four or five thousand. In the *Philosophical Transactions* (1768, p. 203) a curious instance is stated in which forty-seven pounds of wheat were actually obtained from one single seed. So also wool, milk, and flesh are but grass and corn changed into those substances by the assimilating system of the animal body, which could not be carried on for many days if half the waters of the sea retired into the caverns of earth. The mind is almost overwhelmed with a sense of the ever-present Deity, when we consider that at this moment there are upwards of a thousand millions of human beings walking on this globe, dependent for their daily maintenance upon the vapours of the ocean, which have never yet ceased to be raised, by the agency of the sun, in the proportions exactly requisite for the wants of man from season to season.

The atmosphere, which we cannot see, but which we feel investing us wherever we go, whose density we can measure to a certain height, whose purity is essential to existence, whose elastic pressure on the lungs, and on and around the frame, preserves man in that noble attitude which lifts his head toward the skies, and bids him seek there for an eternal home—the atmosphere, which is neither an evaporation from earth nor sea, but a separate element bound to the globe, and perpetually accompanying it in its motions round the sun—can we for an instant imagine that we are indebted for it only to some fortuitous accident? If there were no atmosphere, and if we could exist without one, we should not hear the most powerful artillery discharged at the distance of a single pace; we should be deprived of the music of the sea, the minstrelsy of the woods, of all the artificial combinations of sweet sounds, and of the fascinating tones of the human voice itself. We might make our wants and our feelings perceptible to each other, by signs and gesticulations, but the tongue would be condemned to irremediable silence. The deliberations of assemblies of men, from which laws and the order of society have emanat-

ed, could never have taken place. The tribes of mankind would wander over the earth in savage groups, incapable of civilization, and the only arts which they could ever know would be only those that might enable them to destroy each other.

Language must be spoken before it can be represented by symbols. Without an atmosphere, therefore, we should have had no records, traditional or documentary, of past ages. Each generation would have to depend upon its own experience, and the generations now arrived at maturity would have been no wiser than those which lived before the flood. We should have had no press, no mathematics or astronomy, no eloquence or poetry, no steamboats, railroads, or manufactures. Clothed in the skins of wild beasts, we should have sought shelter in the mountains and forests, have been incapable of preserving revelation, and have never obtained from our own intelligence any idea of the rank which we fill in created being. Let any man examine the ear either of one of his fellow-men or of the lower animals, and say, whether it is not exquisitely fitted for the reception of sound, which can only be propagated through the medium of the atmosphere. Can it be doubted then that the ear was made for the atmosphere, or the atmosphere for the ear? But by whom so made? When Epicurus first read, with his preceptor, these verses of Hesiod:—

Ἡτι μὴ πρῶτα Χάος ἦν· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
 γαῖ' ὑπερστυγίη, πάντων ἴσος ἀρχαὴ καὶ
 Ἀθανάτων.

Eldest of beings, Chaos first arose,
 Thence Earth wide stretched, the steadfast seat
 of all
 The Immortals,

his inquisitive spirit prompted him to put a similar question—'And Chaos whence? In his riper years the philosopher satisfied himself that Chaos arose from the fortuitous concourse of atoms, but he has forgotten to leave us an answer to the question—'And Atoms whence?'

The atmosphere, immense as its volume is, surrounding the globe on all sides to the height of forty miles or more, is never in our way. We raise our hand and put it aside, but the fluid, from its elasticity, soon resumes its place. It diffuses and tempers the heat of different climates, circulates from the pole to the equator, sustains the clouds in an expanded form, and thus equally divides their waters over the surface of the earth, and exercises an immediate agency in the generation and direction of the winds, which tend perpetually to restore the equilibrium of genial warmth and moisture. We already know that without it the ear would be useless. If there were no atmosphere, the eye also would be comparatively inefficient; we should see nothing except objects on which the sun's rays fell directly or by reflection—dazzling the sense in either case. The atmosphere by its refracting power, economises the separate

sunbeams, melting, as it were, the lines of fire into a fluid, and filling the space in which we live and move with a degree of illumination admirably tempered to the sensibility of the most delicate of all our organs. Thus we perceive an indissoluble connexion between the atmosphere, the ear, the eye, and all the conveniences and refinements which, through the ministry of sound and light, society enjoys. Relations such as these, perfected by machinery the most simple, are so manifestly the results of an intelligent and beneficent power, that we must shut our ears to sound and our eyes to light, before we can doubt that such a power is, and is divine.

How various are the climates of the earth, and yet how uniform is each climate in its temperature, notwithstanding the fact that we traverse annually a circle in space whose diameter extends over one hundred and ninety millions of miles! In each particular climate we behold races of animals and plants, many of which would not prosper elsewhere. Though apparently rains, and winds, and frosts, are very irregular, yet we find a remarkable constancy in the average weather and seasons of each place. Very hot summers, or very cold winters, have little effect in raising or depressing the mean annual temperature of any one climate above or below its general standard. We must be convinced from observation, that the structure of plants and the nature of many animals are specially adapted to the climate in which they are located. A vegetable, for example, which flourishes where the mean temperature is fifty-five degrees would perish where the average is only fifty. If our mean temperature were raised or lowered by five degrees, our vegetable world would be destroyed, until a new species suited to the altered climate should be substituted for that which we possess at present. An inhabitant of the equatorial regions, whose mean temperature is eighty, would hardly believe that vegetable life could exist in such a climate as ours. We have the same opinion of the arctic regions. But both are equally mistaken: the care of a presiding Providence is limited to no climate; it

'Lives through all space, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent.'

'At the equator we find the natives of the Spice Islands, the clove and nutmeg trees, pepper, and mace. Cinnamon bushes clothe the surface of Ceylon; the odoriferous sandalwood, the ebony-tree, the teak-tree, the banyan, grow in the East Indies. In the same latitudes, in Arabia the Happy, we find balm, frankincense, and myrrh, the coffee-tree and the tamarind. But in those countries, at least in the plains, the trees and shrubs which decorate our more northerly climes are wanting. And as we go northwards, at every step we change the vegetable group, both in addition and by subtraction. In the thickets to the west of the Caspian Sea we have the apricot, citron, peach, walnut. In the same latitude, in Spain, Sicily,

and Italy, we find the dwarf plum, the cypress, the chestnut, the cork-tree; the orange and lemon-tree perfume the air with their blossoms; the myrtle and pomegranate grow wild among the rocks. We cross the Alps, and we find the vegetation which belongs to northern Europe, of which England is an instance. The oak, the beech, and the elm are natives of Great Britain; the elm-tree seen in Scotland and the north of England is the wych-elm. As we travel still farther to the north, the forests again change their character. In the northern provinces of the Russian empire are found forests of the various species of firs; the Scotch and spruce fir, and the larch. In the Orkney Islands no tree is found but the hazel, which occurs again on the northern shores of the Baltic. As we proceed into colder regions we still find species which appear to have been made for these situations. The hoary or cold elder makes its appearance north of Stockholm; the sycamore and mountain-ash accompany us to the head of the Gulf of Bothnia; and as we leave this and traverse the Dophrian range, we pass in succession the boundary-lines of the spruce fir, the Scotch fir, and those minute shrubs which botanists distinguish as the dwarf birch and the dwarf willow. Here, near to or within the arctic circle, we yet find wild flowers of great beauty, the mezerium, the yellow and white water-lily, and the European globe-flower. And when these fail us, the reindeer moss still makes the country habitable for animals and man.—*Whewell*, pp. 64–66.

So also there are boundaries to the growth of corn, the vine, and the olive. Wheat extends over certain tracts from England to Thibet; it does not flourish in the Polar regions, nor within the tropics, except in situations considerably raised above the level of the sea. The temperature required for the successful cultivation of the vine must not be under fifty, nor much above sixty-three degrees; though in the warm climates elevation of situation will correct the excess of heat. Maize and olives have their favourite regions in France, Italy, and Spain. We first meet with rice west of Milan; it extends over the northern provinces of Persia, and over all the southern districts of Asia where there are facilities for irrigation. Millet is one of the principal grains of Africa. Cotton is cultivated in the new world no higher than latitude 40°; in the old, it extends to latitude 46°, being found in Astrachan. Exceptions, indeed, occur with respect to the sugar-cane, the indigo-tree, the plantain, and the mulberry, all natives of India and China; for these productions have found a genial climate in the West Indies and South America. The genuine tea-tree seems indisposed to flourish out of China, though the South American Indians have something like it. The Cassava yams, the bread-fruit-tree, the sago palm, and the cabbage-tree, are all apparently special provisions for the islands in which they are peculiarly found to flourish. It is impossible, we think, to reflect upon all this variety of natural wealth, and upon the adaptation of each species to the climate in

which it is found, without perceiving that the distribution of those productions—no one climate yielding a perfect substitute, generally speaking, for that of another—was originally designed to prompt and to continue throughout human existence that commercial and friendly intercourse which has been long since established between the inhabitants of countries the most remote from each other.

Recent geological researches have brought to light some extraordinary antediluvian deposits, which forcibly illustrate the order of creation on earth as narrated in Genesis. Among these relics of older time there has not been found, says Mr. Sedgwick,* 'a single trace of man, or of the work of his hands.' They consist principally of the remains of animals that now appear hideous to us, only because we are unaccustomed to see them, the species having been long since obliterated from nature. Some are of the lizard kind, some combine the fish with the lizard. They are found sometimes imbedded in reeds and grasses of gigantic proportions, in company with shell-fish, as ammonites and nautilus, of inordinate bulk as compared with those of the present day. It is necessary only to look at the specimens of these animals, of which there are some in excellent preservation in the museums of London, York, and Scarborough, to be convinced, with Mr. Lyell and Sir Charles Bell, that they must have inhabited 'shallow seas and estuaries, or great inland lakes; that the surface of the earth did not (in their time) rise up in peaks and mountains, or that perpendicular rocks bound in the seas; but that it was flat, slimy, and covered with a loaded and foggy atmosphere. 'There is, indeed,' adds Bell, 'every reason to believe that the classes mammalia and birds were not then created.'

These inferences, justified as they are by the organic remains found in the antediluvian deposits, exactly coincide with the narrative of Genesis. The waters were first commanded to bring forth 'the moving creature that hath life.' Birds were next created, then the land animals, and finally man, who it is agreed by all geologists, is, as compared with all other races of animated nature, but a recent sojourner on earth.

'We have already hinted,' observes Sir Charles Bell, 'that geologists have discovered, that in the stratified rocks there is proof of a regular succession of formations in the crust of the earth, and that animals of very different structure have been embedded and are preserved in them. In the earlier-formed strata animals are found which are low, as we choose to express it, in the chain of existence; in higher strata, oviparous animals of great bulk, and more complex structure, are discovered; above the strata containing these oviparous reptiles there are found mammalia; and in the looser and more superficial stratum are the bones of the mastodon, megatherium, rhi-

* Address to the Geological Society, 1831, p.

noceros, and elephant. Geologists agree that man has been created last of all.—p. 34.

These facts entitle us to conclude, that the *days* of creation must have consisted of more than centuries of earth, or rather of epochs, each including perhaps more than a thousand years. The laws of matter, we cannot doubt, had been already pronounced, and applied to some at least of the other worlds with which the universe abounds. According to those laws it is perfectly consistent with unlimited creative power, that, as Moses writes, the earth in its first stage should have been 'without form and void,' a chaos of elements which were subsequently blended together and shaped into a sphere by rotation and motion round the sun. Time elapsed in the preparation of the minerals, the precious metals, the coal, and other subterranean treasures,—all of them useful, some absolutely necessary, to the purposes of Man. The earth appears, after its first dispositions were accomplished, to have been completely remoulded, before it was deemed fit to be his residence. The shallow seas, the slimy abodes of the ichthyosaurus, the rank grasses, the dense and unwholesome vapours, had disappeared. The mountains had raised their heads, and assisted to purify the atmosphere; the sea had been assigned its limits; the climates had been determined; and the woods and valleys, and green fields, with their garniture of bright streams, and birds, and flowers of a thousand hues, contributed all their charms to form that Paradise which received the first born of our kind.

In thus retracing the progressive steps of creation we cannot fail to see an Intelligent Power operating according to laws which are still discerned in action; and at the same time we receive exalted ideas of the dignity attached to Man by his Creator, who condescended to take so many ages in moulding and seasoning for him a habitation which, as the Omnipotent, he might have summoned to perfect existence by a breath.

Had Man been a mere animal machine, destitute of reason, he would have been the most defenceless creature on earth. The elephant possesses an instrument by which he can grasp his enemy, and an enormous weight by which he can trample him to death. The bear is endowed with a degree of muscular strength by which he can compress the human figure with as much facility as we break a nutshell. The lion and the tiger can spring upon their prey, and fix it by their claws to the earth until they satiate their hunger. But the infant, what a helpless being it is, and remains, long after it first sees the light! The idiot who never enjoyed reason, the melancholy maniac who has been deprived of it, how pitifully weak and dependent are they compared with the rhinoceros or the eagle! Nevertheless it has been given to man to subdue all the tribes of animated nature to his use, and he has fulfilled his destiny in that respect by means of his hand, the most perfect physical instrument with which we

are acquainted. Not all the skill of man has yet been able to imitate the hand in its formation and functions, or to suggest an improvement in one of its joints or muscles. Galen's enthusiastic and eloquent description of it, which the reader will find translated in Dr. Kidd's volume, though unrivalled in ancient or modern literature, scarcely does justice to the flexibility, delicacy, and strength of this admirable instrument. But it is, after all, nothing more than an instrument: it would have been comparatively powerless had it not been moved to action by the rational faculty of which it is the immediate servant.

Yet, although it is by means of the hand that we operate upon external matter, we cannot perceive, as Sir Charles Bell justly remarks, any relation between that instrument and the mind. The hand is not more distinct from the rose which it is about to pluck, than the mind is from this organ of its volition. Indeed, we must all feel that the pulse which beats at the wrist has nothing whatever to do with our will. We may use the hand for our purposes, but its machinery, its vitality, do not in any way depend upon our dictates. The action of the heart, the circulation of the blood, are carried on by laws to which the mind is no party. Had it been otherwise, a single act of omission in ordering the requisite functions on our part might bring life to a premature termination. The fracture of a small filament in the admirable tracery of nervous cords which unites many organs in sympathy, would produce spasm, suffocation and death. Thus then we have two principles of vitality in us—one, that of the mind—the other, that of the frame in which it is enveloped; each perfectly distinct, and manifestly the work of a superior Intelligence, who has given us a control over the operations of both, but has taught us the secret of immortality in the laws which disclose their separate existence. The planets move round the sun by his attraction; the blood circulates through our frame by no relation to the mind. The planets and the sun itself shall perish; the blood shall cease to circulate, and the fairest fabric of mortality shall moulder in the dust; but the mind lives independently of matter, as matter does of mind, and can no more be affected, as to its vital essence, by the destruction of the body, than Sirius would be by the extinction of our entire solar system.

Not only are the vital functions of the body independent of our will, but each of our organs has been endowed, without any consent or previous knowledge on our part, with powers admirably suited to its purpose;—powers which are not the result of life either of the mind or the body, but of special legislation, founded on premeditated design, and accomplishing an adaptation of means to end, wonderful for their perfection. Thus the heart, to which the lover appeals as the seat of his ardent feelings, as the most sensible organ of his system, may be rudely pressed by the hand without conveying to him the sensation that it has been touched. Harvey's celebrated experiment puts this

fact beyond a doubt. It happened that a youth of the noble family of Montgomerie had his interior exposed in an extraordinary manner, in consequence of an abscess in the side of the chest, which was caused by a fall. The youth was introduced to the presence of Charles I., and Harvey, putting one hand through the aperture, grasped the heart, and so held it for some time without the young man being at all conscious that any new object was in contact with it. Other observations have since confirmed this discovery, and the heart is now universally declared by medical men to be insensible! Nevertheless we all well know that the heart is affected not only by the emotions of the mind, but by every change that takes place in the condition of the body. Here then is a complete proof of design. The heart insensible to touch, which, from its internal position, it was never intended to experience, is yet sensibly alive to every variation in the circulation of the blood, and sympathizes in the strictest manner with the powers of the constitution. There is nothing, however, in the mere principle of life, still less in the physical texture of the heart, to give it insensibility to touch, and sensibility to feeling of the most active and refined description. As life is animation added to the body when formed, so this peculiar susceptibility of the heart is an endowment added to the organ by Him who made it.

Natural philosophers, in explaining the laws of vision, assure us that the image of the external object is painted on the retina by the rays of light, which, reflected from the object, are refracted by the lens of the eye. But they have not yet been able to discover by what process the presence of that image, if indeed it be painted on the retina, is conveyed to the mind. We are, and ever shall be, ignorant of the mode in which matter is spiritualized into idea.

"All that we can say is," observes Sir Charles Bell, "that the agitations of the nerves of the outward senses are the signals which the Author of Nature has made the means of correspondence with the realities. There is no more resemblance between the impressions on the senses and the ideas excited by them, than there is between the sound and the conception raised in the mind of that man who, looking out on a dark and stormy sea, hears the report of cannon, which conveys to him the idea of despair and shipwreck—or between the impression of light on the eye, and the idea of him who, having been long in terror of national convulsion, sees afar off a column of flame, which is the signal of actual revolt."—p. 170.

Innumerable and powerful as are the arguments in favour of the existence of an Omnipotent and benevolent Creator, derived from external matter and the physical constitution of man, those that arise from the phenomena of mind are of pre-eminent force and dignity. The Great Parent of intelligent beings must be himself of the highest order of intelligence; and he who gave to the mind that innate sense of right and wrong which we call conscience, must be the personification of all the virtues. But

we must not attempt, at present, to go into this great argument.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

JACOB FAITHFUL.*

By the Author of *Newton Foster*.

"Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
I learnt a bit to row;
And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

"JACOB FAITHFUL, draw near," were the first words which struck upon my tympanum the next morning, when I had taken my seat at the farther end of the school-room. I rose and threaded my way through two lines of boys, who put out their legs to trip me up, in my passage through their ranks, and surmounting all difficulties, found myself within three feet of the master's high desk, or pulpit, from which he looked down upon me like the Olympian Jupiter upon mortals, in ancient time.

"Jacob Faithful, canst thou read?"

"No, I can't," replied I; "I wish I could."

"A well-disposed answer, Jacob; thy wishes shall be gratified. Knowest thou thine alphabet?"

"I don't know what that is."

"Then thou knowest it not. Mr. Knapps shall forthwith instruct thee. Thou shalt forthwith go to Mr. Knapps, who inculcath the rudiments. *Lertus Puer*, lighter-boy, thou hast a *crafty* look." And then I heard a noise in his thorax that resembled the "cluck, cluck," when my poor mother poured her gin out of the great stone bottle.

"My little naviculator," continued he, "thou art a weed washed on shore, one of Father Thames' cast up wrecks. '*Fluvium rex Eridanus*.' (Cluck, cluck.) To thy studies; be thyself—that is, be Faithful. Mr. Knapps, let the Cadmean art proceed forthwith." So saying, Domine Dobiensis thrust his large hand into his right coat pocket, in which he kept his snuff loose, and taking a large pinch, (the major part of which, the stock being low, was composed of hairs and cotton abrasions, which had collected in the corner of his pocket,) he called up the first class, while Mr. Knapps called me to my first lesson.

Mr. Knapps was a thin, hectic looking young man, apparently nineteen or twenty years of age, very small in all his proportions, red ferret eyes, and, without the least sign of incipient manhood; but he was very savage nevertheless. Not being permitted to pummel the boys when the Domine was in the school-room; he played the tyrant most effectually when he was left commanding officer. The noise and hubbub certainly warranted his interference—the respect paid to him was positively *nil*. His practice was to select the most glaring delinquent, and let fly his ruler at him, with immediate orders to bring it back. These orders were

* Continued from p. 103.

complied with for more than one reason; in the first place, was the offender hit, he was glad that another should have his turn; in the second, Mr. Knapps being a very bad shot, (never having drove a Kamschatsdale team of dogs,) he generally missed the one he aimed at, and hit some other, who, if he did not exactly deserve it at that moment, certainly did for previous, or would for subsequent delinquencies. In the latter case, the ruler was brought back to him because there was no injury inflicted, although intended. However, were it as it may, the ruler was always returned to him, and thus did Mr. Knapps pelt the boys as if they were cocks on Shrove Tuesday, to the great risk of their heads and limbs. I have little further to say of Mr. Knapps, except that he wore a black shalloon loose coat; on the left sleeve of which he wiped his pen, and upon the right, but too often, his ever snivelling nose.

"What is that, boy?" said Mr. Knapps, pointing to the letter A.

I looked attentively, and recognising, as I thought, one of my father's hieroglyphics, replied, "That's half a bushel;" and I was certainly warranted in my supposition.

"Half a bushel. You're more than half a fool. That's the letter A."

"No; it's half a bushel; father told me so."

"Then your father was as big a fool as yourself."

"Father knew what half a bushel was, and so do I: that's half a bushel."

"I tell you it's the letter A," cried Mr. Knapps, in a rage.

"It's half a bushel," replied I doggedly. I persisted in my assertion, and Mr. Knapps, who dared not punish me while the Domine was present, descended his throne of one step, and led me up to the master.

"I can do nothing with this boy, sir," said he, as red as fire, "he denies the first letter in the alphabet, and insists upon it that the letter A is not A, but half a bushel."

"Dost thou, in thine ignorance, pretend to teach when thou comest here to learn, Jacob Faithful?"

"Father always told me that that thing there meant half a bushel."

"Thy father might, perhaps, have used that letter to signify the measure which thou speakest of, in the same way as I, in my mathematics, use divers letters for known and unknown quantities; but thou must forget that which thy father taught thee, and commence *de novo*. Dost thou understand?"

"No, I don't."

"Then, little Jacob, that represents the letter A, and whatever else Mr. Knapps may tell thee, thou wilt believe. Return, Jacob, and be docile."

I did not quit Mr. Knapps until I had run through the alphabet, and then returned to my form, that I might con it over at my leisure, puzzling myself with the strange complexity of forms, of which the alphabet was composed. I felt heated and annoyed by the constraint of my shoes, always an object of aversion from the time I had put

them on. I drew my foot out of one, then out of the other, and thought no more of them for some time. In the meanwhile the boys next me had passed them on with their feet to the others, and thus were they shuffled along until they were right up to the master's desk. I missed them, and perceiving that there was mirth at my expense, I narrowly and quietly watched up and down, until I perceived one of the head boys of the school, who sat nearest the Domine, catch up one of my shoes, and, the Domine being then in an absent fit, drop it into his coat pocket. A short time afterwards he got up, went to Mr. Knapps, put a question to him, and while it was being answered he dropped the other into the pocket of the usher, and tittering to the other boys, returned to his seat. I said nothing, but when the hours of school were over, the Domine looked at his watch, blew his nose, which made the whole of the boys pop up their heads like the clansmen of Rhoderick Dhu, when summoned by his horn, folded up his large pocket handkerchief slowly and reverently, as if it were a banner, put it into his pocket, and uttered in a solemn tone, "*Tempus est ludendi*." As this Latin phrase was used every day, at the same hour, every boy in the school understood so much Latin. A rush from all the desks ensued, and amidst shouting, yelling, and leaping, every soul disappeared except myself, who remained fixed to my form. The Domine rose from his pulpit and descended, the usher did the same, and both approached me on their way to their respective apartments.

"Jacob Faithful, why still porest thou over thy book—dilst thou not understand that the hours of recreation had arrived? Why risest thou not upon thy feet like the others?"

"Cause I've got no shoes."

"And where are thy shoes, Jacob?"

"One's in your pocket," replied I, "and t'other's in his'n."

Each party placed their hands behind, and felt the truth of the assertion.

"Expound, Jacob," said the Domine, "who hath done this?"

"The big boy with the red hair, and a face picked all over with holes like the strainers in master's kitchen," replied I.

"Mr. Knapps, it would be *infra dig*, on my part, and also on yours, to suffer this disrespect to pass unnoticed. Ring in the boys."

The boys were rung in, and I was desired to point out the offender, which I immediately did, and who as stoutly denied the offence; but he had abstracted my shoe-strings, and put them into his own shoes. I recognised them, and it was sufficient.

"Barnaby Bracegirdle," said the Domine, "thou art convicted not only of disrespect towards me and Mr. Knapps, but further of the grievous sin of lying. Simon Swapps, let him be hoisted."

He was hoisted; his nether garments descended, and then the birch descended with all the vigour of the Domine's muscular arm. Barnaby Bracegirdle showed every

symptom of his disapproval of the measures taken; but Simon Swapps held fast, and the Domine flogged fast. After a minute's flagellation, Barnaby was let down, his yellow tights pulled up, and the boys dismissed. Barnaby's face was red, but the antipodes were redder. The Domine departed, leaving us together, he adjusting his inexpressibles, I putting in my shoe-strings. By the time Barnaby had buttoned up and wiped his eyes, I had succeeded in standing in my shoes. There we were *tele-a-lete*.

"Now, then," said Barnaby, holding one fist to my face, while, with the other open hand he rubbed behind, "come out in the play-ground, Mr. *Cinderella*, and see if I won't drub you within an inch of your life."

"It's no use crying," said I, soothingly, for I had not wished him to be flogged.

"What's done can't be helped. Did it hurt you much?" This intended consolation was taken for sarcasm. Barnaby stormed.

"Take it coolly," observed I. Barnaby waxed even more wrath. Better luck next time," continued I, trying to soothe him. Barnaby was outrageous—he shook his fist and ran into the play-ground, daring me to follow him. His threats had no weight with me; not wishing to remain in-doors, I followed him in a minute or two, when I found him surrounded by the other boys, to whom he was in loud and vehement harangue.

"*Cinderella*, where's your glass slippers?" cried the boys, as I made my appearance.

"Come out, you water-rat," cried Barnaby, "you son of a cinder."

"Come out and fight him, or else you're a coward," exclaimed the whole host from No. 1 to No. 66, inclusive.

"He's had beating enough already, to my mind," replied I, "but he'd better not touch me—I can use my arms." A ring was formed, in the centre of which I found Barnaby and myself. He took off his clothes, and I did the same. He was much older and stronger than I, and knew something about fighting. One boy came forward as my second. Barnaby advanced and held out his hand, which I shook heartily, thinking it was all over; but immediately received a right and left on the face, which sent me reeling backwards. This was a complete mystery, but it raised my bile, and I returned it with interest. I was very strong in my arms, as may be supposed, and I threw them about like the sails of a windmill, never hitting straight out, but with semi-circular blows, which descended on or about his ears. On the contrary, his blows were all received straight forward, and my nose and face were soon covered with blood. As I warmed with pain and rage, I flung about my arms at random, and Barnaby gave me a knock-down blow. I was picked up, and sat upon my second's knee, who whispered to me as I spit the blood out of my mouth—

"Take it coolly, and make sure when you hit." My own—my father's maxim—coming from another it struck with double force, and I never forgot it during the remainder of the fight. Again we were stand-

ing up face to face; again I received it right and left, and returned it upon his right and left ear. Barnaby rushed in—I was down again. "Better luck next time," said I to my second, as cool as a cucumber. A third and a fourth round succeeded, all apparently in Barnaby's favour, but really in mine. My face was beat to a mummy, but he was what is termed groggy, from the constant return of blows on the side of the head. Again we stood up, panting and exhausted. Barnaby rushed at me, and I avoided him: before he could return to the attack, I had again planted two severe blows upon his ears, and he reeled. He shook his head, and, with his fists in the attitude of defence, asked me whether I had had enough. "He has," said my second; "stick to him now, Jacob, and you'll beat him." I did stick to him; three or four more blows applied to the same part finished him, and he fell senseless on the ground.

"You've settled him," cried my second.

"What's done can't be helped," replied I. "Is he dead?"

"What's all this?" cried Mr. Knapps, pressing his way through the crowd, followed by the matron.

"Barnaby and *Cinderella* having it out sir," said one of the elder boys.

The matron, who had already a liking for me because I was good looking, and because I had been recommended to her care by Mrs. Drummond, ran to me,—"Well," says she, "if the Domine don't punish that big brute for this, I'll see whether I'm any body or not;" and taking me by the hand, she led me away. In the mean time Mr. Knapps surveyed Barnaby, who was still senseless, and desired the other boys to bring him in, and lay him on his bed. He breathed hard, but still remained senseless, and a surgeon was sent for, who found it necessary to bleed him copiously. He then, at the request of the matron, came to me; my features were undistinguishable, but elsewhere I was all right. As I stripped he examined my arms.

"It seemed strange," observed he, "that the bigger boy should be so severely punished; but this boy's arms are like little *sledge-hammers*. I recommend you," said he to the other boys, "not to fight with him, for some day or another he'll kill one of you."

This piece of advice was not forgotten by the other boys, and from that day I was the cock of the school. The name of *Cinderella*, given me by Barnaby, in ridicule of my mother's death, was immediately abandoned, and I suffered no more persecution. It was the custom of the Domine, whenever two boys fought, to flog them both, but in this instance it was not followed up, because I was not the aggressor, and my adversary narrowly escaped with his life. I was under the matron's care for a week, and Barnaby under the surgeon's hands for about the same time.

Neither was I less successful in my studies. I learnt rapidly after I had conquered the first rudiments; but I had another difficulty to conquer, which was my habit of

construing every thing according to my confined ideas; the force of association had become so strong that I could not overcome it for a considerable length of time. Mr. Knapps continually complained of my being obstinate, when, in fact, I was anxious to please as well as to learn. For instance, in spelling, the first syllable always produced the association with something connected with my former way of life. I recollect the Domine once, and only once, gave me a caning, about a fortnight after I went to the school. I had been brought up by Mr. Knapps as contumelious.

"Jacob Faithful, how is this? thine head is good, yet wilt thou refuse learning. Tell me now, what does *c-a-t* spell?" It was the pitch-pipe to *cat-head*, and I answered accordingly. "Nay, Jacob, it spells *cat*, take care of thine head on thy next reply. Understand me, head is not understood. Jacob, thine head is in jeopardy. Now Jacob, what does *m-a-t* spell?"

"*Chafing-mat*," replied I.

"It spells mat only, silly boy; the chafing will be on my part directly. Now, Jacob, what does *d-o-g* spell?"

"Dog-kennel."

"Dog, Jacob, without the kennel. Thou art very contumelious, and deservest to be rolled in the kennel. Now, Jacob, this is the last time that thou triflest with me, what does *h-a-t* spell?"

"*Fur-cap*," replied I, after some hesitation.

"Jacob, I feel the wrath rising within me, yet would I fain spare thee; if *h-a-t* spell *fur-cap*, pray advise me, what doth *c-a-p* spell then?"

"*Capstern*."

"Indeed, Jacob, thy stern as well as thy head are in danger, and I suppose then *w-i-n-d* spells windlass, does it not?"

"Yes, sir," replied I, pleased to find that he agreed with me.

"Upon the same principle, what does *r-a-t* spell?"

"*Rat*, sir," replied I.

"Nay, Jacob, *r-a-t* must spell *rattan*, and as thou hast missed thine own mode of spelling, thou shalt not miss the cane." The Domine then applied it to my shoulders with considerable unction, much to the delight of Mr. Knapps, who thought the punishment much too small for the offence. But I soon extricated myself from these associations, as my ideas extended, and was considered by the Domine as the cleverest boy in the school. Whether it were from natural intellect, or from my brain having laid fallow, as it were, for so many years, or probably from the two causes combined, I certainly learnt almost by instinct. I read my lesson once over, and threw my book aside, for I knew it all. I had not been six months at the school, before I discovered that, in a thousand instances, the affection of a father appeared towards me under the rough crust of the Domine. I think it was on the third day of the seventh month, that I afforded him a day of triumph and warming of his heart, when he took me for the first time into his little study, and put the Latin Accidence in my hands. I

learnt my first lesson in a quarter of an hour; and I remember well how that unsmiling, grave man, looked into my smiling eyes, parting the chestnut curls, which the matron would not cut off, from my brows, and saying, *Bene fecisti, Jacobus*. Many times afterwards, when the lesson was over, he would fix his eyes upon me, fall back on his chair, and make me recount all I could remember of my former life, which was really nothing but a record of perceptions and feelings. He could attend to me, and as I related some early and singular impression, some conjecture of what I saw yet could not comprehend, on the shore which I had never touched, he would rub his hands with enthusiasm, and exclaim, "I have found a new book—an album, whereon I may write the deeds of heroes and the words of sages. *Carissime Jacobus!* how happy shall we be when we get into Virgil!" I hardly need say that I loved him—I did so from my heart, and learnt with avidity to please him. I felt that I was of consequence—my confidence in myself was unbounded. I walked proudly, yet I was not vain. My school-fellows hated me, but they feared me as much for my own prowess as for my interest with the master; but still many were the bitter gibes and innuendoes which I was obliged to hear as I sat down with them to our meals. At other times I held communion with the Domine, the worthy old matron, and my books. We walked out every day, at first attended by Mr. Knapps the usher. The boys would not walk with me without they were ordered, and if ordered, most unwillingly. Yet I had given no cause of offence. The matron found it out, told the Domine, and ever after that, the Domine attended the boys, and led me by the hand.

This was of the greatest advantage to me, as he answered all my questions, which were not few, and each day I advanced in every variety of knowledge. Before I had been eighteen months at school, the Domine was unhappy without my company, and I was equally anxious for his presence. He was a father to me, and I loved him as a son should love a father, and as it will hereafter prove, he was my guide through life.

But although the victory over Barnaby Bracegirdle, and the idea of my prowess, procured me an enforced respect, still the Domine's good-will towards me was the occasion of a settled hostility. Affront me, or attack me openly, they dare not; but supported as the boys were by Mr. Knapps, the usher, who was equally jealous of my favour, and equally mean in spirit, they cabalised to ruin me, if possible, in the good opinion of my master. Barnaby Bracegirdle had a talent for caricature, which was well known to all but the Domine. His first attempt against me was a caricature of my mother's death, in which she was represented as a lamp supplied from a gin-bottle, and giving flame out of her mouth. This was told to me, but I did not see it. It was given by Barnaby to Mr. Knapps, who highly commended it, and put it into his

desk. After which, Barnaby made an oft-repeated caricature of the Domine with a vast nose, which he showed to the usher as my performance. The usher understood what Barnaby was at, and put it into his desk without comment. Several other ludicrous caricatures were made of the Domine, and of the matron, all of which were consigned to Mr. Knapps by the boys, as being the production of my pencil; but this was not sufficient—it was necessary I should be more clearly identified. It so happened, that one evening, when setting with the Domine at my Latin, the matron and Mr. Knapps being in the adjoining room, the light, which had burnt close down, fell in the socket and went out. The Domine rose to get another; the matron also got up to fetch away the candlestick with the same intent. They met in the dark, and ran their heads together pretty hard. As this event was only known to Mr. Knapps and myself, he communicated it to Barnaby, wondering whether I should not make it a subject of one of my caricatures. Barnaby took the hint; in the course of a few hours, this caricature was added to the others. Mr. Knapps, to further his views, took an opportunity to mention with encomium my talent for drawing, added that he had seen several of my performances. "The boy hath talent," replied the Domine; "he is a rich mine, from which much precious metal is to be obtained."

"I hear that thou hast the talent of drawing, Jacob," said he to me, a day or two afterwards.

"I never had in my life, sir," replied I.

"Nay, Jacob; I like modesty, but modesty should never lead to a denial of the truth. Remember, Jacob, that thou dost not repeat the fault."

I made no answer, as I felt convinced that I was not in fault; but that evening I requested the Domine to lend me a pencil, as I wished to try and draw. For some days, various scraps of my performance were produced, and received commendation.

"The boy draweth well," observed the Domine to Mr. Knapps, as he examined my performance through his spectacles.

"Why should he have denied his being able to draw?" observed the usher.

"It was a fault arising from want of confidence, or modesty—even a virtue, carried to excess, may lead us into error."

The next attempt of Barnaby was to obtain the Cornelius Nepos, which I then studied. This was effected by Mr. Knapps, who took it out of the Domine's study, and put it into Barnaby's possession, who drew on the fly-leaf, on which was my name, a caricature head of the Domine; and under my own name, which I had written on the leaf, added, in my hand, *fecit*, so that it appeared Jacob Faithful, *fecit*. Having done this, the leaf was torn out of the book, and consigned to the usher with the rest. The plot was now ripe; and the explosion soon ensued. Mr. Knapps told the Domine that I drew caricatures of my school-fellows. The Domine taxed me, and I denied it. "So you denied drawing," observed the usher.

A few days passed away, when Mr. Knapps informed the Domine that I had been caricaturing him and Mrs. Bately, the matron, and that he had proofs of it. I had then gone to bed; the Domine was much surprised, and thought it impossible that I could be so ungrateful. Mr. Knapps said that he should make the charge openly, and prove it the next morning in the school-room; and wound up the wrong by describing me, in several points, as a cunning, good-for-nothing, although clever boy.

Ignorant of what had passed, I slept soundly; and the next morning found the matron very grave with me, which I could not comprehend. The Domine also took no notice of my morning salute; but supposing him to be rapt in Euclid at the time, I thought little of it. The breakfast passed over, and the bell rang for school. We were all assembled; the Domine walked in with a very magisterial air, followed by Mr. Knapps, who, instead of parting company when he arrived at his own desk, continued his course with the Domine to his pulpit. We all knew that there was something in the wind; but of all perhaps, I was the least alarmed. The Domine unfolded his large handkerchief, waved it, blew his nose and the school into profound silence.

"Jacob Faithful, draw near," said he, in a tone which proved that the affair was serious. I drew near, wondering. "Thou hast been accused by Mr. Knapps of caricaturing, and holding up to the ridicule of the school, me—thy master. Upon any other boy, such disrespect would be visited severely; but from thee, Jacob, I must add, in the words of Cæsar, '*et tu, Brute*,' I expected, I had a right to expect, otherwise, *Omnia vitia ingratitudo in se complectitur*. Thou understandest me, Jacob—guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, sir," replied I, firmly.

"He pleadeth not guilty, Mr. Knapps: proceed, then, to prove thy charge."

Mr. Knapps then went to his desk, and brought out the drawings with which he had been supplied by Barnaby Bracegirdle and the other boys. "These drawings, sir, which you will please to look over, have been all given up to me as the performance of Jacob Faithful. At first, I could not believe it to be true; but you will perceive at once, that they are all by the same hand."

"That I acknowledge," said the Domine; "and all reflect upon my nose. It is true that my nose is of large dimensions, but it was the will of heaven that I should be so endowed; yet are the noses of these figures even larger than mine own could warrant, if the limner were correct, and not malicious. Still have they merit," continued the Domine, looking at some of them; and I heard a gentle *cluck, cluck*, in his throat, as he laughed at his own mis-representations. "*Artes adumbrate meruit cui sedula laudem*, as Prudentius hath it. I have no time to finish the quotation."

"Here is one drawing, sir," continued Mr. Knapps, "which proves to me that Jacob Faithful is the party; in which you and Mrs. Bately are shown up to ridicule.

Who would have been aware that the candle went out in your study, except Jacob Faithful?"

"I perceive," replied the Domine, looking at it through his spectacles, when put into his hand. "The arcana of the study have been violated."

"But, sir," continued Mr. Knapps, "here is a more convincing proof. You observe this caricature of yourself, with his own name put to it—his own hand-writing. I recognised it immediately; and happening to turn over his Cornelius Nepos, observed the first blank leaf torn out. Here it is, sir; and you will observe that it fits on to the remainder of the leaf in the book exactly."

"I perceive that it doth; and am grieved to find that such is the case. Jacob Faithful, thou art convicted of disrespect, and of falsehood. Where is Simon Swapps?"

"If you please, sir, may not I defend myself?" replied I. "Am I to be flogged unheard?"

"Nay, that were an injustice," replied the Domine; "but what defence canst thou offer? *Oh puer infelix et sceleratus!*"

"May I look at those caricatures, sir?" said I.

The Domine handed them to me in silence. I looked them all over, and immediately knew them to be drawn by Barnaby Bracegirdle. The last particularly struck me. I had felt confounded and frightened with the strong evidence brought against me; but this re-assured me, and I spoke boldly. "These drawings are by Barnaby Bracegirdle, sir, and not by me. I never drew a caricature in my life."

"So didst thou assert that thou couldst not draw, and afterwards proved by thy pencil to the contrary, Jacob Faithful."

"I knew not that I was able to draw when I said so; but I wished to draw when you supposed I was able—I did not like that you should give me credit for what I could not do. It was to please you, sir, that I asked for the pencil."

"I wish it were as thou statest, Jacob—I wish from my inmost soul that thou wert not guilty."

"Will you ask Mr. Knapps from whom he had these drawings, and at what time? There are a great many of them."

"Answer, Mr. Knapps, to the question of Jacob Faithful."

"They have been given to me by the boys at different times, during this last month."

"Well, Mr. Knapps, point out the boys who gave them."

Mr. Knapps called out eight or ten boys, who came forward.

"Did Barnaby Bracegirdle give you none of them, Mr. Knapps?" said I, perceiving that Barnaby was not summoned.

"No," replied Mr. Knapps.

"If you please, sir," said I to the Domine, "with respect to the leaf out of my Nepos, the Jacob Faithful was written on it by me, on the day that you gave it to me; but the *fecit*, and the caricature of yourself, is not mine. How it came there I don't know."

"Thou hast disproved nothing, Jacob," replied the Domine.

"But I have proved something, sir. On what day was it that I asked you for the pencil to draw with? Was it not on a Saturday?"

"Last Saturday week, I think it was."

"Well, then, sir, Mr. Knapps told you the day before, that I could draw?"

"He did; and thou deniedst it."

"How, then, does Mr. Knapps account for not producing the caricatures of mine, which he says that he has collected for a whole month? Why didn't he give them to you before?"

"Thou puttest it shrewdly," replied the Domine. "Answer, Mr. Knapps, why didst thou, for a fortnight at the least, conceal thy knowledge of his offence?"

"I wished to have more proofs," replied the usher.

"Thou hearest, Jacob Faithful."

"Pray, sir, did you ever hear me speak of my poor mother but with kindness?"

"Never, Jacob; thou hast ever appeared dutiful."

"Please, sir, to call up John Williams."

"John Williams, No. 37, draw near."

"Williams," said I, "did not you tell me that Barnaby Bracegirdle had drawn my mother flaming at the mouth?"

"Yes, I did."

My indignation now found vent in a torrent of tears. "Now, sir," cried I, "if you believe that I drew the caricatures of you and Mrs. Bately—did I draw this, which is by the same person?" And I handed up to the Domine the caricature of my mother, which Mr. Knapps had inadvertently produced at the bottom of the rest. Mr. Knapps turned white as a sheet. The Domine looked at the caricature, and was silent for some time. At last he turned to the usher, "From whom didst thou obtain this, Mr. Knapps?"

Mr. Knapps replied, in his confusion, "From Barnaby Bracegirdle."

"It was but this moment, thou didst state that thou hadst received none from Barnaby Bracegirdle. Thou hast contradicted thyself, Mr. Knapps. Jacob did not draw his mother; and the pencil is the same as that which drew the rest—*ergo*, he did not, I really believe, draw one of them. *Ite procul fraudes*. God, I thank thee, that the innocent have been protected. Narrowly hast thou escaped these toils, O Jacob—*Cum populo et duce fraudulentis*. And now for punishment. Barnaby Bracegirdle, thou gavest this caricature to Mr. Knapps; from whence hadst thou it? Lie not."

Barnaby turned red and white, and then acknowledged that the drawing was his own.

"You, boys," cried the Domine, waving his rod, which he had seized, "you who gave these drawings to Mr. Knapps, tell me from whom they came."

The boys, frightened at the Domine's looks, immediately replied in a breath, "From Barnaby Bracegirdle."

"Then, Barnaby Bracegirdle, from whom didst thou receive them?" inquired the

Domine. Barnaby was dumb-founded. "Tell the truth; didst thou not draw them thyself, since thou didst not receive them from other people?"

Barnaby fell upon his knees, and related the whole circumstances, particularly the way in which the Cornelius Nepos had been obtained, through the medium of Mr. Knapps. The indignation of the Domine was now beyond all bounds. I never had seen him so moved before. He appeared to rise at least a foot more in stature; his eyes sparkled, his great nose turned red, his nostrils dilated, and his mouth was more than half open, to give vent to the ponderous breathing from his chest. His whole appearance was withering to the culprits.

"For thee, thou base, degraded, empty-headed, and venomous little abortion of a man, I have no words to signify my contempt. By the governors of this charity I leave thy conduct to be judged; but until they meet, thou shalt not pollute and contaminate the air of this school by thy presence. If thou hast one spark of good feeling in thy petty frame, beg pardon of this poor boy, whom thou wouldst have ruined by thy treachery. If not, hasten to depart, lest in my wrath I apply to the teacher the punishment intended for the scholar, but of which thou art more deserving than even Barnaby Bracegirdle."

Mr. Knapps said nothing, hastened out of the school, and that evening quitted his domicile. When the governors met he was expelled with ignominy. "Simon Swapps, hoist up Barnaby Bracegirdle." Most strenuously and most indefatigably was the birch applied to Barnaby, a second time through me. Barnaby howled and kicked, howled and kicked, and kicked again. At last the Domine was tired. "*Consonat omne nemus strepitu*, (for *nemus* read school-room,") exclaimed the Domine, laying down the rod, and pulling out his handkerchief to wipe his face. "*Calci-trat, ardescunt germani caele bimembres*, that last quotation is happy," (cluck, cluck.) He then blew his nose, addressed the boys in a long oration—paid me a handsome compliment upon my able defence—proved to all those who chose to listen to him, that innocence would always confound guilt—intimated to Barnaby that he must leave the school, and then finding himself worn out with exhaustion, gave the boys a holiday, that they might reflect upon what had passed, and which they duly profited by, in playing at marbles, and peg in the ring. He then dismissed the school, took me by the hand, and led me into his study, where he gave vent to his strong and affectionate feelings towards me, until the matron came to tell us that dinner was ready.

After this, every thing went on well. The Domine's kindness and attention were unremitting, and no one ever thought of caballing against me. My progress became most rapid: I had conquered Virgil, taken Tacitus by storm, and was reading the odes of Horace. I had passed triumphantly

through decimals, and was busily employed in mensuration of solids, when one evening I was seized with a giddiness in my head. I complained to the matron; she felt my hands, pronounced me feverish, and ordered me to bed. I passed a restless night: the next morning I attempted to rise, but a heavy burning ball rolled as it were in my head, and I fell back on my pillow. The matron came, was alarmed at my state, and sent for the surgeon, who pronounced that I had caught the typhus fever, then raging through the vicinity. This was the first time in my life that I had known a day's sickness—it was a lesson I had yet to learn. The surgeon bled me, and giving directions to the matron, promised to call again. In a few hours I was quite delirious—my senses ran wild. One moment I thought I was with little Sarah Drummond, walking in green fields holding her by the hand. I turned round, and she was no longer there, but I was in the lighter, and my hand grasped the cinders of my mother; my father stood before me, again jumped overboard and disappeared; again the dark black column ascended from the cabin, and I was prostrate on the deck. Then I was once more alone on the placid and noble Thames, the moon shining bright, and the sweep in my hand tiding up the reach, and admiring the foliage, which hung in dark shadows over the banks. I saw the slopes of green, so pure and so fresh by that sweet light, and in the distance counted the numerous spires of the great monster city, and beheld the various bridges spanning over the water. The faint ripple of the tide was harmony, the reflection of the moon, beauty; I felt happiness in my heart; I was no longer the charity boy, but the pilot of the barge. Then, as I would survey the scene, there was something that invariably presented itself between my eyes and the object of my scrutiny; whichever way I looked it stood in my way, and I could not remove it. It was like a cloud, yet transparent, and with a certain undefined shape. I tried for some time, but in vain, to decipher it, but could not. At last it appeared to cohere into a form—it was the Domine's great nose, magnified into that of the scripture, "which looketh towards Damascus." My temples throbbed with agony—I burned all over. I had no exact notions of death in bed, except that of my poor mother, and I thought that I was to die like her; the horrible fear seized me that all this burning was but prefatory to bursting out into flame and consuming to ashes. The dread hung about my young heart and turned that to ice, while the rest of my body was on fire. This was my last recollection, and then all was blank. For many days I lay unconscious of either pain or existence, when I awoke from my stupor, my wandering senses gradually returning. I opened my eyes, and dimly perceived something before me that cut across my vision in a diagonal line. As the mist cleared away, and I recovered myself, I made out that it was the

nose of Domine Dobiensis, who was kneeling at the bed-side, his nose adumbrating the coverlid of my bed, his spectacles dimmed with tears, and his gray wig pulled over his brow, and shadowing his eyes. He was all wig and nose. I was not frightened, but I was too weak to stir or speak. His prayer-book was in his hand, and he still remained on his knees. He had been praying for me. Supposing me still insensible, he broke out in the following soliloquy.

*"Naviculator parvus pallidus—how beautiful even in death! My poor lighter-boy, that hath mastered the rudiments, and triumphed over the Accidence—but to die! Levius puer, a puerile conceit, yet I love it, as I do thee. How my heart bleeds for thee! The icy breath of death hath whitened thee, as the hoar frost whitens the autumnal rose. Why wert thou transplanted from thine own element? Young prince of the stream—lord of the lighter—*Enaviganda sive reges*—heir apparent to the tiller—betrotted to the sweep—wedded to the deck—how art thou laid low! Where is the blooming cheek, ruddy with the browning air? where the bright and swimming eye? Alas! where? *'Tum brevitur direx mortis aperta via est,* as sweet Tibullus hath it;" and the Domine sobbed anew. "Had this stroke fallen upon me, the aged, the ridiculed, the little regarded, the ripe one for the sickle, it would have been well,—(yet fain would I have inducted thee still more before I quitted the scene—fain have left thee the mantle of learning.) Thou knowest, Lord, that I walk wearily, as in a desert, that I am heavily burdened, and that my infirmities are many. Must I then mourn over thee, thou promising one—must I say with the epigrammatist—*

*'Hic jacet in tumulo, raptus in puerilibus annis,
'Jacob Faithful domini cura dolorque sui.'*

True, most true. Hast thou quitted the element thou so joyously controlled, and come upon the terra firma for thy grave?

*'Si licet inde sibi tellus placata levique,
'Artificis non levior non potes esse manu.'*

Earth, lay light upon the lighter-boy—the lotus, the water-lily, that hath been cast on shore to die. Had'st thou lived, Jacob, I would have taught thee the Humanities; we would have conferred pleasantly together. I would have poured out my learning to thee, my Absalom, my son!"

He rose, and stood over me; the tears coursed down his long nose from both his eyes, and from the point of it poured out like a little rain gutter upon the coverlet. I understood not all his words, but I understood the spirit of them—it was love. I feebly stretched forth my arms, and articulated "Domine." The old man clasped his hands, looked upwards, and said, "O God, I thank thee—he will live. Hush, hush, my sweet one, thou must not prate;" and he retired on tiptoe, and I heard him mutter triumphantly, as he walked away, "He called me 'Domine.'"

From that hour I rapidly recovered, and in three weeks was again at my studies. I was now within six months of being fourteen years old, and Mr. Drummond, who had occasionally called to ascertain my progress, came to confer with the Domine upon my future prospects. "All that I can do for him, Mr. Dobbs," said my former master, "is to bind him apprentice to serve his time on the River Thames, and that cannot be done until he is fourteen. Will the rules of the school permit his remaining?"

"The regulations do not exactly, but I will," replied the Domine; "I have asked nothing for my long services, and the governors will not refuse me such a slight favour; should they, I will charge myself with him, that he may not lose his precious time. What sayest thou, Jacob, dost thou feel inclined to return to thy father Thames?"

I replied in the affirmative, for the recollections of my former life were those of independence and activity.

"Thou hast decided well, Jacob—the tailor at his needle, the shoemaker at his last, the serving-boy to an exacting mistress, and all those apprenticed to the various trades, have no time for improvement, but afloat there are moments of quiet and of peace—the still night for reflection, the watch for meditation; and even the adverse wind or tide leaves moments of leisure, which may be employed to advantage. Then wilt thou call to mind the stores of learning which I have laid up in thy garner, and wilt add to them by perseverance and industry. Thou hast yet six months to profit by, and with the blessing of God, those six months shall not be thrown away."

Mr. Drummond having received my consent to be bound apprentice, wished me farewell, and departed. During the six months, the Domine pressed me hard, almost too hard, but I worked for love, and to please him, I was most diligent. At last—the time had flown away, the six months were more than expired, and Mr. Drummond made his appearance, with a sailor, carrying a bundle under his arm. I slipped off my pepper-and-salt, my yellows, and my badge, and dressed myself in a neat blue jacket and trowsers, and, with many exhortations from the Domine, and kind wishes from the matron, I bade farewell to them, and to the charity school, and in an hour was once more under the roof of the kind Mrs. Drummond.

But how different were my sensations to those which oppressed me when I had before entered. I was no longer a little savage, uneducated, and confused in my ideas. On the contrary, I was full of imagination, and confident in myself, and in my own powers, cultivated in mind, and proud of my success. The finer feelings of my nature had been called into play. I felt gratitude, humility, and love, at the same time that I was aware of my own capabilities. In person I had much improved, as well as much increased in stature. I walked confident and elastic, joying in the world,

hoping, anticipating, and kindly disposed towards my fellow creatures. I knew, I felt my improvement, my total change of character, and it was with sparkling eyes that I looked up at the window, where I saw Mrs. Drummond and little Sarah watching my return and re-appearance, after an absence of three years.

Mrs. Drummond had been prepared by her husband to find a great improvement, but still, she looked for a second or two with wonder as I entered the room, with my hat in my hand, and paid my obeisance. She extended her hand to me, which I took respectfully.

"I should not have known you, Jacob. You have grown quite a man," said she, smiling. Sarah held back, looking at me with pleased astonishment; but I went up to her, and she timidly accepted my hand. I had left her as my superior—I returned, and she soon perceived that I had a legitimate right to the command. It was some time before she would converse, and much longer before she would become intimate; but when she did so, it was no longer the little girl encouraging the untutored boy by kindness, or laughing at his absurdities, but looking up to him with respect and affection, and taking his opinion as a guide for her own. I had gained the *power of knowledge*.

By the regulations of the Waterman's Company, it is necessary that every one who wishes to ply on the river on his own account, should serve as an apprentice, from the age of fourteen to twenty-one; at all events, he must serve an apprenticeship for seven years, and be fourteen years old before he signs the articles. This apprenticeship may be served in any description of vessel which sails or works on the river, whether it be barge, lighter, fishing smack, or a boat of larger dimensions; and it is not until that apprenticeship is served, that he can work on his own account, either in a wherry or any other craft. Mr. Drummond offered to article me on board of one of his own lighters, free of all expense, leaving me at liberty to change into any other vessel that I might think proper. I gratefully accepted the proposal, went with him to Waterman's Hall, signed the bond, and thus was, at the age of fourteen, "*Bound 'prentice to a Waterman*."

—
From Fraser's Magazine.

THE MILLER CORRESPONDENCE.

Who the Reverend George Miller, from whom the correspondence we are about to publish takes its name, may be, is a question which we for the present decline answering. It must be left to the sagacity of those ingenious persons, who amuse themselves or the public in the attempt to discover the author of *Junius' Letters*. We feel ourselves just now only at liberty to say that the Rev. George Miller is a lineal descendant of the great Joe Miller, whose

now time-honoured tomb is to be found in the burying-ground of St. Clement's Danes, close in the neighbourhood of Tom Wood's hotel.

Waiving, however, further inquiry into the history of Mr. George Miller, we are about to introduce to public notice the results of his valuable labours. Smitten with a desire of collecting the autographs of the illustrious personages, in the author line, existing in his time, he bent all the energies of his capacious mind to that important object. It was said long ago, that no more compendious way of procuring such curiosities could be imagined than discounting the bills of literary men, because you might in that case be perfectly certain of retaining their autographs, accompanied by notes. This, however, is somewhat too expensive, as the friends of literary gentlemen are well aware; and the Rev. George Miller, (who, by the way, is not the Irish doctor of that name) felt it much easier to have recourse to a bland and agreeable artifice whereby to extort the desiderated signatures. Under shapes as various as "old Proteus from the sea," he warily approached his distinguished correspondents, and suited his bait according to the swallow of the illustrious gudgeon for which he angled. To some he wrote for the character of an imaginary footman; in another case, an apocryphal amanuensis, or an ideal servant-maid. With some his correspondence was literary, with others philosophical; a tinge of politics coloured some, a touch of benevolent curiosity distinguished others. From all he received answers; and they have been forwarded to us by a kindness of a nature so distinct and peculiar, that we do not think it possible for us to describe in terms at all adequate to the sublimity of its feeling, [N. B. We borrowed this last clause from a speech of Patrick Robertson.]

We have about five hundred of the letters lying before us; but as they in their total bulk would fill the Magazine, we are compelled to make a selection. It is highly possible that we shall continue the series. In the meantime we present our readers with the letters of

- Bayly, Thomas Haynes
- Bulwer, Edward Lytton, M. P.
- Bury, Lady Charlotte
- Carlile, Richard
- 5. Coleridge, Samuel Taylor
- Croker, Right Hon. John Wilson, LL.D.
- Croker, Thomas Crofton, A.S.S.
- Croly, Rev. George, LL.D.
- Cunningham, Allan
- 10. Edgeworth, Maria
- Eldon, Right Hon. the Earl of
- Hallam, Henry
- Hogg, James
- Holmes, William, W. I.
- 15. Hook, Theodore Edward
- Hunt, Henry
- Irving, Washington
- Landon, Letitia Elizabeth, L.E.L.
- Lockhart, John Gibson, LL.B.
- 20. Maginn, William, LL.D.
- Martineau, Harriet
- Mitford, Mary Russell

- Moore, Thomas
 Norton, Hon. Caroline
 25. Porter, Anna Maria
 Proctor, Bryan William, *alias* Barry Corn-
 wall
 Rogers, Samuel
 Shee, Sir Martin Archer, P.R.A.
 Scott, Sir Walter, Bart.
 30. Wilson, Professor John

A tolerably extensivelist—from Lord Eldon to Henry Hunt, from Sir Walter Scott to Lytton Bulwer, from Coleridge to Carlyle. We publish them as they come to hand, with scarcely any attempt at classification; and the first that, as it were instinctively, clings to our fingers is that of L. E. L.

I.—MISS LONDON.

The document of the fair L. E. L.—on this occasion really the *Improvisatrice*—is as follows:

22 Hans Place.

Miss L. E. LONDON's compliments to Mr. Miller, and thinks there must be some mistake in the note she received, as she knows nothing of the young person he mentioned.

But there is another Miss Landon in Sloane Street, and to her Miss L. E. Landon has enclosed the notes.

Saturday.—Miss Landon only returned home this morning.

II.—HENRY HUNT.

Compare this with the vulgarian twaddle of the old Blacking-man. *By the name!—in-door servant!*—and, O ye gods! *yours respectfully!* He did not know but Miller might have a vote for Preston.

36, Stamford Street, Jan. 15, 183-.

Sir,—In reply to your favour by twopenny-post, I beg to observe that I have no recollection of any person by the name of Thomas Stevens ever having lived with me in any capacity; but I am quite sure no such person has ever lived with me as in-door servant.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,
 H. HUNT.

III.—THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Haynes Bayly has a pair of notes. By the first, we learn that his benevolent desire of communicating the required information kept him a day in town, which, perhaps, might not have been convenient.

Sir,—I have just received your note dated the 22d, in which you seem to allude to a former application to me respecting the character of some man. Your former note I never received, nor can I hear of any note at the *Athenæum*.

I beg you will therefore let me know the particulars; and as I leave town in the middle of the day to-morrow, (Tuesday,) I hope you will contrive to let me hear from you before twelve o'clock.

Your obedient servant,
 THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Athenæum Club, Monday.

By the second, we learn that Mr. Bayly has had a relay of footmen. Eheu!

Mr. HAYNES BAYLY presents his compliments to Mrs. Miller, regrets he can give her no information respecting James Deacon. He has had occasion to change footmen but once, and can therefore state without the possibility of mistake, that no person of that name ever lived with him.

Athenæum, Tuesday.

IV.—GEORGE CROLY.

Dr. Croly judiciously recollects the apparent identity of his name with Crawley. There is something capital and characteristic in the slapdash manner in which he exonerates himself from the trouble of attempting to decipher the address of his correspondent.

Monday, January.

Sir,—No servant by the name of Thomas Deacon has lived with me. But there may have been some mistake in the name, and there is a Mr. *Crawley* who lives in the neighbourhood, in Guilford street, who may be the person in question. I have not been quite able to ascertain your address, but have set down the name of your street at hazard.

I remain Sir,

Your obedient servant,
 GEORGE CROLY.

V.—MISS PORTER.

Miss Porter is gentle and considerate. The letter she answers is designated as "polite;" to her unknown correspondent she professes herself "obliged;" she "loses no time in replying;" and, with the most Christian charity, suggests the probability of a mistake, for the sake of the young woman herself. How strange is all this squeamish conscientiousness for the grand humbugger of the Seagrave narrative! Such is human inconsistency.

Essex, January 23.

Sir,—I lose no time in replying to your polite letter inquiring the character of a young woman, who calls herself Amelia Rogers, and describes herself as having once lived with me as a lady's-maid.

I must suppose that she has made some strange mistake, as I never had a servant of that name in any capacity; therefore am led to imagine, that one of the Miss Porters who live at Twickenham is the person she may have served. I trust, for the young woman's sake, that she has made such a mistake, and that she has not designedly represented herself falsely.

It would have given me pleasure, could I have replied satisfactorily to your inquiry as to the truth of her statement.

I beg to remain, Sir,

Yours obliged,
 ANNA MARIA PORTER.

VI.—MISS MITFORD.

Our Village comes out of the scrape very well. The reference to "my father" is perfectly in keeping.

Three-Mile Cross, Monday.

SIR,—I have no recollection whatever of any person of the name of Amelia Rily having lived with us as lady's-maid: my father also says that he can remember no such name, and it is unlikely that a person filling such a situation should have been entirely forgotten in the family. I cannot but suspect some mistake in the affair, and should recommend a reference to the lady with whom the young woman in question lived last.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
M. R. MITFORD.

VII.—MISS MARTINEAU.

The only "anonymous name," as an Irish M. P. once phrased it, in the whole collection is that of Miss Martineau's amanuensis. She will not write, and her scribe cannot venture beyond G. M. What is the "preventive check" in this solitary case? Are the folks ashamed of their names? That Miss Martineau never visited the Continent is evident enough to those who have read any of her stories about the French.

SIR,—I am directed by Miss Harriet Martineau to inform you that there is some mistake on the subject of Berthier's representation, as she never had the pleasure of visiting the Continent.

(For Miss H. Martineau.)

I am, Sir,

Respectfully yours,
17, Fludyer Street, October 5. G. M.

VIII.—MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.

Shee writes as he paints—very tame indeed.

Cavendish Square,

Monday, January 24, 183—.

SIR,—If I had received any former letter from you, I should certainly not have left it unnoticed. I have no recollection of a person of the name of Thomas Eldridge having ever lived in my service, and I should suppose there must be some mistake in his statement.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,
MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.

IX.—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

There is a hardness and solidity about Allan Cunningham's style that reminds us of his original vocation. It is pleasant to find Scotia unadorned breaking out so beautifully as in the last sentence. The "wrong directed" [it would have been better if it had been *wrang*] and the "*seeking* to impose," are redolent of Caledonia stern and wild. It is pastoral, too, to find the date *Monday morning*.

MR. ALLAN CUNNINGHAM'S compliments to Mr. George Miller, and assures him that he never received any other letter than the enclosed from him, and that he is not aware of having applied to any person on the subject alluded to—certainly not to Mr. Miller.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 140.

Either the enclosed note has been wrong directed, or some one is seeking to impose on Mr. M. in Mr. C.'s name.

27, Lower Belgrave Place,
Monday Morning.

X.—EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

Dr. Johnson being asked, how it happened, that the smallest note he wrote or dictated was always correct, and even elegant in the turn of its phraseology, replied, "I made it my rule, early in life, always to do my best when I had my pen in my fingers." It appears to us, that the "*Simius Maximus*" of English literature has not adopted the salutary rule of the "*Ursa Major*;" at all events, a more boobyish, spoonish specimen of slipslop has never submitted to the sagacious eye of Miller than the following.

Richmond, Tuesday Morning.

SIR,—I am extremely sorry that you should have experienced any delay in receiving an answer to your inquiries. Your note dated the 22d, and just received, is the only one I have received.

I have not the smallest recollection of the name of William Jeffreys—I am quite convinced that no servant of that name ever lived with me two years, or a period of any length whatsoever, even if I should be mistaken in my present persuasion that no servant of that name ever entered my service. I therefore conclude that the man has made some mistake. He may very probably have lived with my brother, Mr. Henry Bulwer, whose address is 38, Hill Street, Berkely Square.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
E. LYTTON BULWER.

XI.—LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.

It is particularly edifying to find that Lady Charlotte Bury is very sorry, in letter the first, that any lady's-maid's character should be dubious.

LADY CHARLOTTE BURY, in reply to Mr. George Miller's application respecting Sarah Deacon, can only say that such a person has never lived in her service, in any capacity—certainly not in that of lady's-maid. But as Lady Charlotte Bury would be sorry to hurt any body's character, she hopes Mr. Miller has been exact in the name.

3, Park Square, Regent's Park,
January 21, 183—.

In round the second—for Miller would never allow such a combatant to get off with one—this charming lady's aristocratic refusal to enter further into the subject is equally delightful.

LADY CHARLOTTE BURY presents her compliments to Mrs. Miller, and can only repeat that she has no recollection of any body of the name of Sarah Deacon having ever lived in her family; but if the woman persists in saying so, she had better call at the Rev. E. Bury's, 3, Park Square, where the truth of what she alleges about the change of name will easily be proved.

L

Further than this Lady Charlotte Bury cannot enter upon the subject.

Monday, Jan. 23, 183-.

3, Park Square, Regent's Park.

XII.—THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Sweet Caroline Norton! The future antiquary, when the time comes that even you will be antiquity—when to you will be applied the song sung with such gusto by your glorious and Gillrayed grandpapa—

"Though her lightness and brightness
Do shine with such splendour,
That nought but the stars
Are thought fit to attend her;
Though now she is fragrant,
And soft to the sense,
She'll be damnably mouldy
A hundred years hence;"

—in that unhappy time it will be known, that in January 1831 you had commenced housekeeping but for three years, and that your then actual establishment (or as you call it, your *present* establishment) had not undergone alteration for twelve months or more.

Let us remark here, once for all, that the ladies of this correspondence are most curious to see the persons—"the young persons"—about whom the inquiries are made. Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Norton, Lady C. Bury, Miss Porter, all express their anxiety for the personal appearance of the women who are described as their former attendants. The gentlemen exhibit no such fancy for seeing their discarded footmen.

Oh, Gossip! Gossip! what a god thou art among the goddesses of the earth!

2, Story's Gate, Westminster,
19th January, 1831.

SIR,—In answer to your note of to-day, I beg to inform you that no person of the name of *Amelia Deacon* ever lived with me as lady's-maid; nor, to my recollection, in any other capacity. It is at any rate impossible she could have lived with me two years, as it is but three since I commenced housekeeping, and my present establishment has undergone no alteration for the last twelve months, or more.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
CAROLINE NORTON.

We are indignant with Miller for having troubled "the superb lump of flesh," as Sidney Smith calls her, with a second application; but so it was, and here is the result.

Brighton, 58, Old Steyne, 25 January.

MADAM,—Your letter of the 23d has been forwarded to me here, and I hasten to reply, as I fear some person is endeavouring to impose on you.

I am quite sure no person of the name of *Amelia Deacon*, or *Dickinson*, ever lived in my service. If, however, the young woman persists in her assertion, let her come and claim her character from me, at my house, where I hope to be on Saturday. To this she can have no objection.

I propose this merely to assure you, that I should be happy to take any trouble that might assist you; but I am quite certain, that unless the woman in question offers herself under a feigned name, she has never lived in my house.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient servant,
CAROLINE NORTON.

XIII.—RICHARD CARLILE.

What a creature is here! Miller should not have written to Carlile. The wretched impertinence of the ignorance is quite characteristic of the hound. He says the word *soul* has no type in existing things. And where is the type, in what he would call existing things, of the words he uses—"can," "have," "no," "to," "on," "the," "of," "such," "a," "subject," "for," "as?" But it is wasting words to talk to an ass.

Giltspur Street Compter, January 16, 183-.

SIR,—I can have no objection to peruse your "Manuscript on the Transubstantiation of the Soul;" but I can say at once, that you must not look to me to make a speculation with such a subject; for as the word *soul* has no meaning, no type in existing things, I have to learn how any thing sensible can be said upon such a word.

Respectfully,

RICHARD CARLILE.
P. S.—If sent, let it be to Fleet Street.

XIV.—BRYAN WILLIAM PROCTOR.

Gentle Barry Cornwall!

Monday Morning, 25, Bedford Square.

MR. PROCTOR has this morning received a letter from Mr. Miller (referring to a former letter,) in which there appears to be some mistake. Mr. Proctor has never received any former letter from Mr. Miller, nor does he know to whom or what Mr. Miller's letter relates.

Mr. P. thinks it probable that it may have been meant for another person of his name; and if he can learn that there is such a person in Bedford Square, he will forward the letter to him. If, however, Mr. Proctor should be the person meant (which he does not think likely,) he will answer Mr. Miller's letter immediately, if Mr. Miller will explain the object of it by another communication.

XV.—THOMAS CROFTON CROKER.

What a fairy note! The Hibernianism is complete. Crofty puts no mark of time to his communication, and then says that he has not been in Ireland for a year from that date.

SIR,—I have no knowledge of Murphy Delaney, about whom you inquire; nor have I been in Ireland for more than a year from the present date.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,
T. CROFTON CROKER.

Admiralty.

XVI.—JOHN WILSON CROKER.

Next to Crofty Croker, the most im-

portant man of that name, the *spes altera*, so to speak, of the illustrious house of Lincham, (see Burke's *Gentry of Great Britain*.) is, we have no hesitation in saying, the late Secretary of the Admiralty. We believe he was one of the Commissioners (along with Scott, Mackintosh, Lockhart, and Hallam) on the *Stuart Papers*; but this was an old story.

September 24, 183—

MR. CROKER begs leave to acquaint Mr. Baker that he has no recollection whatsoever of Mr. James Morrison, nor does he remember ever to have employed an amanuensis. Mr. Morrison may have been employed in transcribing the *Stuart Papers*; but it has escaped Mr. Croker's memory.

XVII.—THOMAS MOORE.

Tom Moore is in the benignant vein; he cannot stand in the way even of an impostor—a class of persons for whom his *Travels of an Irish Gentleman* betray a great sympathy.

Sloperston, January 25, 183—

SIR,—I regret extremely that there should have occurred two days' delay in my answer, but I unluckily happened to be away from home when your letter arrived. It is painful to stand in the way of any one—I was going to say, even an impostor—obtaining a livelihood, but truth compels me to add that I know nothing whatever of Murphy Delaney; nor, indeed, was ever acquainted with any one of that name, except a clerk of my father's (John Delaney,) when I was quite a child. Lamenting, I assure you, very sincerely, that benevolence like yours should be thus imposed upon (if the man be, as appears but too probable, an impostor.)

I am, Sir,

Your obliged and obedient, &c. &c.

THOMAS MOORE.

XVIII.—JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

The Quarterly Review is brief. One phenomenon is evident from his note, viz. that, like his late amiable co-laborateur, Lord Dudley, he talks to himself; else, how could a name he never had heard in his life, now for the first time presented to him on paper, "sound new to his ear?"

SIR,—There must be some mistake, certainly—no such person as William Roberts was ever in my service for any considerable space of time, for the name sounds altogether new to my ear.

Your obedient servant,

J. G. LOCKHART.

24 Sussex Place, Jan. 24.

XIX.—WILLIAM HOLMES.

Strange coincidence. The "name sounds to the ear" of William Holmes also, but, as might be expected, not strangely. What name *can* be strange to the great nomenclator of the house? We are rejoiced to see our old friend in as good company as ever. The letter to Miller is franked by Sir C. M.

Sutton, and the answer is directed to be sent under cover to the Duke. This is as it should be. We like, too, the aversion of Holmes to contributing to the post-office—economy is the life of the half-pays; and the cautious and formal manner in which he prefixes the style of "His Grace" to the Duke of Wellington, proves that official habits have not left him with office. It is pleasant to perceive that the old whipper-in concludes his signature with a flourish exactly like a thong-whip.

Dover, Oct. 7, 183—

SIR,—I have received your letter inquiring about Robert Jukes. Though the name sounds on my ear as a person I have known, still I cannot bring it to my recollection when or where. If Robert Jukes will write to me, he probably will be enabled to draw my attention to the particular period which he alludes to. Tell him to direct, *under cover*, to His Grace the Duke of Wellington, Walmer Castle, near Deal, where I shall be next week.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

WILLIAM HOLMES.

XX.—SAMUEL ROGERS.

The vice of punning appears even to infect the note style of Sam Rogers. Here in three lines we have the jingle of "service," "service," and "servant." The immense antiquity of Sam is finely adumbrated in the indefinite date which he assigns to the possible service of his namesake (we wonder he did not suspect some antediluvian affiliation,) the respectable nonentity high Samuel Wentworth—if ever, it was "long ago." It is quite an "ancestral voice," a sound from the dead.

SIR,—I have no recollection of Samuel Wentworth in my service; but, at all events, it must have been long ago. All my knowledge of his character should otherwise have been much at your service.

Your obedient servant,

SAMUEL ROGERS.

St. James' Place, Jan. 21, 183—

XXI.—WILLIAM MAGINN.

To our surprise, the gruff Standard-bearing L.L.D. comes most milky fashion out of this affair. The Doctor's letter about the imaginary reporter O'Hoolahan is really a good-natured effusion; we had no notion he would have taken half so much trouble about any such animal, real or fictitious.

SIR,—I never knew a gentleman of the name of O'Hoolahan. A great many Irish persons are connected with the press, and perhaps a man of that name may be among them; he, however, has not fallen in my way. If he says I recommended him to your newspaper, there must be a mistake somewhere.

Excuse this hasty note; I happen to be very busy just now.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

WILLIAM MAGINN.

Standard, Monday.

XXII.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Commend us to Coleridge. The old man eloquent is courteous and philosophical as ever. The unknown person to whom he writes is addressed as "Dear Sir;" and a metaphysical distinction between knowledge and power is shadowed forth at the end of the epistle. Had Miller in person waited on old Coleridge, he would have answered his question in an essay, in which the fundamental principles of footmanship would have been laid down, according to the most recondite doctrines of Platonism, delivered in a flowing speech, terminable only at the announcement of dinner.

Monday Noon, 24 January, 183—.

DEAR SIR,—The note which has this moment reached me, is the first I have received from you; and unable to form the most distant conjecture respecting either the person in whose behalf you interest yourself, or the object, I suspect that your letter may have been intended for one or other of my nephews—perhaps Mr. John Coleridge, the barrister, No. 2, Pond Court, Temple; or Henry Nelson Coleridge, the chancery barrister, No. 1, Lincoln's Inn Square; or the Rev. Edward Coleridge, Eton.

Be assured that the application, had it both reached me and fallen within my knowledge or power, would not have been neglected by

Your humble servant,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Grove, Highgate.

XXIII.—HENRY HALLAM.

What a thoroughly historiographical bit of a production is that which emanated from the same desk with *The Middle Ages*! Good heavens! one would think there was question about the pedigree of the White or Red Rose. And then the conjectural, the remote, semiseptical adumbration of a statement touching the affairs of Lord Graves! Well done, Hallam!

SIR,—I incline to think that there must be some mistake with respect to the subject of your note to me, especially as there is another gentleman of my name in the same street. I have had no footman for seven or eight years, who can be the person whose character you request. At that time, a man of the name of Charles (his surname I do not recollect) lived with me, and went, of course with a character, to the Bishop of Exeter's (now St. Asaph:) he lived, I think, afterwards with the late Lord Graves. But I suppose he would hardly refer you to me for a character, after such a lapse of time. If he is the person, I can only say that I had no fault to find with him, that I now remember; but should not know him by sight if he were to enter the room.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

HENRY HALLAM.

67, Wimpole Street, Jan. 22.

XXIV.—JOHN WILSON.

We consider the following as very characteristic of the warm, good-hearted character of Professor Wilson.

Gloucester Place, Edinburgh, Sunday.

SIR,—I am ashamed to observe that your letter has been lying by me for so many weeks unanswered. I conjectured the handwriting on the address to be that of a certain scamp that I had long ago determined to hold no correspondence with, and therefore threw the letter aside; but this morning I opened it accidentally. Pray excuse this unintentional neglect.

On recurring to my class lists for 1828-9, I find that there were five John Smiths that session; but no one of the number distinguished himself in any creditable way whatever. The young gentleman who refers you to me must therefore have made a mistake. I cannot surely have, on any occasion, signified to him my approbation of his intellectual exertions while attending the moral philosophy class here. There was one of them, a John Smith from Manchester, whom I distinctly remember as a disagreeable ruff.

Your faithful servant,

JOHN WILSON.

XXV.—MISS EDGEWORTH.

Nothing reflects greater credit on Miller than his pertinacious badgering of Maria Edgeworth; but, to be sure, the organ of note-writing was always pretty well developed in that admirable person.

1, North Audley Street, January 21, 183—.

SIR,—Your letter addressed to *Mrs. Edgeworth*, inquiring the character of a person of the name of Margaret Riley, came to me this morning. No such person ever lived as lady's-maid with any of the family of Edgeworth, who reside at Edgeworth's Town, in Ireland. For any thing I can tell to the contrary, she may have lived with some other family of the name of Edgeworth; but before this idea is suggested to her, it might be well to ascertain whether she asserts that she lived with the Edgeworths of Edgeworth's Town; by which means you may judge of her truth.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

But the second effusion of our fair friend beats all print. Only to think of any body that had any thing else to do scribbling all this worrying nonsense about *Mrs.*, and *Miss*, and *Margaret*, and *Harriet* (to the curliness of whose hair in those days we can bear unqualified testimony); and then the simple and satisfactory method of solving the whole *vexata questio*, which at last suggests itself to the indefatigable paper-crosser, in paragraph the antepenultimate! Let her come to be inspected! To be sure she would.

1, North Audley Street, Monday.

MADAM,—I am the person whom Margaret Riley describes as the "*Mrs. Edgeworth the Authoress*." But her calling me *Mrs. Edgeworth* leads me to doubt her knowing me; because, though I have been old enough these twenty years past to have assumed the title of *Mrs.*, it has so happened that I have always, in my own family and in society, been called *Miss*

Edgeworth—perhaps from the habit of being known best by that appellation as an authoress.

If I recollect rightly, Mr. Miller, in his note to me (which I have sent to my family at Edgeworth's Town, and therefore cannot refer to it,) said that this Margaret Riley lived with Mrs. E. in Ireland. That, I am almost certain, is false; but Mrs. Edgeworth's answer to my letter will decide that matter.

Upon ransacking my memory, I recollect having had, eight years ago, when I was in London, a waiting-maid of the Christian name of Margaret; her surname I cannot remember; but I am certain it was not Kelly, or any Irish name. She was English—was highly recommended to me by Mrs. Marcet (now at Geneva); and this Margaret was an excellent lady's-maid, in every respect—an accomplished dress-maker, I can answer for it, having had occasion to try her powers, as I then went out a great deal, having then two young sisters with me.

Margaret—whatever her name may be—must, if she ever lived with me, recollect these two young ladies; and must also recollect where I lived. I lived in Folles Street: the eldest of the young ladies named Fanny, the youngest Harriet. She could not also fail to recollect that Miss Harriet had curly hair, worn as a crop—a peculiarity in her appearance which none who have seen her could forget; and a still greater peculiarity would probably be remembered by a lady's-maid and dress-maker, that she was, as our Margaret one day said to me, the most indifferent about dress of any young lady she had ever seen.—“Ma'am! Miss Harriet was so good to look at the dress I finished for her, and said it was pretty.” She cannot forget having said this to me, if she be the Margaret who lived with me.

Another circumstance in the words you quote of her makes me doubt it. She says that the Mrs. Edgeworth the authoress was one of the members of the family she lived with. Now I was at the time I speak of in London, keeping house for myself: I was her mistress, gave her all her orders, and paid her her wages; so that she would not *naturally* speak of me as *one* of the members of the family, but as specially her mistress.

When she left me, I gave *our* Margaret an excellent written character, which she deserved, else I should not have given it; for I am particularly exact and conscientious as to the character I give servants, thinking it as wrong to give a false character as it would be to forge a bank-note.

The character I gave Margaret procured her, before I quitted town (in the course of a few days after I parted with her,) a good place with Mrs. Knox (the Hon. Mrs. Knox, wife of a son of Lord Northlands, and daughter of the late primate of Ireland, Stuart.)

It seems to me odd that this person cannot produce either my written character, or any character from Mrs. Knox, if she be the person who lived with me.

But, to settle the matter at once, she may come, if you wish, to North Audley Street, No. 1, and I will see her, and say whether she is or is not the person who lived with me.

I am now with one of my sisters, who was with me when I was last in London, and she cannot fail to recollect *our* Margaret.

I can give no further information, and hope what I have now said may be satisfactory.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient humble servant,
MARIA EDGEWORTH.

XXVI.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

Here is one which we like. “I have resided almost entirely on the continent,” says Geoffry Crayon, “and have had none but *foreign* servants.” The affinity of blood and language speaks out in the word. Since the treaty of 1783, Americans of the United States are as foreign to us as Frenchmen or Spaniards—*technically*, but not *truly*.

James Chinnoek, for any thing Washington Irving could have known, might have been a New Yorker or a Kentucky man. He might have been a white help, or a regular nigger from the land of liberty, as well as a native of the “old country;” but his name was not Jacques or Diego: it was James—Jem. And let the government of the States be what it pleases, that name cannot be *foreign* to the ear of Washington Irving.

Edgebaston, Birmingham,
January 27, 183—.

SIR,—I have just received your note inquiring respecting a man-servant named James Chinnoek: no such person has ever been in my service. In fact, for the last ten years I have resided almost entirely on the continent, until within the last eighteen months, and have had none but foreign servants.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your very obedient servant,
WASHINGTON IRVING.

XXVII.—JAMES HOGG.

We venture to say that the ensuing reflects honour on the Ettrick Shepherd. We are exactly of his opinion as to *flunkies*—they are all monsters, and most of them thieves too; and *lasses* are much more useful, as well as agreeable animals “about the house.”

Altrive, Yarrow, January 3, 183—.

SIR,—The Philip Muir that has written about my giving him a character must be an impostor. I never kept a footman, nor never will. If I could afford fifty servants, they should all be lasses.

Yours respectfully,
JAMES HOGG.

XXVIII.—WALTER SCOTT.

There is only one autograph among all this batch that betrays the slightest shadow of any thing like annoyance, and that *mira-bile dictu!* is the note addressed to our friend Miller by the best-natured great man of our age, or perhaps of any age—Sir Walter Scott. But the date explains all. Alas, alas! the good Sir Walter had had at least one visitation of the mortal malady before he was honoured with the correspondence of Mr. Miller.

We are rather surprised, by the by, that Sir Walter should have said no person of the name of Campbell was ever servant to

him. What we should like to be told, was old Elshie Campbell, *alias* "Alexander Campbell, Esquire," the editor of *Albyn's Anthology*? Did he never actually clean Sir Walter's boots? We are sure he fulfilled many baser duties in that quarter.

Sir,—I regret that my name has been used to mislead your benevolence; I know no such person as Duncan Campbell, nor was a man of the name of Campbell ever servant to me.

The fellow who imposed upon you deserves punishment, and, for the sake of others, I hope you will see it inflicted.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, Melrose, 21 January, 1831.

I received yours of the 18th this day.

XXIX.—LORD ELDON.

What name can be placed in contact with that of Scott, the glory of our literature, so fitly as that of Scott, the glory of our law? It was hardly fair for Miller to hoax Lord Eldon. His lordship will not pledge himself for the exactness of his recollections, and sets about in quest of other evidence. This failing, he calls for further papers, when he promises to proceed with the case. A delay has already occurred, it will be seen, in the first step of the proceedings. The iteration of the phrase "person" is quite in the style legal.

October 10, 183—.

Sir,—I did not receive your Letter of the 5th till last night, at this place. I cannot recollect that any such Person as you mention was employed by me as that Person states, or in any other manner; nor can I find that any Person now in my family recollects any such Person. If he can state any particulars that may bring back circumstances to my Recollection which have now escaped it, I shall be ready to answer any further inquiries.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

ELDON.

Encombe, near Corfe Castle, Dorset.

XXX.—THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

Greater men than Theodore Hook there may be on the list of Miller's victims, but we fearlessly state our belief, that the cleverest of the whole set was resident, in January 1830, at No. 5, Cleveland Row, and decamped from that region to the immediate neighbourhood of those two venerable persons, Bishop Blomfield and Billy Holmes, among the shades of Fulham, the moment that certain "untoward coming events" cast their shadows before Tory eyes, about the autumn of the same ever-to-be-spit-upon year. The whole correspondence furnishes nothing so perfect as that which we now submit.

Cleveland Row, Friday, Jan. 21, 1830.

Sir,—In reply to your note of yesterday, I have only to say, that no person of the name

of Charles Howard ever lived in my service in any capacity whatever.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

THEODORE E. HOOK.

Let our list, then, like that of the Kings of Corsica, close with the name of Theodore. No better finale could be imagined. To those who may be inclined to believe that the Rev. George Miller was nothing but a shadow, like Jedidiah Cleishbotham or Dr. Dryasdust, and feel a sort of conviction that this hoax was perpetrated by living people of flesh and blood under the vizard of his reverence—to them we allow the praise of a certain sagacity. But to them also we have to say, that those aforesaid persons of flesh and blood, whosoever they may be, have not given the papers to us; and that we rather imagine the appearance of this series may be as much matter of annoyance to them, as of wonder to their correspondents. This we avouch on the honour of

OLIVER YORKE.

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

STATE AND RELATIONS OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

1. *Records of Travels in Turkey, Greece, &c., and of a cruise in the Black Sea, with the Capitan Pasha, in 1829-30-31.* By ADOLPHUS SLADE, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1832.
2. *Turkey and its Resources; its Municipal Organization and Free Trade; the State and Prospects of English Commerce in the East; the new Administration of Greece, its Revenue and National Possessions.* 8vo. London: 1833.

THE iron rod of Mohammed is rapidly losing its power. The faith which prevailed from the Wall of China to the Pillars of Hercules, and stretched southwards to the unknown sources of the Nile, is now divided and decaying. The martial and fanatic devotion, and the assurance of success which hurried on its warriors from one arduous achievement to another, are no more. The wide and exuberant regions over which they held sway, have long lain dark and desolate, but twilight has at length dawned, and we who assisted at the opening of the mighty sources of civilization in the New World, are now called upon to witness and aid its regeneration in those extensive regions of the Old.

Much ingenuity and some charity have been of late employed to assert the good qualities of the Mohammedan faith;—to assign it as a spurious Christianity to the children of the son of the bond-woman. That it is, and more especially was, both in its creed and its practice, vastly superior to the degrading rites and superstitions of the East, may be readily conceded: but it

bore not the less within its bosom many poisonous doctrines which the hot-bed of conquest rapidly matured. In the very early days of Mohammed's career, its pretensions were indeed humble, but when victory shone upon his banner, then though Islam—or resignation—continued to be the denomination, war and conquest became the practice of the religion he established. It was a faith as admirably fitted for these last purposes as it was repugnant to the maintenance or progress of civilization. Fatality and despotism are very closely allied; and every code which restricts the social influence of woman is essentially opposed to the arts, and the cultivation of peace. The glories of Bagdad, of Delhi and of Grenada, were lights glimmering only in a dark night, and whose splendours have been much exaggerated by Oriental fiction and Western credulity. They ceased, and left not a trace behind.

Of all the tribes of Mohammedans, the hardy and illiterate Turks have most strictly adhered to the stoical and unsocial principles of their faith. They also have longest maintained their political ascendancy: the vivacious Saracen has long since passed away and been forgotten, save upon our signposts. The great Mogul is a pageant; and the sons of Tamerlane in the far China have abjured the faith of their fathers. But the Turk held fast his own, and that, too, in the face, and in defiance of Christendom. He, too, is now fallen. He has drunk the waters of bitterness at Belgrade, Tchesme, and Navarino; and he has seen the flag of Russia burst through his Dardanelles, and wave before his capital. Every war has been disastrous, and each peace purchased by a loss of territory. Greece is now free and independent. Algiers is gone, and the remaining Barbary states yield a scant obedience. Egypt, too, is lost, and with it Syria, and all the illusion of supremacy. The armies of the Sultan have been scattered before the forces of his rebellious Pasha, till the haughty Mahmoud has found himself reduced to ask "in bondsman's key" for the insidious aid and dangerous presence of those very Russians, who, within less than four years, dictated a peace to him under the threat of storming his capital. The finances of Turkey are utterly disorganized, and her currency is in the last stage of depreciation and uncertainty. Her tribute, for so may be called her debt, to Russia, is unliquidated; and the once formidable army which might have paid it in kind, is annihilated, and its very name and memory denounced. Her ancient usages and institutions are thrown down and scorned; the exactions and prescriptive bonds of her religion severed; and the sacrosanct mystery with which her sovereign and pontiff wropt to be enveloped, is now laid bare to the vulgar gaze in the habit of a Frank hussar.

Whither does all this tend? Is the Turkish Empire about to be dissolved? or, by the renovation of old, or the adaptation of new constitutions and habits, is it, with a diminished territory, about to resume a

portion of that high rank it once held in Europe?

These are the questions we propose to discuss. To assist their solution, we know of no late authority to which we can with more safety refer than to the short and comprehensive work of Mr. Urquhart, the second of the two placed at the head of this article. He may entertain some exaggerated notions of the immediate benefits of the direct mode of taxation still prevalent in Turkey, and of the control and independence afforded by the municipal and local jurisdictions that have been suffered to subsist in her provinces. But even these predilections have reason in them; and his views, both commercial and political, being drawn from facts and experience, are generally sound, and afford his reader much food for reflection. He is an advocate for Mahmoud's reforms, and praises them for their tendency to destroy the fictitious privileges of caste or race, and to exalt the industry, power, and intelligence of the many-tongued people over whom he rules.

Mr. Slade, on the other hand, holds opposite opinions. He is an officer in the British navy; and from having served on board the Captain Pasha's ship during the war with Russia, he also has had many opportunities of judging of the Turkish character. Reasoning from military and aristocratic notions, he foretells the fall of Turkey, from the destruction of the feudal power of the Beys, and from the annihilation of all those anti-European prejudices which it has hitherto been her policy to keep up, but which her present Sultan seeks to destroy. Without deferring implicitly to either of these writers, we shall endeavour to collect from them, and from some other sources, such information as may enable our readers to judge for themselves.

The power of the Turks once terrified Europe; their weakness now alarms its jealousies. The decrepitude of Turkey has been rendered more important and apparent by the increased and increasing resources and civilization of the other European states. For the last 150 years, she has retrograded as they have advanced; and, unfortunately for her, none have made more constant strides in the race of power than her encroaching neighbour in the North. The causes of this variation are not difficult to trace, and their specification may throw some light on the question at issue. When war and conquest were the primary objects of pursuit, it was natural that a horde, whose faith devoted them to these objects, should attain a certain moral advantage over nations, who, though sometimes yielding to their seductions, professed a creed which denounced and held them in abhorrence. That which became the transgression of the Christian was the duty of the Mohammedan. The Turks were single and consistent in schemes of conquest; the Europeans divided, contradictory and disloyal in their resistance. In those days, too, when martial discipline was not yet consolidated, the armies of Turkey were perhaps less irregular and better paid than

any troops of Europe, while plunder and success allured to their banners a succession of daring spirits. Tribes of Tartars repaired her losses by war, while the energetic Christian captives whom her cruel policy carried off, thinned the ranks of her opponents, and swelled the numbers of her Janizzaries. The highest rank and most despotic authority were not only open to, but generally won by adventurers. Bold and desperate renegades imported valuable information, and led on successful attacks, in which they often found the avenging death or glory which they sought.* Europe, too, was attacked on her weakest side; while Turkey, having her own rear and flanks protected by Egypt and Asia, exposed only the narrow and hardy front of that wedge with which, impelled by the forces alluded to, she penetrated to the capitals of the Eastern and Western Cæsars.

All is now changed. Science, by mingling with war, has fortified civilization. Modern armies are powerless without large parks of artillery, and other scientific resources of war. Medical and commissariat departments are essentially necessary. Disciplined infantry have succeeded irregular cavalry; experienced officers are found more serviceable than reckless adventurers; and pay takes the place of plunder. The European states have become intrinsically stronger by the union of detached feudal dependencies; and by the sentiment of nationality and patriotism which springs from a greater or less experience of the benefits of good government. In all these points the Turk has been careless; he has ruled his provinces as a conqueror, not as a governor; he has scorned the discipline and instruction necessary to an army; and has passed his days in the fairest corner of Europe utterly regardless of the progress made around him. Accordingly, victory has deserted his banner, his dominions have been curtailed, and the flanks of his empire uncovered and commanded.

If there be any truth in this view, then it may be allowed, that without a radical change or renovation of system, Turkey must perish, and that shortly. This appears indeed to have been the opinion of the Turks themselves for the last century. But until the reign of Selim III., there appeared amongst them no actively reforming Sultan: he began the arduous task, and like most leaders, fell in the trench he opened. His printing presses, his manufactures, his artillery, even his tolerant habits and fondness for European customs, were for a while submitted to; but when the Janizzaries saw him building at Constantinople a long range of barracks, sufficient to contain 20,000 men, they clearly read his intentions, and forthwith anticipated their own fall or supercession by the dethronement of the reformer. His death, and the

death of Mustapha, his successor, soon followed. Mahmoud ascended the vacant throne at twenty-four. This was in 1808. He had been the prison companion of Selim during the short reign of Mustapha, and it is probable, gained many useful hints from the dethroned Sultan; at all events, the disorganized and rebellious state of his empire, the abortive reforms of his predecessors, and the sanguinary insurrections which had removed them, and placed him, the last scion of the house of Othman, upon the throne, offered ample food for reflection. He had one of two courses to pursue: either, if we may so speak, to Europeanize his country, or to revive in it the old Osmanli spirit. He chose the first: in other words, he proposed to substitute a disciplined army for an irregular force; to establish a responsible administration in his provinces; and to abolish all invidious distinctions of race or religion amongst his subjects. Having resolved on this wise course, there was still open to him for carrying his measures into execution, the choice between relying for support upon his people, or upon the aristocracy of the country. He again chose the first.

The Aristocracy of Turkey may be said to consist, in the first place, of the chiefs of the law, civil as well as spiritual, who maintain their exclusive and corporation authority by virtue of certain statutes, and a prescription which preserves a power nearly hereditary in their families. These are the Ulema. A second branch is composed of the large landed proprietors,—of the Dere Beys of Anatolia, the Timariots of Roumelia, the Capitani of Albania and Greece, and the Boyards of the provinces on the Danube. By carefully abstaining from entering into the personal service of the Sultan, many of these families have contrived to preserve their possessions and the feudal authority which has descended to them from their fathers. For the Sultan is heir to his servants only, and the Dere Beys, 'the Lords of the Valleys,' so well foresaw the dangers of this precarious honour, that on their submitting to Mahomet the Second, they obtained a special exemption for the heads of their families from personal service. Ephemeral and upstart favourites, together with the Pashas and officers of the Court, who have contrived to amass riches and consequence by their talents or fraud, in the several offices their intrigues have won, form another and the worst branch of the Turkish Aristocracy. The Janizzary chiefs might formerly have been added to this list.

Mahmoud resolved to undermine, or to destroy the power of all these classes. He has succeeded. We will not shock the feelings of our readers by recalling the dark measures, and merciless fortitude with which he accomplished his purposes. Since his accession, blood has flowed incessantly; it has been shed in secret and in public; by general executions and by preconcerted massacres; by civil and by foreign wars. But he has at length swept away all internal opposition; and having thus

* In the flourishing days of Solymán the Magnificent, and the Selims, the more successful Viziers and Commanders were nearly all renegadoes.

maintained and strengthened his own individual seat, it may be questioned, when we remember the shattered state of Turkey at his accession, whether he has done so at the expense of his empire. Mr. Urquhart, who is, perhaps, too warm an admirer of Mahmoud, thinks not: he says, 'When Mahmoud assumed the reins of government, the political horizon of Turkey was completely darkened and confused; but unexpectedly cloud after cloud was dispelled; the Mamalukes were destroyed, the Afghans chastised, Vidin, Bagdad, submitted to his authority, the Wahabs were punished, the pilgrimages were resumed, and the keys of the Holy City laid at his feet. The opinion gradually established itself—"Mahmoud is fortunate"—the first of qualities in an Eastern hero. In pursuance of his policy of extirpating the Dere Beys, he had recourse to various arts to circumvent them, which were signally successful. The mass of the nation which generally rejoiced in the punishment of its oppressors saw the destruction of the Dere Beys with no less gratification than amazement, and universally exclaimed, "the Sultan has a head." But the most tragic scene of a reign spent in ceaseless executions—the extirpation of the Janizaries—fell like a thunderbolt on the nation. Their Sultan appeared in the character of an avenging angel, while the most extraordinary good fortune seemed combined in him with the utmost fertility of resources, sternness of purpose, and sanguinarity of disposition; so far his character was only calculated to strike terror.' But it appears that he also understands how to conciliate favour, for Mr. Urquhart adds, 'That when this ruthless executioner was seen entering the cot of the peasant, inquiring into his condition, asking for plans for its amelioration, subscribing for the erection of schools and churches, (or at least reported to have done so,) it is to be wondered at that he became the object of the idolatry of the Greek and Christian population, or that the measures which he adopted for thoroughly breaking the pride of the Turks, gained him the confidence and attachment of the Rayas, much more important than the applause either of the stubborn Turk or of his European judges? He has effected three things which have each been the principal objects of every Sultan since Mahomet the Fourth; the destruction of the Janizaries, the extirpation of the Dere Beys, and the subjugation of Albania, which had not admitted the supremacy of the Porte, even in its days of conquest.'

Mr. Urquhart appends a note in corroboration of this important change of sentiment towards Mahmoud; in which he says, 'From the year 1827 to 1830, I do not recollect ever hearing a Greek peasant speak of the Turks, when he could get an opportunity of addressing me privately, but to express his hatred, contempt, and horror. In 1832, I passed through Lower and Higher Albania, the district of Monastir, Macedonia, Bulgaria, Servia, &c., and seldom (especially towards the west and north)

have I found a Christian peasant speak of the Sultan or Grand Vizier without saying "May God take ten years from our lives to add to his."—P. 114.

The value of this popularity will be appreciated when it is considered that eight out of the twelve millions of his subjects in European Turkey are Christians. But it may be objected that Mr. Urquhart's is the praise of a partisan. We must remember, however, that it comes from one who is speaking from personal observation, and who shows no signs of adulation to any party. Indeed the advantages here stated to have been gained by the people flow naturally from the course Mahmoud has adopted. We need not inquire into his motives, nor be so credulous as to believe that he has patriotically cared or struggled for his people; it is quite sufficient that it has occurred to him, (as it occurred to the feudal monarchs of the middle ages,) that his, and his people's interests, have been for a time identical, and that their oppressors were his foes.

Of all these by far the most pernicious are the remote Pashas, with the irregular forces under their command. In former times, the appointment, as well as the duties of the judicial, military, and civil functionaries were distinct and comparatively independent of one another; but latterly, by corruption and neglect, they have either merged in one person, or their administration has been controlled by one ill-appointed officer. The Pasha of the province is responsible to the Sultan for its revenue. In fact, he farms it. But since few Turks of character or property can be found to undertake the mortal hazards of a Pashalec, the office falls generally to persons of desperate fortune or low condition. The barber of to-day may be Vizier or Pasha to-morrow, and return again ere the following night to the peaceful avocations of his razor; provided always he has had the wit or the good fortune to preserve his head in the interim. But the Porte requires ample security from such men for the due remittance of the revenue of their province. This drives them to the Armenian and other merchants of Constantinople, who, being few, the whole body not exceeding eighty in number, have acquired by acting in concert, a strong control over all these appointments of the Sultan. They use this power to their own temporary profit, at the expense of the new Pasha and his province. He is in fact the tool of the Armenian merchant, who becomes his guarantee, factor, banker, and creditor. A partner or trusty agent of this Armenian attends the Pasha to his province, where he remains, to receive the revenue for which his principal has become responsible; and where, under the protection of the Pasha, over whom he rules, he is free to indulge in as much violence and extortion as his fears or his conscience will allow. Meanwhile the Pasha is retained in due subjection to the Porte by the hold which the Sultan possesses over the purse strings and head of his patron; who is kept as a hostage, always resident

at Constantinople, and from whom an equivalent for the revenue is punctually exacted.

A more abominable system of misrule cannot well be imagined. It tends directly to the encouragement of extravagance, extortion, and fraud. A thrifty Pasha, who, by paying his debts, releases himself from the control of his banker, instantly becomes an object of hatred to the Armenian, and of suspicion to the Porte. Should he, by any accident of good government, acquire popularity, he is lucky if by a sudden removal he is saved from choosing between the bow-string and revolt. Few, however, subject themselves to this dilemma. To grind the people has hitherto been the object of all parties; and whether Sultan, Schroff, or Pasha ultimately carry off most of the spoil, it matters little to them. Their sufferings are the same, or perhaps greater under a beneficent Pasha, for then occurs the greatest chance of a revolt. Under such a system of government, we need not so much wonder at the decay of the empire, and the frightful frequency of internal commotions, as that its authority should have continued to subsist. When the Porte had an army disciplined only in name, it was difficult to apply a remedy to this circle of abuse. The occasional imprisonment or execution of a well-fed Armenian patron, or the treacherous assassination of his refractory, or too powerful nominee, might minister to the Sultan's cupidity or revenge, but had no power to arrest the evil. But when once an efficient army shall have been formed, independent of the Pasha, and subject to the immediate control of the government at Constantinople, then, the Sultan's arms being lengthened, he may stretch them out to remove or coerce a remote governor, for greater offences than good government and well-earned popularity. Meanwhile, the removal of the Pasha's armed force, and the substitution of disciplined and regularly paid forces, will immediately relieve the provinces from the outrages and oppressions they have suffered from the free quartering of vagabonds, who, receiving little or no pay, can subsist only by plunder and extortion. The Pashas also, when they shall find their power paralyzed by the loss of the command of their troops, will fear to practise their present extortions in the collection of the revenue; while the exercise of an equitable code of discipline in the army will afford an example of justice to the observation of the people. It is thus that a disciplined army may become an efficient instrument of reform in Turkey, and offer the best substitute for the present ruinous system of controlling the Pashas by the purse-strings of their bankers, or the bow-string of their Sultan.

Another object which has engaged the attention of the Sultan, and by the accomplishment of which he will acquire popularity and power, is the re-establishment of the old Arab system of government by local jurisdictions. The root of these is still scattered over European Turkey. Many a

Rajah has long exercised, without being aware of the value of possessing, the right of equality in the apportionment of burdens, and an equal voice in communal affairs; with the power of electing, as well as of paying and superintending, his village priest and schoolmaster. The exercise of these functions, and the deliberate habits and respect for public opinion, which their long descended practice engenders, and conveys, perhaps unconsciously, to their possessors, render the subjects of the Porte less unfit for free government than might at first be imagined. This is proved, indeed, by the promptitude and facility with which the factious, but free Greeks, organized and worked their little confederated municipalities, under the heavy pressure of foreign invasion.

The progress of provincial reform has been unequal and precarious; and, singular to say, the most efficient has taken place in the wild regions of Albania. This was commenced in 1830, immediately after the peace of Adrianople, when the force and misfortunes of Turkey seemed at their very lowest ebb. From Persians, Greeks, and Russians, she had suffered a succession of ignominious defeats: her old army was gone, and her new forces had failed. Revolt in the provinces, and treason in the capital, omened the dissolution of the empire. The insurrection of the Albanians seemed the crisis of her fortunes. It was so. But in a sense far different from that which might have been expected. The Grand Vizier was sent to quell it. He had few; and spiritless troops. The Albanians had never been subdued: every advantage was now on their side. The example and freedom of Greece, the virtual independence of Servia, the good wishes of the whole Rajah population of Turkey, cheered on the Albanians to brave the efforts of a defeated army and exhausted treasury. The empire was unsupported by a single ally or sympathy from without, and undermined at home by the sullen hate with which a large mass of conservative Turks regarded the Sultan and his reforms. Who could have anticipated success? No one—at least none who viewed the coming strife as a trial of strength. Happily the Grand Vizier was not of this number; he saw other and better means of success; he regarded the expedition with which he was charged, as a means of trying the value of his Sultan's reforms. He put these, and not his military and despotic authority, to the test, and the result gloriously verified his expectation. The fierce Albanian bent the neck of obedience to an invitation to equal rights, and a deliverance from oppression. The Grand Vizier opened the campaign by subscribing 80,000 piastres for the erection of a Greek church at Monastir, and by abolishing all invidious distinctions of dress and privilege between Turk and Christian. Hitherto there had been much fear and suspicion of the Sultan's sincerity. The Greeks, and other subjects of the Turks, could not believe it was seriously intended that they should be raised to a level with their oppressors. But

these, and other similar acts of the Vizier, dispelled all their doubts. They awoke to the benefits held forth to them; and from that hour the reforming Sultan has strengthened himself in the hearts of his Christian subjects. Mr. Urquhart, who visited these districts subsequent to their new administration, tells us, that the system promised,

'1st, To substitute for all exactions, legal and illegal, a property-tax, to be assessed by their own municipal authorities, on land, houses, shops, and yokes of oxen. The amount was greatly to exceed the sum formerly paid to government, but on this consideration they were relieved from the robbery of all classes of government officers, and from the grievous oppression of forced labour and conack, (that is, furnishing officers, soldiers, and Turks in general, with lodging and board): all servants of government were henceforth to be paid by the Treasury, and were to provide for themselves; and all expenses on government account to be defrayed by government. I am not prepared to say to what extent this arrangement would improve the revenue, or relieve the people throughout Roumelia; but I am not, I think, beyond the mark when I say, that with one season of tranquillity, the revenues might be quadrupled, and yet the people remain the most lightly taxed of Europe. 2d, The Greek capitani, the Albanian Dirvenagas, or guards of the mountains, and no better than banditti themselves, and the Turkish pashas, beys, ayans, musselims, vaivodes, agas, zabitis, with their train of chaoushes, cavushes, gramatikis, Jew and Armenian brokers and sarafs, were to be swept away, to be replaced by a military police, composed of regular officers as military commandants, and by treasurers, whose only duty would be to receive the taxes collected by the municipal officers. I must entreat the most particular attention to this all important consideration, which is the key to both the present and future prospects of Turkey, viz. that in sweeping away these functionaries, you burst asunder no ties, you destroy no institutions, you injure no interests, you leave no blank to be filled up. There is centralization of power in Turkey, but not of administration. The population administers itself—has recourse to Turkish law or authority in no case except through violence; each community apportions its own burdens, collects its own taxes, and whether these taxes are paid into the hands of a provincial collector, or extorted by swarms of locust functionaries, makes not the slightest difference in the relations in which the provinces stand to the Porte; though it makes the difference of prosperity or misery to the people—of strength or weakness to the government. Instead of those swarms of functionaries, the passes and principal villages were to be occupied by small detachments of regular troops, having fixed pay, and restrained from demanding a single para from the inhabitants, who are themselves to collect their own taxes, and pay them to the chief collector of the province. The Pashas are also to receive a regular salary from the government, and to be placed on the footing of the prefects of France. In fact, the functions of the Executive are restricted to the maintenance

of police, no difficult matter in a country possessing the ample means of employment, and the frugal and industrious habits of Turkey.'

These are invaluable promises, and so long as Mahmoud shall fulfil them, he will have cause for trust in his own people. —Prosperity, contentment, union, and strength may grow out of the soil he has so roughly ploughed. But we confess, we are not very sanguine in our expectations of such happy results; though we are not the less feelingly alive to the blessings they would confer upon Turkey, and indeed upon the world at large. Nor ought we to despair, when we witness the wonders which have resulted from the vigorous administration of Mehemet Ali, in Egypt. In the race of reform, he was the precursor of Mahmoud. The massacre of the Mamalukes and destruction of their Beys, was the type of the annihilation of the Janizzaries, and the overthrow of the feudal chiefs of Anatolia. The French uniforms, the battalions of Grand Cairo, and their success against the Wahabees, produced the Tactics of Pena. But it is easier to imitate the outlines than to fill up the picture. The Albanian peasant is no common man, and he who would tread in his footsteps must have deeper thoughts and less obstinacy than we fear belong to Mahmoud. Born at Cavalla, an obscure village in Roumelia, and having lost his father in early life, Mehemet entered the service of the governor of his native town. From the humble office of taxgatherer he worked his way up to that degree of consideration, which gained him the command of the contingent of troops furnished by his native district, for the forces Turkey sent to defend Egypt from the French under Napoleon. How far this command, which opened the field of future greatness to him, was won, by the fact of his having married a rich wife, we leave to be discussed by those who attribute the fortunes of Bonaparte to the accident which, in the same year, connected him with Josephine. The Bim-bashi, or Captain Mehemet Ali, reached Egypt with his 300 men in 1798, and from the day of his landing his rise was uniform and constant.

Since the death of Ali Bey in 1779, the power of the Turks and of the Mamalukes had variously alternated in Egypt. Both were now destined to yield to the new comer, who successfully played them off against each other. Changes of authority were rapid, and each change brought an accession of power to Mehemet. He became a general of division, and was sent against the Mamalukes—he coalesced with them, and expelled the governor who had appointed, and would have dismissed him: he then drove his allies, the Mamalukes, out of Cairo, at the point of the sword, and recalled the banished governor. Shortly afterwards he again expelled the governor, and on this occasion he permitted his *factions* army to compel him to fill the vacant seat. These transactions occupied six years, and in less than two years more he had quelled all opposition, and received his formal investiture as Viceroy of Egypt

from the Porte. From that time he has bent all the energies of his vigorous mind to the amelioration of his adopted country. He has repelled every attack that has been made upon his authority or dominions, whether from within or without, and gained an accession of strength or territory in each struggle. He has found favour with the believers in his faith, by the recapture of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, and by vanquishing the Wahabees, who had put to scorn the armies of Persia and of Turkey. To the south he has pushed his conquests in Nubia further than either Greek or Persian ever trod. Meanwhile, he has fearfully but entirely quelled the anarchic power of the Mamalukes, and put down every attempt and disposition to rebellion. The most dangerous insurrection was that of the military in 1815. From his first accession to power he had encouraged the formation and training of Turkish and Albanian troops in the Frank uniform and discipline. It was unpopular, but he enforced his commands with all the rigour of Oriental despotism, while the success of his arms encouraged him to persevere. But hard pressure at length broke the head of the screw. The soldiers mutinied, murdered their officers, pillaged Cairo, and would have torn Mehemet Ali to pieces. Fortunately he escaped. At the first lull of the storm, when their stated indignation had momentarily subsided, he reappeared; and the value of his character may be understood from the wisdom he displayed on this critical occasion. He showed neither fear nor anger; but forthwith pledged himself, if the troops would return to their duty, to discontinue the obnoxious system, to indemnify the merchants who had been pillaged, and to grant a general amnesty: *and he kept his word.* But he not the less resolved to possess a disciplined army—he, therefore, left the discontented Turks and Albanians to themselves, and applied himself to the natives of Egypt. He had the good sense to attribute his first failure to the rigour he had employed, and he therefore changed his system. He resolved to make his military projects popular by rendering the profession of arms desirable—and he has succeeded. His soldiers and officers are now well fed, well clothed, well paid, and well treated; and, above all, protected by an equitable military code from outrage and oppression. The moral character of the Egyptian army has been thus raised, and its devotion further secured by promotion from the lowest to the highest ranks being thrown open to all; while its discipline and efficiency are kept up by the services of numerous intelligent and well-paid foreign officers. The brilliant successes of this army have amply rewarded the liberality of Mehemet Ali, who now reaps the full benefit of that most difficult wisdom, which knows how to amend a fault. But it is not by the vulgar glare of war and victory, that his name will be honoured. His are much higher achievements than mere feats of arms. The proud boast of Bonaparte, his cotemporary, that

he found France in the kennel, and placed her in the van of Europe, might be used with more truth by Mehemet Ali concerning Egypt. Undoubtedly Napoleon found utter confusion, but it was the confusion of brilliant materials. Not so the Albanian, who out of a mere chaos of ignorance, treachery, and ferocity, has formed a kingdom, possessing a disciplined and successful army of more than 40,000 regular troops, with a respectable marine of 10 ships of the line, and more than double that number of frigates and smaller vessels. His finances are flourishing, and he has organized a vigilant police, established an active administration of the laws, and reared an industrious population. He has constructed roads, dug canals, and introduced manufactures. Greedy of information himself, he has spread a thirst for it amongst his subjects, and ministered to their mental wants by the erection of schools and colleges throughout his empire.* The exports and imports of Egypt have risen during his reign from a mere trifle to millions. 'Tis true, indeed, the unhappy Fellahs are still governed if not oppressed, by a rough and coercive hand, and that too much of their earnings is wrung from them by the shortsighted cupidity of their severe taskmaster. But Mehemet Ali may silence much rebuke on this head, by pointing to the many monopolies which are still selfishly upheld in some enlightened communities of Europe. At all events, a country long devoted to misrule, now teems with labour, and produces cotton and flax, which vie with the best in our markets; and exports silk, sugar, tobacco, and various other riches, which so long as personal security is maintained, will continue to multiply in a land where an annual renewal of the soil, irrigation, and sunshine are certainties.

We have dwelt the longer upon these happy results, and more especially upon the prudence and integrity with which Mehemet Ali extricated himself from the difficulties which the rigour of his early military reforms produced, because we would fain hope that Mahmoud, while he emulates the success, may have the discretion to emulate also the firm, but patient and docile labours of his former tax-gatherer. Let him, like Ali, beware of the overweening ignorance and conceit of his brother Turks; let him encourage the rural population and the inhabitants of the smaller towns; let him make it the interest of the many that his reforms should take root; and he may then acquire strength and popularity sufficient to prevent or resist any dangerous reaction. But while we are thus anxiously pressing the cause of reform upon Mahmoud, we should remember, that we also have duties to perform in this work, if we

* The Military College of Grand Cairo educates 1400 boys in languages, arts and sciences, at an expense of 12,000*l.* a-year; and Egyptian gentlemen are now to be found in all the capitals of Europe, who have been sent by Mehemet Ali upon their travels, not to ape fashion and manners, but to study the institutions, laws, and practical working of modern civilization.

can by any lawful means contribute to its success. Undoubtedly we have given, and will continue to give, the full weight of our moral support to the liberal party in Turkey; but beyond this, it is in our power, by a generous exercise of our great manufacturing and commercial advantages, to stimulate the industry and promote the welfare of the people. This will best secure their obedience. They may understand little or nothing of abstract questions of Government, but when the evidence of increasing comforts and prosperity is brought home to their hearths, they will not be slow to thank and aid the hand under whose sway it has been bestowed.

Taking a large view, we may say that some forty millions dwell within the two Turkeys, and along the Levant and the Euxine, where they occupy a fruitful soil, beneath a benignant climate. They are so far barbarian that the working of their manufactures is manual, expensive, and generally defective; but on the other hand, they are so far civilized, as to have many wants which their own rudeness imperfectly supplies, or which poverty and want of communication prevent them from gratifying. The industry springing from increased security will certainly remedy these evils in part. But though their teeming earth should, if properly cultivated, bring forth abundantly and cheapen the price of raw materials throughout Europe, yet unless they find consumers for their produce, they will have raised it in vain, or to speak more correctly, will not raise it at all. They will grow only as much as may subsist themselves. The measures of corn and oil,—the flax, hemp, wool, cotton and silk, which would have gladdened the sight of thriving producers, and which they would, with eagerness, have exchanged for the wares and manufactures of Europe, will exist only in the speculations of the closet. We say *exchange*, for the financial and currency transactions of Turkey are so variable, and her pecuniary relations and correspondence with Europe, nay, even between her own markets, are so broken or intricate, that no extensive commerce can be carried on with her, except by the means of a liberal exchange of commodities. The difference between this method of trade, and that of effecting the return by means of gold or bills, is just the difference between small and great profits. Let us, therefore, in the case of Turkey, sagely depart from the old Midas system of seeking to convert every thing into gold. Unless we do speedily, we shall see other nations or the smuggler supersede us in the Levant. It cannot be ignorance, it must be the influence of monopolists, which ties this country down to the pursuit of that perverse greediness, which fain would force the most extensive sale of its own wares upon its neighbours, while, at the same time, it cripples their means of purchase, by refusing to receive their produce in part payment. If the supporters of such a system are really sincere, they must regard commerce as a sort of modified warfare, or

over-reaching, and not as a bond of peace and mutual advantage. Yet we hear these same persons blame the Americans and other nations, for impatiently diverting to the production of a coarse and ill-woven cotton or silk, that labour which might have been more usefully employed in the cultivation of their soil, and which might have purchased with its profits a much better and cheaper article from England. They can reason thus well for their neighbours, but they will not admit the converse of the proposition, which quite as truly says, we are equally, or more in error while we fetter commerce under the fair sounding names of bounties and protections, and so confine to the forcing of an ungrateful soil too much precious labour. This, if not so bribed and perverted, would employ itself in the management of some curiously contrived machinery, from which it would produce a harvest far more valuable than from the fields, and ultimately bring home, having first clothed the naked in other regions, many times the value in raw produce. This return being subjected to our manufacturing industry, would be again sent forth to purchase yet larger cargoes, and a mutually beneficial circle of increasing demand and supply would thus be formed. Let us hear Mr. Urquhart on this subject.

'Take,' he says, 'some remote village of Turkey, and trace there the effects of England's machinery. This village grows corn, tobacco, and cotton: it has vines and flocks: it has enough of the necessities of life for subsistence, and of cotton, and hides, for clothing; and it grows no more, except the portion required by Government, which, if the population is Turkish, is very small. This village employs, then, say one-half of its population in agriculture, and one-half in manufacturing its cotton into cloth, its wool into carpets, its hides into zarouchia, while fields lie uncultivated around it. It is removed from the road, not to be subject to the passage of troops, and so placed as to be hidden from the observation of travellers. Its inhabitants have no inducement to accumulate wealth, or to gain information; they are led to form no new desires, to feel no wants, by intercourse or traffic with the surrounding country, because they find weaving their own cotton cheaper and less laborious than raising an additional supply of corn to exchange for the cotton cloth of their neighbours, who have no better machinery or greater expertness than themselves. But let prices be so reduced as to make it their interest to purchase; let better and cheaper goods be presented, together with the means of exchange, and the whole scene instantly changes; communications are opened, connexions established, desires created, energies raised, and progress commences. . . . The village, which was insulated before, now seeks to connect itself, by lines of communication, with the principal marts; cultivation extends, wealth accumulates, instruction follows, desire for new objects increases, produce is raised, and England's looms have called into existence this prosperity. Why, therefore, should she impose restrictions on the only return the Turk-

ish peasant can make, and so cripple his ability to purchase?

The raw silks of Roumelia, the wool of Dalmatia, the cotton of Thessaly, the corn, flax, tallow, and hides of Bulgaria, the fruit and drugs of the coast, and the copper of Trebezonde,—the annual produce of whose mines has been estimated at more than three thousand tons,—would best buy and circulate our manufactured silk, and cotton, and hardware goods, with which we can everywhere undersell the rest of the world. The demand for our goods would rapidly improve the quality, and increase the quantity, of the raw material furnished by the natives of Turkey: indeed, already the increased call for silk at Salonica has introduced the Piedmontese method of reeling and preparing it, which has not only essentially improved the quality of the article, but reduced its remunerating price from three shillings and sixpence to two shillings per pound. A like stimulus would produce a like effect on cotton, wool, and other articles.

That some notion may be formed of the vast field which a liberal policy might open to our manufactures, we will merely state, that the average consumption of coarse cotton stuffs in Turkey may be taken at 2lb. per head; which, at the usual price paid there of 5s. per lb., will give, on a population of 12,000,000, the large sum of £5,000,000. This is entirely independent of the annual outlay for the more fine and costly articles, to which our exports were at first chiefly confined. Since they have been directed to handkerchiefs, shirting, long cloths, and more common stuffs, they have risen to above £1,000,000 for cotton goods alone; exclusive of the twist, the demand for which is also increasing. As we can supply these articles cheaper and better than the natives can manufacture them, or than they can buy them from other markets, there appears one reason only why these exports should not gradually approximate to the total consumption of Turkey; namely, her present inability to purchase, and this inability is created by our refusing to receive and import her produce in exchange for our goods. We thus lose a vent of perhaps several millions for our cottons alone. From Turkey, too, the demand and supply would spread far and wide into the southern and Asiatic provinces of Russia.

In common equity we are called upon to adopt this liberal policy towards Turkey; for, since she imposes slight or no duties upon our goods, the sticklers for reciprocity can have no plea for continuing our heavy restrictions upon the importation of her raw material.* But if more liberal and in-

* Yet, with a strange perversity, we appear to be least liberal towards those countries which are the most so towards us in their commercial relations. It is not a year since an extensive order from Manilla, for gingham, was transferred from Manchester to Rouen, because our custom house could not promise diminished duties for the return cargo. And, among many like instances in Turkish trade, we may cite this, that we permit the entry of French burra-

ish relations with Turkey be important in a Commercial, they are at least equally so in a Political point of view. Prosperity is the best queller of sedition. Insurrection abhors a full belly. We can, therefore, by no means so honourably and so effectually strengthen and establish the reforming disposition of the Sultan, as by promoting the industry of his subjects. The ramifications of our commerce may be brought to spread through and invigorate the sinews of his empire; while the presence of our merchants and our consuls might assist and encourage the less unenlightened. Sound and practical opinions, good advice and good example, cannot fail to benefit a people amongst whom it now is a common request, 'Tell us something useful, by which we may remember an European has been amongst us.' Our countrymen might thus become missionaries, in a very useful sense of the word; they would increase the leaning towards this country of an ancient ally; and, without mixing themselves up in politics, they would be at hand to discover and report to our Ambassador at Constantinople any intrigues which the discontent of the Turks, or the crooked policy of their neighbours, might foment.

This is the favourable side of the picture: it shows the Turkish dynasty exchanging the haughty and barren titles of conqueror and oppressor of its Christian subjects, for the more acceptable offices of ruler and administrator; it anticipates the progress of industry and civilization under the fostering wings of peace and amended government. But will peace and tranquillity be ensured? Will the sullen Turk submit to the innovations of Frank habits and the co-equality of Christian subjects? And will the ambitious and insidious neighbours of Turkey allow her time and repose to consolidate her strength? Will they not be tempted to take advantage of her present state of transition, and seek, under the cloak of fair pretences and amicable intervention, to sow the seeds of discord, in order that the crumbling and disjointed body which now composes the empire, may, by the wear and tear of a bit-by-bit encroachment, fall gradually under their influence, till it silently, and without provoking the intervention of Europe, shall merge in their dominions?

This is much to be feared; and of all enemies, Turkey has most reason to dread her newly ally, Russia. The inscription of Potemkin upon the southern gate of Cherson yet remains the index of her views—'This is the road to Constantinople.' From and before the day that inscription was blazoned before the eyes of insulted Europe, the constant object and practice of Russia has been encroachment on the territories of Turkey. The peace of Carlowitz gave her the first footing on the sea of Azoff; and though for millenies at L.3 16s. the hundred, whereas we charge for the infinitely better millstones of Mfio a duty of no less than L.11 8s. a pair; and yet Milo and the Philippine Isles open their ports to our goods, which most assuredly is not yet the case with France.

the disasters of Peter the Great on the Pruth, and the Imperial dissensions which attended the factious reigns of his early female successors retarded, yet they did not quench the thirst for spoliation. This passion broke forth in full vigour under Catherine the Second; and from the repossession of Azoff, and the acquisition of a footing on the Crimea in 1774, the course has been rapid and unblushing. At each successive peace Russia has advanced from the Dniester to the Bug, from the Bug to the Dniester, from the Dniester to the Pruth, and latterly, from the Pruth to the Danube. This last stride was made at the treaty of Adrianople, when, as usual, she declared that she required no extension of territory whatever; but not the less secured the east coast of the Euxine, with half of Georgia, and stipulated for privileges in the principalities, and for the demolition of the Turkish frontier fortresses as far as Belgrade, whereby her frontier was virtually planted on the Danube. And lastly, by her late amicable intervention, she has secured a commanding influence at Constantinople itself.

The Grand Signior and his Divan would do well to study the history of the fall of that kingdom which alone repelled the current of the Crescent when at its highest flood. He would see how, as the institutions of that noble country lagged behind on the march of civilization, or turned to decay, that Russia pressed vigorously on her ancient conqueror: But looking closer, he would perceive, when the more enlightened sons of Poland, profiting by bitter experience, sought to remove the weakness of their country by the renovation of its time-worn institutions, that Russia then warily changed her policy from *aggressive* to *protective*. And why? Was it that she wished to see beneficial reforms permanently effected? far from it.—She could have no desire to revive and invigorate the devoted land she resolved to make her own; but she well knew that no radical reformation of a country can be effected without producing much temporary discord and weakness. On this experience she therefore proceeded; and fearing lest armed opposition employed on her part too soon, might, in the common defence of their country, rally all parties around the standard of reform, she judiciously enacted the part of friend, ally, mediator, protector. The reformers were supported as long as they served her views, and were then naturally discarded for her more congenial allies, their opponents. Her marshals no longer threatened the strongholds of Poland, but her ambassadors, her officers, and her gold flowed into Warsaw, and worked out unseen channels in her Court and her Diet. A king of Catherine's nomination—a mere minion of her own—ascended the throne of the Sobieski, and of the Jagellons. Interference and protection redoubled—useful reforms were obstructed or annulled—the discontented found favour at St. Petersburg, or, still more insultingly, were upheld by the Russian minister at

Warsaw. Meanwhile, the pious heart of Catherine yearned for the alleged sufferings of her Greek Church co-religionists in Poland, until the sabre and the spear were instructed to exhibit charity and toleration. Discord, in short, was fostered by every art; and when at length insurrection burst forth, the armies of Russia invaded the ruined kingdom with proclamations of magnanimity, and purposes of spoliation, partition, and aggrandizement,—all too fatally realized, and by the rest of Europe far too tamely submitted to. The detestable tale of Poland's wrongs is too well known to need repetition here. It is graven in characters of blood and treachery, and of blasphemy peculiarly Russian. But if Turkey be not wise, it will have been written for her without profit. The first acts of this revolting tragedy have already been rehearsed in the heart of her empire. In Turkey, as in Poland, Russian intrigue has long exercised its baleful influence. Witness the revolts in Servia, Walachia, Moldavia, Albania, Greece, and, lastly, Egypt, which have been excited by Russia. In Turkey, as in Poland, Russian spoliation of territory has been incessant and increasing. Here, too, the piety of Russia has used its devotion to the Greek Church, as a pretext and dangerous handle for intervention. And here, as in Poland, have the Russian armies appeared alternately as friends and as foes. No later than the autumn of 1829, the Russ, the Tartar, the Cosack, and the Calmuc, were in full march upon Constantinople, heated with anticipations of blood and plunder; and yet ere the spring of 1833 was passed, the same forces were amicably encamped around Pera and Buyukderi, calling themselves, and being actually called by the Turks, friends, allies, mediators, protectors!

Meanwhile, the engineer and naval officers of these protectors, were making themselves acquainted with the means of attack and defence of Constantinople, and with every creek and current of the Bosphorus. Under the friendly plea of repairing the castles of the two straits, and other fortresses, they have acquired plans, and raised defences, which may serve more purposes than their friends the Turks now contemplate. Finally, having been on the scene of Constantinople sufficiently long for a first appearance, and having no excuse for further delay, the new protectors of Turkey reluctantly departed; but not without having laid the foundations for useful future services and relations amongst the discontented or corrupt. They have burdened the country they *delivered* with a heavy debt of money and presumptive gratitude, which their self-denying liberality and forbearance will well know how to turn to the best account. Let Mahmoud beware of refractoriness, and more especially of indulging in too many acts of good government; for if there be signs of his consolidating the strength of his empire, he may find that the next step in the scale of protection, may be his own deposition, and the nomination of a second Poniatowski in the form

of an infant Sultan, under the fostering wings of the Russian eagle.

These prospects are little flattering to the Ottoman pride: and we have no doubt they have been faithfully and fully exposed to the observation of the Sultan and his advisers. He has now to choose between thralldom and independence,—between circling his throne with Russian agents, and ultimately with Russian bayonets; or the nobler and safer task of rooting it in the affections of the mass of his subjects, by the exercise of a temperate administration, and by a steady perseverance in those reforms which have already gained him a wider support than he perhaps dreams of. But under either event, whether Mahmoud chance to act up to his reforming professions, or to relapse into delegated despotism, it becomes the duty of every state which consults its own and the general weal, strictly to watch the conduct of Russia, and to lend every assistance in its power to the preservation of a due balance of power in the East. We have already pointed out the course which equity, reason, and policy require this country to pursue in its commercial relations with Turkey. We have shown how we may conduce to her internal prosperity, while she in return may employ our abundant population. Links may be thus formed between the two countries infinitely stronger and more durable than those of mere diplomacy, and the growing influence of Russia so be best counteracted. Indeed, in as far as the people are concerned, we believe the influence of Russia is on the wane in Turkey. Repeated and bitter experience has at length awakened the Christian subjects of the Porte from the blind confidence with which they so often allowed themselves to be seduced into revolt, by the secret promises of support ever faithlessly held forth by the Russian Government. The perfidious desertion of Czerni George and the Servians, of Vladimiresco and the Walachians, of Ipsilanti and the Greeks, and the various other subjects of Turkey whom Russia has so frequently excited to their ruin for her own selfish ends, have weaned their affection. The atrocities, too, committed by the Russian army in the campaigns of 1828 and 1829, when they plundered and burnt the villages of the Bulgarians, and carried off their inhabitants to use them as beasts of burden for the services of their commissariat, were not the best, though Russian means of conciliation. Still less so was the general order of their commander-in-chief, Diebitch, which was executed to the letter, for seizing as many peasants as could be caught, and harnessing, not only the sons and husbands, but their wives and daughters, to the traces of his artillery.* The filth and squalor of a

* Mr. Slade received these statements in the Russian camp, from the brother of the Russian officer who carried the orders into execution; and he adds, that his informant told him, as a mere matter of course, one half of these persons died on the road. (Vol. I. page 401.) And yet the protection of these victims was one of the Russian pretences for the war.

Russian camp, offended the proverbially clean habits of the subjects of Turkey; who having been eye-witnesses to the misery, slavery, and destitution, which Russian officers and soldiers endure from their own Government, will hereafter, on a comparison of evils, be inclined more patiently to submit to the accustomed rigour of their own. While closer acquaintance and experience were thus creating an anti-Russian feeling, the large and tolerant reforms of the Sultan and his Grand Vizier, also awakened a strong reaction in favour of the Turkish Government.

Unhappily, however, just when these beneficial results were in the bud, the war with Mehemet Ali changed the whole aspect of affairs, and nipped their growth.

There is much reason to believe that this revolt, like many others of the same kind, was secretly instigated by Russia, with the intention of interfering on the one side or the other, as chance and the fortune of war should decide. The Sultan applied to this country for aid. But this application came in a form and at a time when it was hardly possible for our Government to comply with it. For it was in October, when the late Parliament, though not yet defunct, had closed its labours, and could not with any decency have been re-assembled, and when there was no possibility for the new Parliament to meet till January. That Government, therefore, would have been rash and inconsiderate, which, without the power of soon acquiring the sanction of Parliament, should have complied with a request that would instantly have involved the country in a very large expense, and incurred the hazard of a general war. We had also other important affairs upon our hands. Portugal and Belgium demanded the strictest attention, while our fleets occupied the mouths of the Scheldt and the Tagus. Russia no doubt foresaw the impossibility of our complying with the Turkish application when she so magnanimously pressed its acceptance upon our Government. It smoothed the way for the substitution of her forces for ours, and obtained for her, with all the semblance of disinterestedness, the opening for an armed intervention; the original cause for which, it is probable, her own intrigues had prepared, and which, at all events, she most ardently desired. At the same time, we must have appeared to the Turks, who cannot possibly comprehend the working of a free government, to have coldly neglected their interests. By these lucky circumstances, or well conducted intrigues, Russia has for the present acquired a paramount sway at Constantinople. We hear of a special treaty between the Sultan and the Czar having been signed, without even the knowledge, much less the acquiescence, of the ministers of the other powers accredited to the Porte. We have read letters and addresses between the ministers and officers of these two powers, filled with all the flowers of Oriental rhetoric, but which cannot hide the tone of gratitude employed by the one party, and the strain of protection assumed by the other.

The gratitude of Mahmoud for the preservation of his throne and of his life, both of which were fearfully endangered by the victories of Ibrahim Pasha, is natural and praiseworthy; but the rest of Europe must not the less take care that this gratitude do not mislead him so far, as to make him act on a belief that Russia is omnipotent; and that obedience to her behests is therefore the most secure method of retaining power and dominion. Such a misconception may lead to serious errors and miseries. It may incite Mahmoud to the revocation of his more useful reforms, to the oppression of his subjects, to their revolt, to a renewed interference of Russia, to be followed by that of other powers, and then by a war,—or such an armed and mutual occupation of Turkey, as would annihilate her independence, and conclude probably with the separation of her remaining provinces,—in a word, with a partition.

We say this with some hope that a little foresight may deter the Sultan and his counsellors from a too grateful and implicit acquiescence in Russian advice. We repeat, Turkey has every thing to fear from Russia, and every thing to gain from this country and the more liberal portion of Europe. Our object, as well as our interest, is to confer on her the mutual benefits of commercial intercourse, and to aid her in the recovery of her strength, and the reformation of her corrupt and oppressive Government; in short, to prevent her absorption by Russia. If she will accept these benefits and this aid—well; but if not, then it becomes our duty to search for other allies, and to construct other barriers to the fifth-monarchy dreams of the Emperor Nicholas and his semi-barbarian nobles.

These are apparent: they are to be found in a confederation of the Danube; the re-establishment of the ancient kingdom of the Armenians; and the extension of Greece;—Egypt and Persia, in the meanwhile, being conciliated by an accession of territory, and by the rounding of their frontiers.

Few will deny that the Sclavonian and other tribes, occupying the rich valleys of the Danube and the Pruth, and amounting to a population of eight or ten millions of hardy inhabitants, contain within themselves the elements of a powerful state. We have seen the progress towards riches and independence which a small portion—and that not the most rich or populous—Servia, has made under Prince Milosch, since the first insurrection of Czerni George. Walachia, Moldavia, and Bulgaria, are rich in resources. Excellent channels of communication with Hungary, Gallia, and other States, are practicable by the numerous rivers which flow into the Danube. And a short, and by no means difficult, cut of some thirty miles from Risovata to Kustendje, would remove the mouth of the Danube far from Russian obstruction. It would, at the same time, shorten the navigation of that future outlet for the industry of central Europe, by more than 250 miles; and bring its mouth, and consequently all its tributary streams, 150 miles nearer

VOL. XXIV.—No. 140.

to Constantinople. Beds of coal are to be found in abundance along its banks; and ere many years elapse, the steamboat will be seen ruffling its now silent waters. Prosperity and common interests would fast cement the union between these tribes; and by the formation of a new state from the chaos of barbarism, an additional weight would be thrown into the scale of civilization. A check would be opposed to the encroachments of Russia, not only by the guaranteed limits of this new state, but by the example which a successful federation would hold forth to the distant and unconnected hordes dwelling upon the shores of the Euxine, and along the banks of the Bug and the Dniester. Even Poland might extort freedom by such an arrangement; while Austria would ever find a useful ally in the confederation, as well as a ready customer in her markets.

On the other side of the Euxine, the re-establishment of an Armenian State, resting on the Caucasus, the Taurus, and the Caspian, would neutralize Russian intrigues in Persia, Syria, and Egypt. It would connect the East and the West, and replant civilization in its infant seats.

Egypt, meanwhile, would be compelled to follow whichever power held the command of the sea; and we imagine it would demand the exercise of a very gentle violence to urge Mehemet Ali to the consummation of the cherished object of his ambition. The Caliphate and an Arabian Empire have long floated before his wishful eye; and, in the event of a rupture, Bagdad and the Holy Cities would rapidly and irrevocably be rent from the Turks, and restored to the successors of the Saracens. Indeed, the answer of Ibrahim Pasha to those who, after the victory of Koniah, asked him how far he should advance, was abundantly significant, when he said—'As far as I can make myself understood in Arabic.'

Nearer home, Greece would spread her wings and rise. The erection of that country into an independent state, was a measure of justice; and, like all just deeds, was an act of wisdom. An unequal struggle of eight years vindicated the patriotism of her sons; and that 'untoward' event—the glorious battle of Navarino—crowned their unflinching labours with independence. Untoward, indeed, it was, but not to this country, or to civilization, but to the ambition of Russia, and to the despotism of Turkey. It confirmed the existence of a power which can counteract the practices of each. For, so long as good government shall subsist in Greece, it will compel the Sultan of Constantinople to respect the feelings and privileges of his Christian subjects, under the penalty of their revolting; and the Czar of Muscovy may discover that, by fomenting dissensions in Turkey, he is adding, not to his own dominions, but to those of his antagonist power in the South. Even now, should he bend Mahmoud to evil courses, he may press the Ionians, the Dorians, the Eolians, and the tribes of Macedonia, into a bond of strong and permanent union. And

M

a still higher pressure might perchance arouse the powers of Europe. We will not now stay to marshal the combatants; but a moment's reflection will suffice to show, that no sooner should Russia and Turkey make common cause, than their adversaries would place Greece, and the subjects of the old Greek empire, in opposing array. The rallying cry would become Freedom and Christianity, against despotism and the code of Mohammed. On whichever side success should rest, the Turk would suffer. For if victory were to crown the liberal party, then probably the Greek would be enthroned at Constantinople; but if the Russian Eagle bore away the laurel leaf, then its talons would be as piercing and as strong on the shores of the Bosphorus as on the Baltic.

The Hellenic federation is well fitted for extension; for it secures a firm basis on which to build, by the respect it shows for the self-government of the various little municipalities of which it may be composed. Adhesion is its constituent quality, and not fusion. We need not add, that it therefore presents fewer obstacles to increase of territory. We rejoice at this, for we own to strong predilections and an abiding faith in the fortunes of Greece. Our part, and that of the more civilized portions of Europe, is clear: we have to guard the intercourse, and to manufacture and supply the goods which the Greeks will distribute. The geographical position of the country, the facilities of her seas, and the love of gain and of enterprise inherent in her children, point out Greece as the free port, and the Greeks as the free mariners of the Levant. They will carry with them the blessings of commerce, which, while they satisfy present wants, ever create others, tending secretly, but constantly to the union, to the industry, and the social improvement of man.

But these speculations are seducing us from the recollection that they can be realized only by the ruin of the Turkish power, and through the costly and chanceful operation of war. We have therefore no wish to press their consummation; for we deprecate, and entirely disavow, the false and pernicious doctrine that war may be undertaken merely for the assumed benefit of humanity. We would not therefore bid for the purchase of a fanciful reorganization of the Levant at the sad price of human blood. We prefer leaving things to their natural course; satisfied that freedom and justice have within themselves that intrinsic value, which, with fair play, will best work out their own progress. But, lest other powers should presume too much upon our pacific views, we have thought it right to show what possibly might ensue, should the ambition of one state, and the perverse councils of another, drive matters to extremity. A contemplation of the forces that might be unchained, not only in the South but in the North, may abate the aspirations of Russia, and so best preserve peace.

Many fortuitous circumstances have concurred to give to Russia a casual suprema-

cy in the North, which has led to an exaggerated notion of her strength. At the close of the war in 1814, Russia, under the Emperor Alexander, having long played with the national enthusiasm of the Poles, successfully repulsed the French invasion, and led on the popular feelings of the continent against the tyrannous usurpations of Bonaparte. She was then as popular as she was strong. But affairs have since changed greatly; England and France, in despite of her Bourbons, soon assumed the lead on the liberal side; and Russia, too proud to follow in their steps, gladly threw her whole weight into the opposite scale, and concocted an alliance, which, in derision, yet bears the name of Holy. This eminently served the real purposes of her ambition. It placed her at the head of a party to which her Government naturally belonged, and the late popular triumphs in France and other parts, have greatly contributed to the advancement of her pretensions. She herself, sheltered in snow and ignorance, laughs at the bugbear fear of a native House of Commons; but she knows full well how to play off that fear upon the Courts of Vienna and Berlin. By raising a hue and cry against the progress of liberal opinions, she plunges them into all the depths of Frankfort decrees, and the honours of a war against printers' devils, professors, and universities. This conduct places them more or less at variance with their own subjects, and with the powerful Governments of England and France. It also propels or drifts them to the side of Russia, who thus dexterously maintains a constant and confidential influence in their councils, and increases that leaning towards her, for alliance and support, which dates from the first partition of Poland. She diverts their attention from the stealthy steps with which she is foreclosing their dominions: or what is perhaps more effectual, she puts to silence their remonstrances. Were not the interests of humanity at stake, we might smile at the ingenuity with which she manœuvres this stalking-horse of liberalism before the beguiled eyes of her credulous neighbours. Would they listen to us, we might be tempted to whisper in their ears that there is less danger in this dreaded liberality, than in the encroaching intimacy of their despotic neighbour, who, by the extension of her territories, gradually tightens the coil she has formed around not the least vulnerable part of their dominions. They would probably scorn our suggestions, and retort upon ourselves and upon France, the patience with which we have borne the tone of authority which this remote and least interested power has assumed in the negotiations of the South; while she has haughtily precluded us from any interference with her infractions of the treaty of Vienna in the North: they might point to Constantinople, and ask us, where was the influence which England once possessed with her, so styled, ancient ally? In reply, we would tell them, that this country fully appreciates the blessings of peace, and of

her own high station in Europe, and that therefore she entertains a wise repugnance to committing the happiness of millions to the tender mercies of the sword. For the integrity of her own dominions she does not entertain the shadow of a shade of fear; neither has she any base and foolish thought of purchasing peace at the price of submission, which never yet insured it. Therefore, whenever Russia shall make it appear, that the faith of treaties, or the honour and independence of this country, are compromised by an acquiescence in her arrogant pretensions, from that hour she will be made to feel the power of Britain, even to the very core of her huge empire.

These are lofty words; but none are more capable of estimating their truth and value than the present rulers of Russia. They are well aware of the weakness of their own state, and of the dignified forbearance which has been maintained by this country. They know that their empire is an unwieldy mass, utterly unfit for long-continued and distant wars. They know the extreme difficulty with which they scarcely overcame the feeble resistance of the Turks in 1828 and 1829: they have not forgotten their defeats in Poland. Even their armies, which are countless upon paper, are not so difficult to be numbered on the field: they are spread over an immense surface; and, except the guards, are ill paid and ill disposed. Her commissariat and medical departments are scarcely better appointed than those of the Turks. Even so late as her last campaign, when Mr. Slade visited the Russian quarters after the peace of Adrianople, he met droves of conscripts with marks printed on their bodies, and so dragged up in chains to reinforce this victorious army. Such gentle precautions prove at once the strong disposition to desertion prevalent in her troops, and the reluctance to the military service reigning even amongst her serfs. And no wonder; for the privations and miseries which this writer describes the men and officers as enduring, are such as would make the hardest heart recoil. Of the 40,000 Russians who reached Adrianople in August, 12,000 lay dead in November: and of the 8000 who were left in the hospitals there, not more than 1500 quitted them alive. Mr. Slade adds, "Horrible to relate, they died of absolute want. In that severe winter when the streets of Adrianople were deep in snow, those poor fellows lay on the floors of the vast wooden barracks without beds or bedding, though the bazaars would have furnished enough for 20,000 men. On some days they had not fire to cook their soup, while the icy gales from the Euxine sung through the crevices of their hospital. It is said that the Emperor shed tears on hearing of the distresses of his brave and victorious army. He had better have sent them roubles. Their diseases partly arose from water they drank; spirits and wine were dirt cheap at Adrianople, and yet not even a drop was served out to them."—(Vol. ii. p. 13.) On visiting the Russian quarters beyond the Balkan, he

found one division of 15,000 men actually without a single medical attendant;* while hundreds were daily disappearing under the combined influence of cold, famine, over-fatigue, and exposure to an unwholesome climate. An average of not less than 50,000 men die annually in the Russian army, without counting those who fall by the casualties of war. The term of servitude is for twenty-five years, and no soldier can rise from the ranks, while all are subject to corporal punishment at the unquestioned order of every officer. Rigorous discipline, and an entire concealment of whatever occurs in other stations, indeed in other divisions of the same army, prevent the frequent mutinies from gaining too high a head: but such circumstances render the keeping together of a large force for any length of time extremely perilous.

Surely these are not the elements with which Europe is to be awed in the present day? Far from it. Russia is now, and has been, ever since the accession of the Emperor Nicholas, in a critical and precarious state. She is surrounded by the smouldering vengeance of her mangled Polish provinces, in the treatment of which she calls forth the execration of mankind by her barbarities.† She thus adds to the deep hatred with which the liberal nations of Europe regard her exercise of tyranny at home, and support of absolutism abroad. Indeed, her late conduct must render the more mild and enlightened of the despotic governments half ashamed of her alliance; and it is far from improbable that their whispered remonstrances may have called forth the late lame apology for policy toward Poland. Were she now therefore to precipitate matters in Turkey, she would lose much that she has already gained, and consign to other hands the prey which on some future occasion she hopes to make her own. We do not therefore expect that her usual wariness will so far desert her as to tempt her into a war; but we fear that, by resorting to her wonted expedient of assuming a warlike attitude, she may be suffered to consolidate her authority in Turkey, and to

* The brother of General Montresor, the commanding officer with whom Mr. Slade resided, was wasting from the effects of an Adrianople fever, and the only relief which could be obtained for him, consisted in his visitor taking notes of the symptoms of the disease, in order to submit them to the surgeon of the Blonde at Pera.—Vol. ii. page 83.

† We do not make these assertions unadvisedly, when we know that within these last twelve months, in this eighteen hundred and thirty-third year of Christianity, some 5000 children have been torn from their parents at Warsaw and its vicinity by Russian soldiers, and carried off in kebitkas (by cart loads) to where their weeping parents know not. The informant who stated this, saw three women in Warsaw who were pointed out to him as having made away with their children rather than part with them thus. As an exchange, 300, so called, schoolmasters, have been sent to teach the Poles to pray for the Emperor in Russian, and to learn the blasphemies of a catechism which makes a deity of the Czar.

obtain the recognition and the privileges of a treaty she has surreptitiously wrung from the fears and the gratitude of the Porte.

At all events, let her no longer be permitted to play off the Belgian question upon the patience of Europe. It has served her purposes long enough and well enough. Under its shelter she subdued Poland. But the hour of transitory weakness is past, and our ministers may reap the recompense of the wise patience with which they have conducted our foreign relations. France and England have both happily gone through their reforms; they are united in power, policy, and mutual esteem; they carry with them a very large portion of the moral power of Europe, and no small share of its physical force. The keys of mighty events are in their hands. Possessing this commanding strength, it behooves them to use it with temperance, certainly, but with firmness also. Authority, as well as other things, can make herself wings and flee away. She remains longest with those who best know how to use her. At present she is with the liberal side of the world; and it would seem that by the use of a firm tone, the aggressions and intrigues of the opposite party may be checked, and war most effectually averted by looking it steadily in the face.

The late rapid successes in Portugal have uncovered the skirts of certain intrigues of the Holy Alliance, which would fain have upheld Dom Miguel, the child of its dotage, but which, happily thwarted there, now seek, while they prolong the agony of that distracted country, to prepare a bitter cup for her neighbour Spain. Respect silences the indignation we might express at finding British names of honour mixed up with the dirty correspondence which has been exposed to the derision of the public. We will, therefore, pass it over, and leave to those concerned the humiliating task of reconciling their votes and speeches in Parliament with their practices in secret.

The prompt re-recognition of Donna Maria has been a wise and just measure, which may save Spain from the gulf that yawns beneath her. But more yet remains to be done: it is essential that the tone and interference of Russia should be abated; she is the head and front of the absolute party, and with her it becomes us therefore to deal. Now is the time, when Italy, Germany, and Poland are in a state which counsels prudence to those who would wish to continue to rule them. Let then the signal of the ascendancy of a liberal policy be hoisted in Turkey, where it has been most endangered. Let the protecting intervention of Russia be withdrawn from the shores of the Bosphorus as verily in deed as in word. Let her not be permitted to forestall the rest of Europe, and to make a province of Turkey by the specious wording of a treaty; but let the advantages of commerce and of navigation, which she would appropriate to herself, be thrown open to the world at large; and let the liberal reforms which the Sultan Mahmoud has commenced, find agents more fit to carry them into effect than the Emperor Nicholas.

But if Russia be obstinately proud, and resolve to make a stand at Constantinople, then a vigorous application of force may prevent a prolonged and general war. We have already pointed out the methods by which she and her Turkish ally may be coerced. And we have small doubt that the damming up the Baltic and the Black Sea with our fleets, the destruction of her navy, and the annihilation of her commerce, which would be the easy and not expensive result of one campaign, would bring her to reason; and the more so, as the first shot fired in the contest, would signalize the restoration of the kingdom of Poland.

These are harsh courses, to which, as we have before said, we have no wish that Russia should compel us to resort. We prefer seeing Turkey, and Egypt, and Greece, march peaceably, and side by side on the road to social amendment.

From the Quarterly Review.

Memoirs of the Administration of the Right Honourable Henry Pelham. Collected from the Family Papers and other authentic Documents. By William Coxe, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., Archdeacon of Wilts. 2 vols. London. 1829.

THIS work, which closed a long series of literary labours, was originally planned by its author as a sequel to his memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole. Soon after their completion he had conceived the design of tracing the struggle of parties and revolutions of the cabinet during the ministry of Walpole's successor and pupil, Mr. Pelham, and had collected materials for that purpose; but the reluctance of Miss Pelham, daughter of the minister, to communicate some documents, without which the narrative must have been imperfect, caused a temporary abandonment of the undertaking. After an interval of many years, the author's mind was again directed towards it by the appearance of Lord Orford's Posthumous History.

"I found with regret," says Mr. Coxe, (and there could not be a more competent judge,) "that though it contained much valuable and original matter, it was deeply imbued with the prejudices and antipathies of the writer, and was calculated to create an impression highly unfavourable to the character of Mr. Pelham. The misrepresentations and errors with which it abounded induced me to enter into a new and attentive scrutiny of the documents I had laid aside. While I was engaged in this pursuit I received a flattering communication from the Duke of Newcastle, offering the use of such papers and information as his grace could procure, with a view of presenting a faithful and impartial narrative of the administration of his ancestor. By his grace's kindness I was permitted to examine those very papers which Miss Pelham had before withheld, and which had been transferred, through her bequest, to her nephew and executor, the Honourable Charles Watson, son of

the first Lord Sondes and of Grace the third daughter of Mr. Pelham. These advantages encouraged me to resume my original design, not merely with a view to beguile the tedium of my situation," (Mr. Coxe was now afflicted with total blindness,) "but also to contribute the means left at my disposal for the illustration of a curious and interesting period of our national history. When I had nearly completed my intended work, I was honoured with a communication from the late lamented Earl of Chichester, liberally offering me access to the letters and papers of the Duke of Newcastle, which his lordship inherited from his noble father. Availing myself of this proposal, the whole collection was submitted, at my request, to my friend Mr. Rylance, who made extracts or copies of the most important documents. Hence I was enabled to enlarge my narrative, and to correct and explain many points on which I had before possessed but imperfect information. With the assistance of my late faithful and able secretary, Mr. Hatcher, as well as of Mr. Rylance, I have completed this work, and now offer it to the candour of the public, trusting in that indulgence which I have so frequently experienced, and to which I have now an additional claim."—*Preface*, pp. viii. ix.

The last years of the author's life were employed in constructing, from the materials here described, and others imparted with similar liberality, these Memoirs of the Pelham Administration. He did not, however, live to bestow upon them the final revision; and they were left, at his decease, to the judicious care of his brother, the Rev. George Coxe, under whose superintendence they were ultimately carried through the press. They have lately acquired a new title to attention, (if such a work needed any casual incident to enhance its value,) by the publication of Lord Orford's lively letters to Sir Horace Mann, where a great part of the small-talk embodied in Walpole's 'Memoirs,' and of which Mr. Coxe's history is the best corrective, re-appears in a lighter and more attractive form.

The eleven years (from 1743 to 1754) of which, chiefly, the present volumes treat, are a period not fertile in remarkable occurrences, not administering much gratification to national pride. An unsuccessful war, an inglorious though necessary peace, a rebellion, or rather invasion, which almost endangered the capital without awakening any powerful spirit of resistance in the country, intrigues and frequent disunion in the government at home, and a complex and ineffective course of foreign policy, form at the first view no attractive argument. Yet the era of the Pelham administration presents much that deserves to be remembered. At no period were the strength and greatness of England more vigorously striking root. Never was the tempestuous sea of parliament lulled into a profounder calm. If the time was unmarked by great events, it was not barren of distinguished men, although some were declining, or already sunk, from their former influence and renown, and some only rising to that eminence which they afterwards more con-

spicuously enjoyed. At the commencement of this period, Walpole had not ceased to mingle in political transactions; at its close the genius of Chatham was hastening to the ascendant. And if history is to be esteemed not merely as the occurrences are striking and uncommon, but as we are enabled to connect them with the motives and characters of men, this portion of the English annals, illustrated as it now is, can never justly be disregarded as insipid or uninteresting.

Mr. Pelham himself was one of the most blameless and useful statesmen who ever led the House of Commons. His plain strong talents and unambitious virtues were precisely those which England most needed in her government at the time when he became prime minister. To them, scarcely less than to the mighty energies of Pitt, may be ascribed the prosperity and glory which attended the close of George II.'s reign. As a financier he has been considered little inferior to Walpole. No man was ever a more anxious steward of the public resources; and he was even thought, in some instances, to enforce economy to a degree inconsistent with real prudence. His policy, like Walpole's, was characterized by an extreme solicitude for peace: on this point also he was perhaps inclined to err, *nimum premendo litius*; and the sentiments which his natural caution and diffidence inspired were sometimes openly expressed with a candour not usual nor always commendable in a minister. A remarkable instance of this occurred in the debate on Lord Egmont's motion upon the article respecting Dunkirk, in the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, when Mr. Pelham unreservedly declared his opinion, that the country, burdened as it then was, could not singly withstand the House of Bourbon, and that no continental confederacy could be formed which would not be an incumbrance rather than an advantage. It is true he was at that time (1750) occupied with his project for reducing the interest of the national debt, (the great achievement of his administration,) and naturally dreaded, and opposed with zeal, the agitation of topics likely to disturb that calm in which alone his measures could be accomplished. But he had expressed the same melancholy sentiment in private during the negotiations for peace, with still greater earnestness:—

'We shall, I fear, be brought to a terrible dilemma,' he said in a letter to the Duke of Newcastle, 'but we have no choice. It is the work, or rather no work, of former years, that has brought us to this terrible situation. But what is worse, if any thing can be so, than the situation itself, is to be in it, and not to know it. Dear brother, we are conquered, we have little strength of our own, and less of other people's; you act with as great spirit and resolution as any man can do, but all that will not change the nature of things.'—*Pelham Administration*, vol. ii. p. 30.

Happily, however, the feeling which prompted such expressions was in him not a weak despondency, but a watchful patri-

otic care, the parent of wise and active exertion. These merits in Mr. Pelham were acknowledged even by those whom his cautious policy had most thwarted. The Duke of Cumberland (till offended by the arrangements of the Regency Bill in 1751) entertained and expressed a high esteem for him. The king, on the conclusion of the treaty at Aix-la-Chapelle, declared him to be 'the most able and willing minister that had ever directed the affairs of his government'; and at his death pronounced upon him a still more emphatic eulogy, seasoned indeed with no little bitterness toward survivors:—'Now I shall have no more peace.' Mr. Coxe observes, that 'he may be ranked among the few ministers who enjoyed at once the esteem of the sovereign, the confidence of the parliament, the respect of the opposition, and the love of the people;' and that Horace Walpole is almost the only author who has treated him with obloquy.* But the portraiture of him in Walpole's *Memoirs* (vol. i. pp. 145-199-321) is a cloud of epigrams, and antitheses, and riddles, in which it is often difficult, we do not merely say to ascertain a truth, but to lay hold of an assertion; and the motives which led that patriotic and disinterested historian, in the year 1751, to take steps for informing posterity that the Pelhams were but 'phantoms either of honesty or abilities,' have been sufficiently discussed in a former volume of the Review.† Even Walpole, however, winds up Mr. Pelham's character with the acknowledgment, 'he lived without abusing his power, and died poor.'

Of the solid practical ability which distinguished Mr. Pelham's speeches and writings, the present work affords many satisfactory specimens. They display candour, moderation, and good sense, a studious regard to the national welfare without any selfish eagerness for popularity, a loyal fidelity to the king, and at the same time a manly steadiness in withstanding the sovereign's personal wishes and partialities when opposed to the public prosperity; a zeal for useful reforms, unaccompanied by any contempt for institutions; liberality, in the older sense of that term, when it did not yet imply being without principles and without attachments; and an observance of public opinion without any disposition to raise up a licentious and uncontrollable tyranny, under the name of 'the people.' In short, Mr. Pelham was an old, not a new Whig.

It is agreed by his contemporaries, that he entirely wanted the brilliant parts of oratory. Walpole indeed affirms, that 'he was obscure upon the most trivial occurrences, perplexed even when he had but one idea, and whenever he spoke well it was owing to his being heated: he must lose his temper before he could exert his

* Glover coarsely abuses him in his *Memoirs*. In the lyrics of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams he is both flattered and lampooned; but (supposing the verses in each instance to be really Sir Charles's) the 'fugitive pieces' of much better poets have put one another out of countenance when caught and confronted.

† Vol. xxvii., Article, Walpole's *Memoirs*.

reason.‡ Lord Waldegrave, on the other hand, says that, "without being an orator, or having the finest parts, no man in the House of Commons argued with more weight, or was heard with greater attention." According to Lord Chesterfield, though "a very inelegant speaker in parliament, he spoke with a certain candour and openness, that made him be well heard and generally believed."§ And Walpole, in retouching the portrait of Mr. Pelham, at the period of his death, allows that "his eloquence cleared up and shone with much greater force after his power was established. He laid aside his doubling plausibility, which at once raised and depreciated him, and assumed a spirit and authority that became him well." Of his deportment on ordinary occasions, Chesterfield, no inconsiderable authority, says that "he had a gentlemanlike frankness in his behaviour." While very young he had served a campaign against the rebels of 1715, and signalized himself in the affair of Preston; and a respectable contemporary writer|| observed, or fancied, that he retained to the end of his life the openness of demeanour which belongs to the military profession. According to the small talk of his day, he had the infirmity of betraying emotion by his countenance when conversation touched on points which were uneasy to him. Hume Campbell (Earl of Marchmont,) in his *Diary* published by Sir George Rose in the *Marchmont Papers*, even accuses him of the uncourtierlike vice of blushing. Though not unsusceptible of anger he was naturally gifted with a calmness and moderation of temper, which suited well, and no doubt prompted on some occasions, his policy in public affairs. It is he who is reported to have said, when some one recommended an exertion of privilege to restrain the newspapers from publishing the debates of the House of Commons, "Let them alone, they make better speeches for us than we can for ourselves."¶ Mr. Coxe gives an example of the same mildness of disposition, evinced by him on a more trifling occasion.

‡ A traditional anecdote preserved in the family, and communicated by the present Duke of Newcastle, will afford a pleasing instance of

‡ One of the occasions to which Walpole alludes, may be the debate in 1744 on the report of the committee of supply respecting the Hanover troops, (*Pelham Administration*, vol. i. p. 130.) When Mr. Pelham opposed Pitt with a more than usual warmth, but with great judgment, vigour, and success.

§ Characters by Lord Chesterfield, published in his *Miscellaneous Works*, 4to. by Maty.

|| Dr. Birch, writing under the name of Tindal.

¶ *Pelham Administration*, vol. i. p. 355. A similar answer (though in a matter where self-love was less concerned) is related of George II. 'Being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for having published a spurious (King's) speech, he answered he hoped the man's punishment would be of the mildest sort, because he had read both, and, as far as he understood either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own.'—*Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs*, p. 88.

the easy and kind condescension with which Mr. Pelham behaved to his domestics. He had sent for his coachman to give him some orders. Whilst he was speaking, the man suddenly drew out his watch, and glancing a look at it, abruptly broke off the conversation by exclaiming, "Sir, it is my time, and I must go and drive my children in the carriage." "Richard," said Mr. Pelham, "the time and the carriage may be yours, and so may the horses and other things; but, my good Richard, do let the children be my own."—*Pelham Administration*, vol. ii. p. 304, note.

The severest trials of Mr. Pelham's temper and fortitude arose from the infirmities of his brother and colleague in government. There are few characters in history more generally known by their little and ludicrous points than that of the Duke of Newcastle. Mr. Coxe, in a masterly though indulgent delineation of this celebrated Whig leader, has drawn attention to the comelier features, which in so many representations of him are altogether disguised or caricatured. There was much in him which it is impossible to respect, but he possessed many qualities which it is equally impossible to despise. Considering the ascendancy which he so long maintained, in a court where the sovereign never cordially regarded him, and where ambitious, strong and favoured competitors, watched eagerly, and strove without scruple, to wrest from him the prize of power, it seems extravagant to pronounce with Horace Walpole that he was a mere 'phantom of abilities.' It may be true, that (according to the exquisitely descriptive saying of Lord Wilmington) 'he always lost half an hour in the morning, and was running after it all day without being able to overtake it;' but experience, zeal, activity, and, in foreign affairs at least, extensive knowledge, compensated, as far as such qualities could compensate, for the want of method and of well-directed energy. It is said that many of the first draughts of his letters still extant, some of them very long, and of a nature requiring order and arrangement, are remarkable for their perspicuity, and have scarcely a single erasure. Those in the present collection, though not equal in manliness and sense to Mr. Pelham's, betray neither want of talent nor perplexity of thought. 'Hear him speak in parliament,' says Lord Waldegrave, 'his manner is ungraceful, his language barbarous, his reasoning inconclusive. At the same time he labours through all the confusion of a debate, without the least distrust of his own abilities, fights boldly in the dark, never gives up the cause, nor is he ever at a loss either for words or argument.' This picture conveys no exalted notion of the statesman, but there have been times when such a man might be considered no contemptible debater.

His most characteristic failing, and that which made the condition of all associated with him in business uneasy and insecure, was a morbid restlessness of mind, a perpetual recurrence of that distrust, the too ordinary effect of which is to render him who entertains it himself fickle and unsteady.

Lord Waldegrave, writing of him in his lifetime, says, 'Ambition, fear, and jealousy, are his prevailing passions; a jealousy which 'could not be carried to a higher pitch if every political friend was a favourite mistress.' His correspondence in the present work abounds with the indications of this unquiet temper; suspicions, complaints, counter-plottings on the mere surmises of a plot, confidences made to one friend with injunctions to hold them from another, and tormenting apprehensions of a similar conduct towards himself.

'I beg of you,' says Mr. Pelham in one of his letters, (1752,) 'do not so often call upon me to act in concert, and to act as one; I have never done otherwise. If we differ in opinion *toto celo*, we cannot act together in what we differ; but where that has not been notoriously so, and known by yourself to be so, before you engaged in them, I do not know an instance wherein either confidence or concert has been wanting on my part.'—*Pelham Administration*, vol. ii. p. 462.

Scarcely, indeed, had Mr. Pelham been appointed first lord of the treasury, when the duke complained in a letter to Lord Hardwicke, that his brother was falling into 'Lord Orford's old method of being the first person upon all occasions.' These feelings, it may be supposed, were watched and turned to advantage by interested observers, and there was address as well as malice in the taunt which Lady Yarmouth is said to have levelled at the duke, that he was 'bred up in the fear of his brother.' It appears from some curious passages in the correspondence now published,* that in the latter part of Mr. Pelham's life, the king formed (or intimated in Hanover that he had formed) the plan of 'cajoling and managing' that minister, and, as the duke expressed it, 'playing off' the Pelhams against each other. But this, whether seriously contemplated or not, was a scheme which no man had hitherto accomplished or was likely to undertake with success. The clouds of displeasure which arose between the brothers, whether from the difference of their opinions on some political subjects, or from the sensitive and busy jealousy of the duke, were transient, though often recurring: their fraternal affection and their concord as ministers on the most essential points, if occasionally shaken, could never be subverted; their quarrels (to use the duke's own observation) were *amantium iræ*, and were ever followed by an increase of cordiality. The duke, if he was the most irritable, was also the most placable, of men. Mr. Coxe† furnishes, from one of his letters to Lord Hardwicke, a striking instance of the frankness and good grace which he could yield to remonstrance, and acknowledge himself in error. The following characteristic passages from part of a letter to Mr. Pelham, from Hanover, in 1748, when, after some acrimony between the brothers on the subject of the negotiations for peace then depending, the duke

* Vol. ii. p. 435, &c.

† Vol. i. p. 6.

unexpectedly learned that Mr. Pelham had had a severe fit of illness:—

'Believe me I am the more touched on this occasion as I am sensible the situation of affairs, and possibly the part I may have had in them, or at least some warmth I may have used in justifying them, has been in a great measure the cause of the continuance, if not of your original illness. This good effect it has had, that you shall never more have one disagreeable word from me.'—vol. ii. p. 27.

After stating the general anxiety at the court of Hanover on Mr. Pelham's account, and that the king, 'who is a bit of a doctor,' had desired to know every particular of his illness, he concludes:—

'For God's sake, dear brother, make yourself as easy as you can about our foreign affairs. If they are not as well as we could wish, I hope they are better than you fear. I will do more than is possible to conclude. My heart is set upon it, for my country's service, for my own honour, to recommend myself to the king, and, believe me I speak truth, to remove the only possible point of difference that can ever be between you and me. I love you, I esteem you; and I pray God grant good news of you by the messenger I expect. I can say no more.'—*ibid.* p. 29.

The following extract from a letter to the chancellor, on Mr. Pelham's projected reduction of the interest on the national debt, is equally descriptive of the writer:—

'It is a great and glorious design, worthy of him; and I have told the king and everybody I speak to that no man is, or I verily believe ever was, so willing and so able to do this great service to his country as my brother is. I will assure him two things, that this will make my happiness in public affairs complete; and, secondly, that all I can possibly do to contribute towards it shall be done, by never proposing any measure that does not appear to me to be absolutely necessary, that can in any way delay the execution of this great design. And, lastly, I never will hear anybody talk who will pretend to let anybody else share in the merit.'—vol. ii. p. 45.

Considering the restless and variable temper of the Duke of Newcastle, his openness to flattery, and the foible which Lord Chesterfield, in one of his letters, imputes to him, of loving to have a favourite, it cannot be observed without surprise, how little if any part of his conduct can be traced to the influence of unworthy counsellors, and how uniformly his confidence was reposed in two of the wisest and best friends whom a statesman of that day could have selected,—his brother and Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. And if it cannot be ascribed to him as a merit, it deserves at least to be commemorated as his happiness, that three of the most eminent persons of the last century, Pitt, Murray, and Yorke, (two of them numbered by *Walpole* in his list of the five 'great men' within his memory,) were among those who owed early advancement to the favour of the Duke of Newcastle.

Distinguished, from the outset of his life, as a warm supporter of the house of Brunswick; and ever zealous for what he termed 'the old and great system' of combination

against the ambitious views of France, he was not unnaturally led, on some occasions, to concur, against the wish of Mr. Pelham, in the scheme of foreign policy espoused by the King and the Duke of Cumberland. It was, indeed, very difficult for a statesman once admitted to the cabinet of George the Second, more especially if he attended him abroad, to remain wholly uninfected with Hanover politics, which were the degeneracy of that 'old and great system' so gloriously upheld by King William and the Duke of Marlborough. Never, perhaps, was that system brought to a point so nearly bordering on burlesque as when England was intriguing and subsidizing to secure the election of King of the Romans in favour of the Archduke Joseph, unaided and at last baffled by Austria herself, who a few years afterwards obtained the desired object without any foreign assistance. Times were indeed to come when the old antipathetic system should be wielded by stronger hands and with nobler results. But those days also have gone by; and we have lived to be taught by modern Whigs, that the true policy of England is to combine with, and not against, France—virtuous, liberal, easy, unambitious France!

The love of power and the official jealousies which characterized the duke were entirely free from any mercenary taint.* In pecuniary affairs he was disinterested and magnificent; politics were his expense, not his gain. Lord Chesterfield, who, as he himself observes, had been 'sometimes well and sometimes ill' with the duke, makes this eulogy upon him at his decease:—

'My old kinsman and contemporary is at last dead, and for the first time quiet. He had the start of me at his birth by one year and two months, and I think we shall observe the same distance at our burial. I own I feel for his death, not because it will be my turn next, but because I knew him to be very good natured, and his hands to be extremely clean, and even too clean, if that were possible,—for, after all the great offices which he had held for fifty years, he died three hundred thousand pounds poorer than he was when he first came into them. A very unministerial proceeding!'—*Chesterfield's Miscellaneous Works*, vol. ii. p. 564, 4to.

* 'I come now to speak to you of the affair of the Duke of Newcastle; but absolutely on considering it much myself, and on talking of it with your brother, we are both against your attempting any such thing. In the first place, I never heard a suspicion of the Duke's taking presents, and should think he would rather be affronted: in the next place, my dear child, though you are fond of that coffee-pot, it would be thought nothing among such wardrobes as he has, of the finest wrought plate: why he has a set of gold plates that would make a figure on any side-board in the Arabian tales; and as to Benvenuto Cellini, if the duke could take it for his, people in England understand all work too well to be deceived.' 'As to Stone, (the duke's secretary,) 'if any thing was done, to be sure, it should be to him: though I really can't advise even that.'—*Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann*, Jan. 6, 1743.

In no circumstance were the Pelhams more fortunate than in the steady friendship of that great lawyer and sagacious politician, Lord Hardwicke. By his influence their dissensions were calmed—in their most anxious deliberations his counsel was decisive. Walpole seldom errs so grossly as when he says of this nobleman that he was despised in the cabinet.* Lord Waldegrave estimates him more justly when, speaking of his resignation in 1756, he observes, that, as a statesman, Lord Hardwicke had been the chief support of the Duke of Newcastle's administration. The documents in Mr. Coxe's work bear a continual testimony to the respect entertained for Lord Hardwicke by the brother ministers, and the high value they placed upon his services. The duke, in a letter to Mr. Pelham (in 1745,) says, 'I am sure you will not think unreasonable what I now propose, that everything, as far as possible, should be first talked over by you and me before it is either flung out in the closet or communicated to any of our brethren; I always except the chancellor, who I know is a third brother.'—(*Pelham Administration*, vol. i. p. 206.) On another occasion, when apprehensive that the chancellor intended to withdraw from the discussions of the cabinet, and devote himself wholly to the judicial business of his office, the duke says (addressing Lord Hardwicke)—'I must beg you will consider in what situation you will leave me. My brother has all the prudence, knowledge, experience, and good intention that I can wish or hope in a man, but it will or may be difficult for us alone to stem that which, with your weight, authority, and character, would not be twice mentioned. Besides, my brother and I may differ in opinion; in which case, I am sure yours would determine both.'—vol. i. p. 40.

In the struggle which ended by the removal of Lord Granville from the administration in 1744, Lord Hardwicke's wisdom and address contributed materially to the success of his friends. The duke wrote to him when the contest was approaching its crisis,—'Perhaps nobody but you can carry us through, and you can.' The chapter which relates this transaction is one of the most interesting in Mr. Coxe's volumes. The veteran statesman, Lord Orford, was at length summoned from his retirement to be the umpire in this important conflict; and the final exertion of that influence which he still retained with the king, and almost the last act of his life, was to confirm the ascendancy of the Pelhams by recommending the dismissal of Lord Granville. He decided well for the king and for the country. That Lord Granville should have acted cordially with these colleagues was impossible. The appointment of Mr. Pelham, in 1743, to be the first lord of the treasury, in preference to Lord Bath, whose pretensions Granville supported,† was a

defeat not easily to be endured by a sanguine and arrogant favourite, presuming upon the confidential station which he held as the king's attendant and adviser on the scene of war, and at that time exulting with a half military vanity in the unfruitful glories of Dettingen. His address to the new prime minister, from Mentz, was sufficiently frank, but gave little prospect of future good understanding:—

'If I had not stood by Lord Bath, who can (could) ever value my friendship? and you must have despised me. However, as the affair is decided in your favour by his Majesty, I wish you joy of it, and I will endeavour to support you as much as I can, having really a most cordial affection for your brother and you, which nothing can dissolve but yourselves, which I do not apprehend will be the case. I have no jealousies of either of you, and I believe that you love me; but if you will have jealousies of me without foundation, it will disgust me to such a degree that I shall not be able to bear it; and as I mean to cement a union with you, I speak thus plainly.'—vol. i. p. 85.

As might have been expected from the tone of this declaration, his colleagues found him, in his subsequent conduct, self-willed and contemptuous; his official communications from abroad were dry and unsatisfactory,† and he cared little to conceal that he neither reposed confidence in his partners in administration, nor expected it from them. Too sensible of his great superiority in genius and acquirements, he held cheap those sober qualities of prudence and good sense in which he was himself infinitely excelled by Mr. Pelham. With his characteristic rashness, which defied difficulties without preparing to encounter them, he flattered and urged on the king in that unprofitable course of foreign policy, which was daily becoming more unpopular, and exposing his administration to increased embarrassments. To arrest the course of these mischiefs was a necessary, but a difficult and ungracious task. It was said by near observers, that 'if the king liked anybody, it was Lord Granville.‡ His politics, his manners, his knowledge of foreign courts, and (the circumstance deserves remark) his being the only minister who could converse with the king in his own lan-

Pelham, while it was depending.—'Pelham Administration, chapter I.' One of them concludes thus—'Dear Harry, I am very personal and very free, and put myself in your power. Remember me kindly to my Lord Duke. Yours, &c.' Yet Horace Walpole would have it believed that Mr. Pelham had lately been the duke's accomplice in betraying Lord Orford.—*Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 145; and he says elsewhere (p. 205,) that Lord Orford was betrayed 'without being deceived.'

† He corresponded with them but seldom, and then chiefly on points which the next Gazette might have informed them of as fully as his despatches.' (Introduction to Mr. Yorke's Parliamentary Journal, Pelham Administration, vol. i. p. 478.)

‡ Lord Marchmont's Diary, Marchmont's Papers, vol. i., p. 197.

* *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 139.

† The interest which Lord Orford took in this appointment is very strikingly displayed by his cordial, manly, and sagacious letters to Mr.

guage,* gave him an influence over the royal mind which was not dispelled by his removal from office. The unsuccessful attempt of George II., on his quarrel with the Pelhams in 1746, to form a new administration under Lord Granville and Lord Bath, gave rise to one of the most extraordinary political scenes of that reign. Mr. Pelham, the Duke of Newcastle, and their friends anticipated the design of their master, by a sudden and general resignation; and it became afterwards a favourite theme of party obloquy that they had contumaciously thrown up their offices 'in the height of a rebellion.' The accusation is futile. Had they indeed renounced their employments with any design of aggravating civil discord, that they might use it as an engine against their adversaries, they would have justly deserved the brand of perpetual infamy. But the rebellion, at that time, (February 1746,) though not extinguished, had long ceased to be formidable.† If anything could have revived the languishing spirit of Jacobitism, the accession to power of so unpopular a statesman as Lord Bath, and so Hanoverian a politician as Lord Granville, would most probably have had that effect. Their overthrow, accomplished safely and constitutionally by the well-concerted resignation of their opponents, was a pledge of the public tranquillity. The whole history of the event shows that the measures taken by the Pelhams were safe, wise, and decisive. 'Forty-eight hours, three quarters, seven minutes, and eleven

seconds' (according to a satirical paper of the day) was the term of the new administration: the king found that he had raised a fabric of sand, and that nothing remained but to disperse it as quietly as possible. 'Lord Bath' (says Walpole in his Memoirs) 'slipped down the back stairs, leaving Lord Carlisle in the outward room expecting to be called in to kiss hands for the privy seal.' Lord Granville left St. James's laughing, and met a friend who wondered that he had held office so long. Jovial and grandiloquent as ever, he made light of the adventure, and in no long time slid into a subordinate post, (that of President of the Council,) which he continued to hold in the reign of George III. The king, discontented, but taking patience perforce, like the 'gruff papa' of a comedy, became gradually reconciled to the Pelhams, who returned to office strengthened and advanced in public estimation. Pitt, whose pretensions to the office of Secretary of State had been a proximate cause of the late rupture, obtained a place in the government, but not that to which the Pelhams had been anxious to raise him; the king's personal dislike was an obstacle not yet to be overcome; nor was it until after the lapse of several years, when he at length 'took the cabinet by storm,' that his genius obtained scope for those bold and vast exertions by which the close of George II.'s reign became one of the most illustrious periods of English history.

In dismissing this posthumous work of an author who laboured so long and so honourably for the advancement of historical knowledge, it will not be complained of by our readers that we should avail ourselves of some private materials at our disposal, and offer a few details of his life and literary career. Mr. Coxe was born in London in 1747. Of his parentage he himself, after some experience of society, wrote thus—

'Among the principal blessings of the Almighty, I consider this as one of the greatest, that I was born of a family who were neither of a high nor low birth, and that my parents were such, that were I to come into the world again, and had the power of choosing them, I would fix upon those whom Providence has given me.'

His father was Dr. William Coxe, physician to the king's household, and grandson of Dr. Coxe, who gave evidence for Lord William Russell on his trial for high treason. His mother was the daughter of Paul d'Aranda, a merchant and a friend of John Locke. She was a person of distinguished good sense and sweetness of disposition, and her son ever regarded her as his dearest and most intimate friend.

After passing some time at a private school, Mr. Coxe was sent to Eton, and was there, on his own petition, indulged with the assistance of a tutor, Mr. Sumner, afterwards Master of Harrow. The teacher was remembered by Mr. Coxe with admiration at a late period of his life; but the pupil, if his own confession may be literally taken, did not, very zealously, second his exertions. He was a boy of great spirits and

* It is singular that this acquirement should have been so rare in a court which had been ruled by two successive German sovereigns. Mr. Pelham, it appears, knew little even of French. Sir Robert Walpole had neither German nor French, and talked with George I. in Latin. It may be suspected that their conferences would sometimes (as Milton says) —

—'have made Quintilian stare and gasp.'

† 'I was very uneasy,' says Horace Walpole to Sir H. Mann, in a letter of Feb. 7th, 'at finding you still remained in the same anxiety about the rebellion, when it had so long ceased to be formidable with us.' In his next letter, Feb. 14, after describing the attempted change in the cabinet, and the return of the Pelhams to office, he says, 'The Duke and his name are pursuing the scattered rebels into their very mountains, determined to root out sedition entirely. It is believed, and we expect to hear, that the Young Pretender is embarked and gone.' 'After describing two revolutions, and announcing the termination of a rebellion, it would be below the dignity of my letter to talk of anything of less moment.'—vol. ii. p. 194-5. So little were the northern Jacobites, at that time, an object of dread to politicians in London, if we believe Sir Horace Mann's correspondent. Let us now turn to Horace Walpole the historian, writing 'pour ne frustrer la posterite.' 'Will it be credited, if it is told? The period they' (the Pelhams) 'chose for this unwarrantable insult' (their resignation) 'was the height of a rebellion; the king was to be forced into compliance with their views, or their allegiance was in a manner ready to be offered to the competitor for his crown, then actually reasserting for it in the heart of his kingdom.'—*Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 149.

volatile disposition, and much addicted to fives and cricket; and in his progress through the school he merely kept above the middling rank of his companions. When he was fourteen years old, his father, who was then just rising into professional distinction, died, leaving six children very moderately provided for. In order that he might continue at Eaton, Mr. Coxé was placed on the foundation, and in 1765 he was elected to King's College, Cambridge.

He came to the University a tolerable Greek and Latin scholar, but in other respects, according to his own report, very imperfectly educated. He shot, fished, and loitered away his first year of residence, forming no settled plan of improvement; but about the end of this period he was fortunately introduced into the society of some students of Peterhouse, a college which possessed at that time, among its younger inmates, several men of more than common talent and acquirements. Mr. Coxé had as yet lived chiefly with members of his own college, and had been contented with the portion of classical scholarship which he had brought from school; but the conversation of his new friends at once disclosed to him the insufficiency of his own attainments, and awakened in his mind that thirst of knowledge and honourable love of distinction which characterized him to the end of his life. Without abandoning his former studies he applied himself diligently to mathematical science, natural philosophy, modern languages, and, above all, history. His intercourse with the friends to whom he now attached himself was a kind of literary brotherhood; they rather lived together than exchanged visits, and their correspondence during the periods of separation gave an unrestrained flow to all the thoughts and feelings of men enjoying literature and the world with the first ardour of youth.

The closest intimacy which Mr. Coxé formed at this period was with Mr. Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, whose father, the Bishop of Carlisle, was then Master of Peterhouse: the son entered the University a little later than Mr. Coxé. In a paper written for the amusement of his chosen friends, Mr. Coxé drew the characters of four conspicuous members of their society, among whom were Mr. Le Blanc (in after years a distinguished ornament of the bench over which Lord Ellenborough presided) and Mr. Law, then at the age of four and twenty. This latter portrait, though traced by an inexperienced hand, has touches that will strike those who remember the original in the height of his attainments and honours.

Philotes bears the first rank in this our society. Of a warm and generous disposition, he breathes all the animation of youth and the spirit of freedom. His thoughts and conceptions are uncommonly great and striking; his language and expressions are strong and nervous, and partake of the colour of his sentiments. As all his views are honest and his intentions direct, he scorns to disguise his feelings or palliate his sentiments. This disposition has been productive of uneasiness to himself and to his

friends, for his open and unsuspecting temper leads him to use a warmth of expression which sometimes assumes the appearance of *ferte*. This has frequently disgusted his acquaintance, but his friends know the goodness of his heart, and pardon a foible that arises from the candour and openness of his temper; and indeed he never fails, when the heat of conversation is over, and his mind becomes cool and dispassionate, to acknowledge this error of his nature, and like the Roman Catholic, claims an absolution for future as well as past transgressions. Active and enterprising, he pursues with eagerness whatever strikes him the most forcibly. His studies resemble the warmth of his disposition: struck with the great and the sublime, his taste, though elegant and refined, prefers the glowing and animated conceptions of a Tacitus to the softer and more delicate graces of a Tully. He is charmed with the style of Bolingbroke, though not with his opinions. In poetry, Virgil and Milton are his favourites.

The warmth of friendship which runs through this description was imparted as well as felt. In a letter written to Mr. Coxé, at a later period, adverting to their past days of intimacy, Mr. Law spoke of him as one 'whose presence gave a quicker relish to every amusement, and who improved or brought with him happiness wherever he came.' They looked upon each other as men pressing forward to distinction, but with the feeling rather of partners than of competitors in honour. The mind of Mr. Law was already filled with that ardent and unrelaxing ambition which accompanies the consciousness of great powers, and seems implanted, where they exist, for the purpose of bringing them into action. He blamed the reflection of Johnson, that 'riches, authority, and praise lose all their influence when they are considered as riches, which to-morrow shall be bestowed on another; authority, which shall this night expire; and praise, which, however merited and however sincere, shall after a few minutes be heard no more.' 'Considerations of this kind,' said Mr. Law, 'may be carried much too far, and while they unnerve the arm of impatience, may slacken the sinews of industry, and destroy hope, emulation, and honest ambition, the strongest motives to everything worthy, great, and noble.' 'Of all things in the world,' he once observed, 'I abominate a novel that ends unhappily.' Impressed with the efficacy of temporal rewards as incentives to exertion, his mind revolted even at a work of fiction which kept these motives out of sight.

The more advanced scholarship of Mr. Coxé was of material service to his friend in the acquaintance which he was now forming with ancient and modern classics, and the taste of both was improved by an interchange of criticisms. Mr. Law's were judicious, blunt, lively, and full of a strong and often characteristic feeling. His favourite writers at that time have been already mentioned. He resented with a just warmth the weak exuberances of Lucan. In reading Sophocles's Ajax, he scorned the 'thick-skulled' (we may add, the unsuccessful) 'hero.' Nothing in English literature de-

lighted him more than Absalom and Achitophel; and his judgment in this instance appears to have been unbiased by any political sympathy with the poet, for in speaking of Hume he declared, in the broadest terms, his displeasure at the lenity of that historian to James II. He defended, on the most defensible points, the then recent publication of Lord Chesterfield's Letters. Mr. Coxe attacked them without reserve, and wrote a 'saucy parody' on the assiduous promptings and circumstantial admonitions of the courtly father. Mr. Law conceived, but did not follow up, the happy idea of an answer from young Stanhope, acknowledging his various difficulties and distresses, and lamenting his failures with *la petite Blot*.

It could hardly have been expected that a friendship grounded on so much mutual esteem, and so close an agreement of opinions and feelings, would, after few years, expire as if by a natural decay. Such, however, was the event. Perhaps, on one hand, the cares of an anxious and absorbing profession, and on the other, frequent absences from England, may have brought on some decline of the former intimacy, and slight causes might increase an estrangement once grown perceptible between men of sensitive tempers, and impatient alike of neglect and the imputation of negligence. It must be owned too, that although the attachments of school and college are in general the most permanent, there are minds which appear congenial only during retirement, and betray the principle of disunion when they are exposed to the full blaze and heat of the world; like the shades of the future Cæsar and Pompey in Virgil's Elysium,—

'Concordes animæ nunc et dum nocte premuntur.'

But the cessation of friendship did not, in this instance, give rise to opposite feelings; and, in the decline of his years, Mr. Coxe delighted to look back at an intercourse which, as he expressed it, 'had once formed the solace of his life.'

In 1770, Mr. Coxe first tasted of literary distinction by gaining the bachelor's prize for Latin prose, and he again obtained a similar success in 1771. In the latter year he was admitted to deacon's orders by Dr. Terrick, Bishop of London; and the thesis which he wrote on this occasion was so masterly, that the bishop paid him the unusual compliment of exempting him from examination for priest's orders. He was appointed to the curacy of Denham, near Uxbridge, but had not long filled that station when he was selected by the late Duke of Marlborough to undertake the tuition of his son, the Marquis of Blandford, then very young. The recommendation of Mr. Coxe to this charge had proceeded from the learned Jacob Bryant, who at this time knew him only by reputation, but who became and always continued his zealous friend, and laboured with characteristic energy, both by advice and by active exertion, to promote his welfare.

About the same time, Mr. Law began his

education in the Temple as a special pleader; and we may be pardoned for adverting once more to this distinguished man, to introduce a specimen of the reflections with which he cheered his friend and himself on their, as yet, humble destinies:—

"June 18, 1773—Temple, Friday night.

"After holding a pen most of the day in the service of my profession, I will use it a few minutes longer in that of friendship. I thank you, my dearest friend, for this and every proof of confidence and affection—let us cheerfully push our ways in our different lines; the path of neither of us is strewn with roses, but they both terminate in happiness and honour. I cannot, however, now and then help sighing when I think how inglorious an apprenticeship we both of us serve to ambition, while you teach a child his rudiments, and I drudge at the pen for attorneys. But if knowledge and a respectable situation are to be purchased only on these terms, I for my part can readily say—*hac mercede placet*. Do not, however, commend my industry too soon; application wears for me at present the charms of novelty; upon a longer acquaintance I may grow tired of it."

While Mr. Coxe was at King's, he had been urged by a senior member of his college to employ himself on some literary undertaking. The advice found a willing listener, and Mr. Coxe, after leaving the university, occupied himself in planning a course of essays, in which he was to be assisted by some of his Cambridge friends. The name selected for this work was *The Mirror*, a title adopted under more fortunate auspices a few years afterwards, by the accomplished Henry Mackenzie and his literary associates in Edinburgh. The present *Mirror* took its name from a magic glass supposed to be in the editor's possession, and reflecting in a visible form the characters of those who looked into it. The idea was that of a young author, and the resources which it offered were likely to be soon exhausted. Of the manner in which Mr. Coxe worked upon it some notion may be formed from the criticism of one of his friends.—"Your characters have humour, particularly the man who had, as the vulgar say, no soul, and could gain no reflection from the glass. Sir Godfrey Kneller made a hit of the same kind when he refused to paint a fellow who had no expression in his countenance:—"Sir," says the artist, "you have no face."

The *Mirror* was in time abandoned, and Mr. Coxe's next attempt in authorship was a *Life of Petrarch*, a work which he also left unaccomplished, and which our literature still wants. His attention was probably drawn to this subject by his conversations with Gray the poet, whose acquaintance he casually made at Cambridge, at a quiet coffee-house near Pembroke, which they both frequented. Gray, as his natural shyness wore off, "unrolled" to Mr. Coxe the "ample page" of his ancient and modern learning; and among the books which our historian recollected long afterwards as having been recommended to him by the

poet, was the Life of Petrarch, by the Abbe de Sade. Another was the Memoirs of La Porte, valet de chambre of Louis XIV.*

Mr. Coxe employed himself on his Life of Petrarch in the intervals of his attendance on Lord Blandford. At this early period of his literary life he was fortunately led by some trifling domestic incident into a correspondence with Mr. Melmoth, the translator of Pliny's and Cicero's Epistles, and author of Fitzosborne's Letters. Mr. Melmoth was his godfather, and had been his father's schoolfellow; and Mr. Coxe found in him a warm friend and valuable counsellor. He was a strict disciplinarian in composition, and candidly acknowledged that he was in his own practice apt to be too nice in the manner of arranging and expressing his ideas. The scruples of such a monitor were, it may be supposed, frequently perplexing and mortifying, and Mr. Coxe was almost led to believe himself incapable of attaining the true standard of elegance and perspicuity. But he received with docility the lessons which, though rigorous, were kindly bestowed; and to them probably may be ascribed the clear, the accurate, the somewhat perhaps too chastened style of Mr. Coxe's historical compositions.

The infirmity of his health, which had interrupted his attendance on Lord Blandford, induced him, at the end of two years, to relinquish that charge altogether, and he quitted it, to use his own expression, "with the fluttering alacrity of a bird escaped from its cage;" but he did not lose by this step the favour and confidence of the noble family to which he had been temporarily attached.

In 1775 he accepted the office of tutor to Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke, and made a tour with that young nobleman, which, among other parts of Europe, included Switzerland. A country so romantic, both in its physical and moral aspect, excited the peculiar attention of a traveller ardent in his admiration of the sublime and graceful in nature, but, at the same time, accustomed already to contemplate society with the views of a philosopher and politician. From his first entrance into Switzerland he preserved and arranged the results of his observation: he was equally indefatigable in exploring scenery, investigating antiquities, and unravelling the intricacies of provincial government and legislation; and he carefully and successfully cultivated the society of the persons most eminent in literature and science, among whom were Bonnet, De Saussure, Mallet, De Luc, Solomon Gesner, Haller, and Lavater. His own name acquired, during his several visits to Switzerland, (for he travelled through that country four times between 1776 and 1788,) a celebrity which did not fade away during the long exclusion of Englishmen from the Continent by the revolutionary war. His 'Travels in Switzerland,' the first, and one of the most deservedly popular of his publish-

ed writings, appeared originally, in 1778, in the form of letters, which were addressed to Mr. Melmoth, and dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke. The work gradually expanded as new materials were acquired, till, in 1801 when the last edition was published, Mr. Coxe sat down, "with a heart full of sorrow," to record the violent and perfidious subjugation of a country which he had so often seen prosperous, contented, and independent.

While Lord Herbert was at Geneva, Mr. Coxe indulged his enthusiasm for Petrarch by making a pilgrimage to Vauluse. He had, some months before, introduced himself by letter to the Abbe de Sade, the descendant of Laura, and biographer of the poet, and had received a very courteous invitation to pass a few days with the Abbe, '*more philosophico*,' as he said, at his hermitage, near Avignon. Mr. Coxe, indeed, possessed a claim to the Abbe's favourable regard which could not be advanced by every tourist: he had diligently read through the voluminous and learned "Life of Petrarch," and compared it with the original authorities as far as they were accessible. He approached the "hermitage" with some feelings of awe and timidity, but was received with a frankness which immediately set him at ease, and justified the subacid encomium of Gibbon, that "the Abbe, though a priest, was a gentleman." Vauluse was about a league distant, and the ardent traveller longed already to pay his orisons at the poetic fountain; but delays intervened, and it was not until the following day that, availing himself of his host's afternoon nap, he hurried to the classic scene which had so long haunted his imagination,—the solemn valley of the Sorgue, and rocks and streams which, to mortals whose "ears are true," still murmur the name of Laura. During three days of his residence with the Abbe, Mr. Coxe, with the superfluous anxiety of a novice, suppressed the fact that he was himself engaged in the biography of Petrarch. On his making this communication, the Abbe freely placed his manuscript collections at the disposal of his visitor; and Mr. Coxe addressed himself to the task of selecting and compiling, with the zealous application which characterized him in all his literary undertakings,—though in this instance it was destined to produce no apparent fruit. Such labours, however, are not always thrown away, because they miss their completion: a task ineffectually pursued may discipline and strengthen the intellect for more fortunate enterprises; and the early history of literary men often resembles that of the youths in the old fable, who were directed by their father's will to dig in certain grounds for a hidden treasure, and, after labouring many days, discovered that, although they could come at no gold, they made an excellent vineyard.

Lord Herbert extended his tour to the northern kingdoms of Europe, and Mr. Coxe accompanied him to Warsaw, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Stockholm, and Copenhagen, availing himself indefatigably of

* Characterized by Gibbon, in his *Miscellanies*, as 'the honest Memoirs of Laporte.'

the opportunities afforded him to investigate the history, literature, and social and political condition of the countries through which he passed. Nor were such researches uninteresting even in these remote realms, when the traveller could converse with Muller on northern history and antiquities, and with Pallas on science, and collect information from persons who remembered Peter the Great and Charles the Twelfth. At Warsaw, Mr. Coxe was admitted to a familiar and confidential intercourse by the accomplished and ill-fated Stanislaus Augustus. In a conversation on some proposed improvement in the laws and government of his own kingdom,—"Happy Englishmen!" exclaimed Stanislaus, "your house is raised, and mine is yet to build." The building of that house he was never to behold; and the too happy English are now intent only upon plucking down theirs. At St. Petersburg, the travellers were presented to the Empress Catherine II.; and that sovereign, doubtless not unwilling to make the best impression on a literary Englishman, encouraged the researches of Mr. Coxe into the state and administration of the Russian prisons,—a subject on which, while at Vienna, he had conversed with the celebrated Howard, and received from that illustrious man suggestions for the guidance of his inquiries. The Empress permitted Mr. Coxe to propose to a member of her government a series of written questions on this subject, and to some she herself dictated the answers, which were for the most part direct and candid. One of them had a good deal of *naïveté*. The question was,—“Are the prisoners permitted to purchase spirituous liquors, and do the jailers sell them?” The empress answered,—“Every species of food is sold in the prisons, but the jailer cannot sell spirituous liquors, and that for two reasons; first, because spirituous liquors can only be sold by those who farm the right of vending them from the crown; secondly, which is very extraordinary, there are no jailers to any of the prisons, although the laws make mention of them.”*

Soon after his return from this tour, (which lasted about four years,) Mr. Coxe published his ‘Account of the Russian Discoveries in the Seas between Asia and America,’—a work of great merit and utility, and fortunate to its author, since it was the origin of a friendship with the accomplished and excellent Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, which Mr. Coxe esteemed one of the most honourable as well as advantageous occurrences of his life. The incident which led to this acquaintance shows both parties in a very amiable light, and we are enabled to tell it in Mr. Coxe’s own words:—

‘The first origin of my acquaintance with him arose from the accidental circumstance of my friend Mr. Cadell introducing me to him in his shop, as one literary man to another, soon after my first return from abroad. When I

was about to publish my “Russian Discoveries,” I formed an opinion concerning the two continents of Asia and America very different from that which Dr. Douglas had shown in his Preface to Cook’s First Voyage, and I thought it necessary to controvert his sentiments. But as I did not wish to do it without acquainting him with my intention in the least offensive manner, I desired my friend and bookseller, Mr. Cadell, to mention my intention, and express my hope that he would not take it amiss if I ventured to dissent from so respectable an authority. Mr. Cadell brought me a very liberal answer from Dr. Douglas, as might have been expected from a man of his character. Soon after this he met me himself in the street, and taking me aside, mentioned the application of Mr. Cadell; and, while he expressed his thanks for my attention, begged, with that humility which distinguished his character, “that I would let him down as gently as possible.” I now felt my own extreme inferiority, and was quite ashamed to oppose the opinion of so respectable a man on points so problematical, and consequently renounced my intention. Fortunately I did so, for the bishop was right and I wrong. This procedure occasioned a more intimate acquaintance. I frequently dined with him both at Windsor and in London, and received many literary favours from him.

About the same period, Mr. Coxe formed, or renewed, an acquaintance with Dr. Johnson, whom he frequently met at Mr. Thrale’s. When his host presented him to Johnson, ‘I know him,’ said the great man courteously, ‘and I know his Switzerland.’ Mr. Coxe felt a just pride in learning that Johnson was accustomed to praise and recommend his works; and the venerable critic proved the sincerity of his approbation by urging Mr. Coxe to continue writing. He suggested as a subject, Poland, a country, he said, not quite civilized nor quite uncivilized, and but little known to us. At one of the evening parties at Streatham, Mr. Coxe was discoursing, perhaps not very considerably, on the happiness of retiring from the world. Johnson cautioned him against indulging in such fancies. ‘Exert your talents,’ said he, ‘and distinguish yourself, and don’t think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry that you retire.’ The admonition was gentle and complimentary; but Johnson did not always use the *patte de velours* when upon this subject. According to Mrs. Piozzi, he once said to some one who complained of the neglect shown to Jeremiah Markland,—‘He is a scholar undoubtedly, sir; but remember he would run from the world, and it is not the world’s business to run after him. I hate a fellow whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness drives into a corner, and who does nothing when he is there but sit and growl. Let him come out as I do, and bark.’†

* We must not cite this anecdote without referring to a very satisfactory note upon it, in Mr. Croker’s ‘Boswell,’ vol. iv. p. 376, where justice is done both to the eminent scholar ‘tossed and gored’ on this occasion, and to Johnson, who in reality entertained for him the esteem due to his learning and character.

* “The prisoners are guarded by soldiers.”—COXE.

Mr. Coxe now passed the greatest portion of his time at Cambridge, occupied in preparing his 'Northern Travels' for the press, but in other respects uncertain as to his future course of life. Porson was at this time residing in the university, (having taken his bachelor's degree and become fellow of Trinity,) and was already enjoying the celebrity which his great talents deserved. Mr. Coxe visited and formed an acquaintance with him:—

'I was at first greatly struck,' he says in one of his manuscript papers, 'with the acuteness of his understanding, and his multifarious acquaintance with every branch of polite literature and classical attainment. I also found him extremely modest and humble, and not vain-glorious of his astonishing erudition and capacity. I was not less struck with his memory. Taking tea one afternoon in his company at Dockerell's coffee-house, I read a pamphlet written by Ritson against Tom Warton. I was pleased with the work, and after I had read it I gave it to Porson, who began it, and I left him perusing it. On the ensuing day he drank tea with me, with several other friends, and the conversation happened to turn on Ritson's pamphlet. I alluded to one particular part about Shakspeare which had greatly interested me, adding, to those who had not read it, I wish I could convey to you a specific idea of the remainder. Porson repeated a page and a half word for word. I expressed my surprise, and said, "I suppose you studied the whole evening at the coffee-house, and got it by heart." "Not at all; I do assure you that I only read it once."'

Porson's favourite project at this period was to publish an edition of Æschylus, and Mr. Coxe endeavoured, with his usual active benevolence, to procure him the necessary patronage. With this view he introduced him to Jacob Bryant, who exerted himself, but unsuccessfully, to procure subscriptions. Their efforts were not much seconded by Porson. Poor Mr. Bryant seems to have found him as stiff-necked as Prometheus himself.

'I have tried a great deal to serve him,' said he in one of his letters, 'on account of his uncommon learning, but cannot obtain the least encouragement.—He cannot carry on the scheme he has formed without assiduity and solicitation, and a proper respect to those from whom there is any expectation. But he visits nobody, and omits every necessary regard. A handsome gratuity from me shall certainly be ready when demanded, but I find a total disinclination in others.'

'Jeremiah Markland,' says his descendant, the learned editor of the Chester Mysteries, 'was no *graveler*: he sought for, because he loved, retirement; and rejected all the honours and rewards which were liberally offered to him. During a long life he devoted himself unceasingly to those pursuits for which he was best fitted, collating the classics, and illustrating the Scriptures.' On the 2d October, 1782, we find Johnson urging Nicholls to obtain some record of the life of Markland, whom, with Jortin and Thirlby, he calls 'three contemporaries of great eminence.'—See also, *Quart. Review*, vol. vii. p. 442.

In 1784 Mr. Coxe published his *Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark*. This work confirmed the literary reputation of its author, and from the time of its first appearance it has been esteemed one of the most valuable sources of knowledge on the subject of Northern Europe. Some of the earlier portions were submitted to Dr. Robertson the historian, who carefully revised them, and whose suggestions were gratefully adopted.

Soon after the publication of this work Mr. Coxe again undertook the office of a travelling tutor, having for his pupil the late Mr. Whitbread. They began their journey with the northern kingdoms, and in the subsequent part of it made a hasty passage through Italy. It was expected that Mr. Coxe would publish his travels in this latter country; but although 'charmed and astonished,' as he expressed himself, by the classical scenes of the south, and though labouring under the *res angusta* which so often prompts men to inauspicious literary attempts, he yet felt that the limited opportunities he had possessed of observing and inquiring could not qualify him to perform the task satisfactorily, and he wisely and honestly forbore to undertake it.

He returned to England in 1786. In the nine following years he made another tour on the Continent and in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, with Mr. Portman, (eldest son of Mr. Portman of Bryanston,) and again travelled with Lord Brome, eldest son of the Marquis Cornwallis. During the same period he succeeded to the college living of Kingston-upon-Thames, but resigned it on being presented by Lord Pembroke (in 1788) to the rectory of Bemerton, which he held during the remainder of his life. Lord Cornwallis also appointed him chaplain of the Tower. In the intervals of travelling Mr. Coxe augmented and improved his works on Switzerland and the North of Europe, which went through several editions. His mind now took a decided bent towards that department of literary labour from which his subsequent reputation as an author was principally derived. In 1792 he circulated a prospectus of an Historical and Political State of Europe, in which he proposed to give a separate account of the principal kingdoms and states, treating of each country under two heads, historical and statistical. No person could have been found so well qualified for this undertaking; for to the talent, industry, and integrity of which his former works had given proof, Mr. Coxe united a personal knowledge of almost all the countries to be described, (Spain and Portugal, and Turkey, were the principal exceptions,) and an extensive acquaintance with men of letters, science, rank, and political influence in each. But the French Revolution—the end and the beginning of so many things—compelled him to abandon this project. The sources of information became closed or difficult of access; it was a waste of labour in that time of subversion and change to describe institutions, and trace the outline of territories; and the past occurrences of modern

European history, compared with the portentous scenes which then occupied men's minds, appeared small and obscure, like events of distant antiquity.

While engaged on this work, Mr. Coxe had passed several months in examining and arranging the voluminous correspondence of Horatio, Lord Walpole, (brother of Sir Robert,) during his embassies in France and Holland; and, on discontinuing his State of Europe, he proposed, under the sanction of Lord Walpole, (son of the ambassador,) who had encouraged and assisted his researches, to publish a selection from these papers. In the progress of his new undertaking the transactions and correspondence of Sir Robert necessarily engaged much of his attention, and the history of that minister became gradually the chief subject of his inquiries, which were warmly patronised by Horace, Lord Orford. He placed all that remained in his possession of his father's papers at Mr. Coxe's command, and related in conversation many facts which no other person could authenticate, adding this observation, 'You will remember that I am the son of Sir Robert Walpole, and therefore must be prejudiced in his favour. Facts I will not misrepresent or disguise; but my opinions and reflections on those facts you will receive with caution, and adopt or reject at your discretion.' The papers of Sir Robert's brother-in-law, Lord Townshend, (in the possession of his grandson the Marquis Townshend,) were another important source of information to which Mr. Coxe obtained access with some difficulty, and by the aid of kind and powerful intercessors. On receiving the long-desired permission, he lost not a day in presenting himself at Rainham, the seat of the Marquis, in Norfolk, overjoyed at the acquisition about to be placed within his reach, yet feeling, with the natural delicacy of a well-constituted mind, the anomalous situations of a visitor who, in the mere character of a literary man, establishes himself in a nobleman's house for the purpose of examining its archives. His reception, however, banished uneasy feelings, and his researches were abundantly rewarded.

No man ever appreciated more justly or required more faithfully than Mr. Coxe the confidence reposed in an author by intrusting him with family papers. There are some things, perhaps, in every such collection which the writer who makes use of it must consider sacred from public curiosity; but it requires great delicacy and judgment to apprehend, and great self-denial to observe, this obligation in its full extent. That truth be not violated, whether by suppression or addition, is the plain rule of every historical work; but when that law is satisfied—when the question is only of illustrating, enlivening, enriching—of an anecdote, a saying, a characteristic word or gesture—of all, in short, that most captivates the merely inquisitive reader, it will often become a perplexing and uneasy task to the privileged compiler to decide how much may be allowed to his literary interest and

ambition on the one hand, and how much is justly exacted by respect and gratitude on the other. In calculating the forbearance required of him, he must estimate feelings with which the public have little sympathy. To them, representing that large and indefinite posterity for which, professedly, so much is said and acted, the great names of a former age are important only as they are connected with events; but descendants, the true and natural posterity, have a domestic as well as historical interest in the fame of an ancestor; they may shrink from a ridicule, or resent a misconstruction, which the world would deem harmless and trivial; and they must always be liable to some uneasiness in reflecting that an indiscretion of the author whom they have indulged may expose themselves to reproach for committing the records of their house to the callous hand of a stranger.

The access which Mr. Coxe now enjoyed, not only to the Walpole, Orford, and Townshend papers, but to the manuscript collections of the Hardwicke, Grantham, Waldegrave, and other distinguished families, induced him to suspend the undertaking he had commenced, and apply himself to one of a wider scope and higher interest, the 'Memoirs of the Life and Administration of Sir Robert Walpole,' which he first published in 1798. A more judicious and instructive biographical work, or one more satisfactory to every rational desire of knowledge, is not found in English literature. It combines in a remarkable degree the exact and dispassionate inquiry which forms the great merit of compiled history, with the lively circumstantial illustration which belongs to contemporary narrative, or that drawn from recent tradition. But this latter source of knowledge is never approached without the strictest caution. He was enabled, as he states in his preface, 'to elucidate many parts of secret history, either totally unknown or wholly misrepresented;' but he adds, that in collecting political information, he always considered and allowed for the connexions and principles of those from whom he derived it, and that, in taking up anecdotes from tradition, he scrupulously confined himself to the narrowest limits, and 'never once adopted the hearsay of a hearsay.' It would be superfluous to dwell longer on a book with which no accurate reader of English history can permit himself to be unacquainted. The Memoirs of Lord Walpole, which for a time had given place to those of Sir Robert, were published four years afterwards.

An excursion which he accidentally made in the autumn of 1798, with his friend Sir Richard Colt Hoare, suggested to Mr. Coxe the design of one of his most agreeable works, 'An Historical Tour in Monmouthshire.' He passed several months of 1799 in exploring, with his accustomed enthusiasm and active curiosity, the antiquities and natural beauties of that delightful country, which, in its miniature mountain scenery, contained some sequestered spots that reminded him of his beloved Switzerland, and were then as little or less known

to English travellers. The *Tour*, with prints from the drawings of Sir Richard Hoare, was published in 1801, and may be ranked among the most elegant and interesting publications extant on British topography.

In 1803, Mr. Coxe married Eleonora, daughter of Walter Shairp, Esq. consul-general of Russia, and widow of Thomas Yeldham, Esq., a lady whom he had long known and esteemed, and whose society, through the remaining twenty-five years of his life, was the chief source of his happiness. He was now, by the aid of friends to whom his talents had made him known, and his worth had endeared him, raised above uneasiness with respect to pecuniary fortune. Sir Richard Hoare had given him the rectory of Stourhead, which he afterwards resigned, on being presented by Lord Pembroke to that of Fovant. Bishop Douglas conferred on him a valuable prebend, and the archdeaconry of Wilts; and, by the influence chiefly of the same good patron, he was elected a canon-residentiary of Salisbury.

In the grave but not melancholy retirement of his parsonage at Bemerton, situate a mile from Salisbury, and commemorated by Walton as the residence of the saintly George Herbert, the archdeacon, passed the residue of his life, devoting himself to literature, and to the duties of his sacred office. In the absences occasionally rendered necessary by his literary undertakings, or by other causes, his mind always returned with fondness and longing to Bemerton, the home where his affections most dwelt, and the haven granted him by Providence from many wanderings and many anxieties. It was also the scene of labours which he loved more than other men love rest or the enjoyment of fortune. 'His habits of literary composition' (we borrow the language of a gentleman well acquainted with them*) 'were so confirmed, that they were almost essential to his health. No sooner had he completed one great work, than he laid the foundation for another. He could not, as he expressed it, rest "*les bras croisés*." In earlier life his application was so incessant, that it encroached on the hours requisite for healthful amusement, and even dinner would sometimes be forgotten till nine in the evening. In later years his hours of study were from ten in the morning till three in the afternoon, a period seldom interrupted by any accident, for visitors of whatever rank knew and observed the rule of non-intercourse.' At other times all were cheerfully received. 'Five hours might seem a long time to devote to sedentary occupation, but it was not sedentary, it was active: making due allowances, there was almost as much walking about, and as little rest, as if the employment had been some animating field sport.' His strong memory and extensive knowledge, his long-established habits of study and great practice in composition,

enabled him to refer, to collate, to arrange, and to dictate, with a wonderful rapidity and precision; and these advantages, with his untameable ardour and activity of disposition, carried him through a series of literary undertakings, after the fifty-sixth year of his age, which to most men would appear ample occupation for a life.

A train of reflections, which first rose in his mind on visiting the ruined castle of Rodolph of Hapsburgh, in the canton of Bern, seems gradually to have matured into the design of a History of the House of Austria, which Mr. Coxe at length published in 1807. He had contemplated in that great dynasty 'a family rapidly rising from the possession of dominions which form scarcely a speck in the map of Europe, to a stupendous height of power and splendour; becoming the barrier, under Providence, which arrested the progress of the Mahometan hordes into Christendom; afterwards pre-eminent as the ally of the Catholic church in her struggle against religious truth and civil liberty; but again, in later times, the great bulwark of public freedom, the main counterpoise to the power of France, and the centre on which the vast machine of European politics had invariably revolved.'

To this magnificent subject a considerable part of his studies and researches had for many years been directed; he had pursued it during several visits to Vienna, among the rich historical stores of the Imperial library, and had kept it in his view while examining the various documentary collections which were opened to him when preparing his *Memoirs of the Walpoles*. On none of his former works were so much time and industry bestowed; and his exertion was rewarded not only by public approbation, but by a compliment of less ordinary occurrence. The Archdukes John and Louis, in their journey through England in 1817, paid a visit to the Canonry-House at Salisbury, for the purpose of conversing with the historian of their illustrious family. They warmly commended his accuracy and impartiality, and flattered him in a point which, with a writer on state affairs, is always a sensible one, by expressing surprise at his knowledge of some facts with which they had supposed none but their own family were acquainted. The visit was not a mere formal condescension, for these enlightened princes afterwards rendered the Archdeacon an important assistance in the preparation of his *Life of Marlborough*, by furnishing him with documents from Vienna.

In 1813, he published '*Memoirs of the Kings of Spain of the House of Bourbon, from 1700 to 1788*,' a portion of European history familiar to him from his previous researches. He appropriately dedicated it to the Marquis Wellington, who was at that time accomplishing the glorious deliverance of Spain from the usurpers of the Bourbon sceptre.

On the completion of this work his inde-

* Mr. Rylance, who succeeded Mr. Hatcher in the arduous and confidential office of secretary and amanuensis to Mr. Coxe.

* Preface to the History of the House of Austria.

fatigable mind soon found for itself a new task of higher interest, but of far greater labour; and at the age of sixty-nine, Mr. Coxe began his *Memoirs of John, Duke of Marlborough*. As yet, no satisfactory life of that great warrior and politician had appeared in England. The dutchess, Marlborough's widow, left a thousand pounds for the writer or writers who should complete such a work, but Glover and Mallet, the authors chosen by her for the task, did not even enter upon it. A mightier personage, though not of a more imperious soul, the Emperor Napoleon, willed that a life of Marlborough should be written in France; and the decree was executed by a M. Madgett (assisted, it is said, by the well-known Abbé Duten), with as good success as could be expected from an author who had no access to the best sources of information. The Archdeacon undertook his work under much happier auspices. The inestimable collection of private and state papers at Blenheim, arranged with great care and accuracy by the late Duke, was freely opened by that nobleman to one whose former connexion with the family, added to his other and stronger claims, gave a peculiar propriety to his desire of becoming their historiographer. Lord Hardwicke, and other possessors of original documents, were on this, as on former occasions, liberal and unreserved in confiding them to him; and his good and justly-respected friend, Lord Sidmouth, then Home Secretary, and ever distinguished by zeal in the cause of literature, gave him access to the State Paper Office. The Life appeared in three successive volumes, and was completed in 1819. The testimony of this Journal has been long since given to its merits.* As a memoir illustrative of public transactions, it richly augmented the materials of English and European history; and as a work of biography, it rendered justice to the character of Marlborough, by diffusing a full, clear, and unambiguous light over the events of his astonishing career. Its narrative, authentic and circumstantial, at once satisfies the desire of knowledge and ministers to the love of amusement; and the confidential and animated correspondence with which it is interspersed gives to some parts of it almost the liveliness of those works of fiction where the principal personages, by a series of letters, at once tell the story and develop their own characters and feelings.

While engaged on the Life of Marlborough, Mr. Coxe began to experience that visitation which he pathetically alludes to in his Preface to the Pelham Memoirs,—the failure of sight. The intense labour of a work, in the course of which it is said that he inspected about *thirty thousand* manuscript letters, gave a confirmed ascendency to the disease, and it terminated in a few years in total blindness. It was not without bitter feelings that a man, to whom study had for fifty years been the chief business of life, perceived the sure approach of this catastrophe; but if reading had not

armed him with philosophy, religion had taught him resignation, and with this powerful support the natural energy and vivacity of his mind soon triumphed over the calamity. Nay, so 'sweet are the uses of adversity,' it is said that the social qualities of his mind expanded, and his conversation became more uniformly cheerful and engaging, as the decay of sight obliged him to gain his ideas from the interchange of speech instead of the solitary exercise of the eye. But his literary occupations were not laid aside; with the aid which his infirmity rendered indispensable, he was still able to pursue his long-accustomed labours, and he followed them with his wonted alacrity and confidence. In 1821, he published the 'Correspondence of Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury,' illustrated and connected by historical and biographical narratives; and the remaining years of his life, during which his sight became wholly extinguished, were employed upon the *Memoirs of the Pelham Administration*. It is said by those who assisted him in these labours, that 'his memory, originally retentive, seemed to improve after his loss of sight; and the attention being less withdrawn to external objects, could be more uninterruptedly fixed upon whatever was the immediate object of research.' His power of mental calculation was, from the same cause, rather improved than impaired. The readiness with which he could explain names and reconcile facts and dates became the more admirable, when he could no longer depend on written helps to his memory. He would occasionally detect an error in numbers which escaped those about him; and in referring to authorities for statistical or historical details, it appeared to them that he rather guided than received guidance.

ἡγορητικὸς οὐκ ἔστιν ἄνθρωπος,
'ΑΑΝ' αὐτοῦ καὶ τὸ πνεῦμα ἐξουσιάζει.
Soph. CEd. Colon.

The close of this long, virtuous, and useful life was easy. In his eighty-first year, till which time he had enjoyed almost uninterrupted health, he was attacked by a disorder, not alarming at first, but which soon showed itself to be the forerunner of death. With a calm but not presumptuous spirit he composed himself to obey the awful citation; and, if man may so pronounce of his fellow-mortal, his last end was that of the righteous.

Few have ever left life more rich in 'all that should accompany old age,' public approbation, the affection and reverence of friends and kindred, the esteem of great men and the gratitude of humble ones. It would be no common eulogy to say of so long and active a career that it was accomplished without reproach; but this negative praise would ill express the fervid and generous quality of virtues that were not merely active, but had in them something of enthusiasm. An impatient aversion to base and disingenuous vices, and an ardent and indefatigable benevolence, were the strongest features of his character. The

most vindictive man never followed up an injury more keenly than he pursued a scheme of kindness. Not only his pecuniary means, but his time, his labour, and his influence, were devoted to the offices of charity or friendship with a frankness, and singleness of heart which disclosed at once the most ingenuous mind and the warmest affections. If, as has been observed, he contributed but slightly to literature as a divine, he greatly adorned life as a Christian. Trained up from infancy in the faith and principles which that name implies, and not forgetful of them in his youth, he embraced them with a still firmer attachment when, by assuming the clerical office, he became bound not only to cultivate them in himself, but inculcate them upon others; and there were found after his decease some scattered memorials of his most secret thoughts, which proved that even Herbert, his pious predecessor at Bemerton, scarcely entered upon the sacred ministry with deeper awe or more anxious self-examination.

The vigour of constitution and the lively spirit, which enabled him to go through so many and such various labours, appeared in his person and movements—in an upright stature, lightsome gait, and ruddy but clear complexion, till a very late period of his life. His countenance was strongly marked, indicative of much sense and shrewdness, and readily assuming the expression of playful humour or the most animated benevolence. No one could be long in his society without perceiving that he was a man highly endowed by nature and education, and experienced in the world; but there was an occasional eccentricity in his manner which it is impossible to describe adequately, though any picture of him would be imperfect in which it was wholly omitted. As far as it can be expressed by words, it seemed to be a struggle between the fastidious and shy humour, commonly ascribed to Englishmen—of which he had a more than ordinary portion—and the warmth of heart and impetuosity of temperament by which he was no less distinguished. Something of that wilful singularity in trifles, usually said to be characteristic of old bachelors, appears to have been natural to him even in early youth. About the time of his first leaving college, he passed a few weeks at Margate. After his return, a lady, hearing him speak with enthusiasm of chess, observed that he ought to have been at Margate lately, for there was a melancholy gentleman there who used to play chess by himself in the public library, for hours at a time. Mr. Coxe asked if she knew his face.—‘No, indeed,’ was the answer; ‘but I am sure I should remember his back.’ Mr. Coxe placed himself in the attitude of the chess-player, and was immediately recognised as the melancholy gentleman of the Margate library.

According to the custom of subjoining an autograph to a portrait, we must add that the worthy Archdeacon’s handwriting was not the least striking of his peculiarities. It was a cipher of which few, even among

those accustomed to it, were wholly masters. His correspondents, who valued all his words, (for they were those of wisdom and kindness,) were sometimes tantalized by the total impossibility of extricating them from the tangled black skein that ran along his paper. The infirmity or bad habit which occasioned this defect began early in his life and established itself in spite of expostulation. Mr. Melmoth remonstrated in round and plaintive periods, but in vain:—

‘I am much obliged to you,’ writes Lord Ellenborough to Coxe when at Strasburg, ‘for the entertainment three very agreeable letters have afforded me; they have paid me richly for the trouble I had in deciphering them, for, *entre nous*, they were written in so very *fine* a character, I could scarcely conjecture what they meant to convey, and had not my mind been very congenial to your own, I should never have made it out. Pray, my dear friend, write legibly to your great folks, for it would be melancholy to lose all the effect of the many good things I am sure you send them, by the carelessness of packing them up. For my own part, I continually regret having paid so little attention to so very necessary an art; and as it is now somewhat too late to aim at the graces of writing, I stick fast to what is only in my power, a good plain, stiff, legible character.’

Jacob Bryant, with his homely humour, professed that he thought Buckinger wrote a better foot. ‘But,’ he added, ‘be your hand or foot what it may, your letters, like a mystic talisman, however secret the characters, will always have a pleasing influence with me.’ Another friendly and more dignified monitor, the late venerable Bishop Barrington, once addressed him on the same subject, in a letter which, if the most gentle and courteous remonstrance could subdue an inveterate bad habit, might have brought that wonder to pass.

Mongewell, Jan. 5th, 1798.

‘Dear Sir,—A Frenchman of high rank under the Monarchy, answering a letter which he had received from a person of similar rank, expressed himself thus:—*Par respect, Monsieur, je vous écris de ma propre main; mais, pour faciliter la lecture, je vous envoie une copie de ma lettre.* I will in future forgive the want of respect, if you will have the goodness to follow this Frenchman’s example. I wish to comply with your request—for so far I can decipher, that there is a request—but I must beg to know from your amanuensis what it is.

‘I am, dear Sir, with much regard,

‘Your faithful servant,

‘S. DUNELM.’

Of Mr. Coxe’s literary character, we have said much in the foregoing pages—a few words only remain to be added. Utility was the great aim of all his works. In all of them, even from the earliest, we recognise a predominating good sense and good temper, sound moral and religious principles, and a hearty and honest determination, neither relaxed by indolence nor disturbed by any idle ambition, to do that justice to his subject which shall satisfy a rational inquisitive reader. If, as a biographer, he sometimes took the tone of an advocate (a failing not easily avoided,) the materials

were always at hand, supplied by his integrity and diligence, from which, if his own judgment were faulty, the reader might form a more accurate opinion for himself. As a writer on English history, he was acute, moderate, extensively informed, firmly attached to the well-balanced constitution which this country in his time enjoyed, and a warm friend of that genuine, social liberty, which is but another name for the highest and most comprehensive justice. He combined with a sincere love of truth, an unbounded ardour of research. To his industry nothing seemed impracticable; the works of which we have made some mention are but a part of the labours he achieved, and only the smaller portion of those which he projected.* But his zeal for the extension of knowledge was controlled by an undeviating discretion; and in availing himself of the vast series of original and private documents from which he drew the substance of his biographical and historical writings, he never transgressed against the sacred laws of propriety and good faith. To this perfect rectitude of conduct, more even than to his literary celebrity, may be attributed the success of Mr. Cox, in obtaining, from the representatives of so many distinguished families, the treasures of documentary illustration with which, beyond the example of any former writer, he has enriched English history: and his works, considered in this point of view, are a monument not more of his talents as an author, than of his pure and upright character as a man. 'Hoc non solum ingenii ac literarum, verum etiam nature atque virtutis fuit.'

From the United Service Journal.

NARRATIVE OF THE EXHUMATION OF THE REMAINS OF MAJOR ANDRE.

By J. Buchanan, Esq. H. M. Consul, New York.

British Consulate,
New York, August, 1833.

MR. EDITOR,—In compliance with the urgent suggestion of several officers of high rank in the army, I send you a brief narrative of the facts connected with the removal of the remains of the unfortunate Major

* Among the publications which we have not enumerated, are 'The Life and Select Works of Benjamin Stillingfleet'; 'Lives of Handel and Smith'; a 'Vindication of the Celts'; 'Tracts on the Prisons and Hospitals of Russia, Sweden, and Denmark'; a 'Letter on the Secret Tribunal of Westphalia'; 'Lives of Corregio and Parmegiano'; 'Sermons preached at the Asizes at Salisbury, and at the Anniversary of the Meeting of the Sons of the Clergy'; 'Tracts on the Church Catechism and on Confirmation'; and a Commentary on the Office for the Visitation of the Sick, published since his decease by his brother.

† Cicero, pro Archia, poeta.

Andre, from the place of his suffering at Tappan, in this State, to the Abbey,—there to rest, surrounded by the ashes of the illustrious men who died in the performance of duty in the service of their country. If any one circumstance more than another leads me to accede to the numerous suggestions for years pressed upon me, it is the consideration that this measure strikingly illustrates the high and chivalrous character of one who was peculiarly the soldier's friend—the ever-to-be-lamented Duke of York. For my own part, I question if the military annals of any country furnish such an instance of tender solicitude to heal the distress, which must arise in every British bosom, when reading in our history the fate of Andre; and pardon my saying I am not aware of any reward ever bestowed more calculated to cherish amongst the officers of our army the ambition of well-earned fame,—of a fearless devotion in the performance of perilous duty. It has been justly presumed, indeed known to many, that I had preserved the documents relating to the interesting event; not anticipating, however, that I should have been so often and earnestly solicited to publish them, nor, indeed, meaning that they should go forth to the world. Two circumstances have at all times prevented my sanctioning their publication; the respect due to the feelings of the surviving relatives of the sufferer,—and the prominent place necessarily occupied by myself in the transaction. These considerations are even now so little abated, that I still feel reluctant to incur the responsibility of making the narrative public. However, I yield to better judgment; and as I have no pretension as a writer, I pray that my style may be pardoned. The facts are stated with perfect fidelity, and much is omitted, which, though interesting, I deem proper to leave out.

The state of New York, by a resolution passed in the legislature during the session of 1818, directed,—that the remains of General Montgomery, who fell at Quebec, should be removed from that fortress, where they had been buried with military honours, and deposited in New York.

The excitement arising from that act, and the jealousy which had grown out of the late war between Great Britain and the United States, led, necessarily, to observations springing from such unkindly feelings; and I was hourly annoyed by contrasts drawn from the conduct of the state of New York, as to the remains of General Montgomery, while those of the British soldier, who was sacrificed in the service of his country, in the flower of his youth, (*by a doom, which, in the judgment of many, might have been commuted*), were abandoned and neglected. The grave of Major Andre was at the place of his execution, in an open field, with only a heap of stones to mark the spot, as the trees alone would not have pointed it out; and it was an additional reproach that his body had not been even removed to the neighbouring burying-ground, and a monument, however humble, erected over it.

Influenced by these observations, (and my own feelings, which participated largely in their truth,) I was induced, in the month of April, 1821, to address a letter to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, then commander-in-chief, with a proposal to remove the remains of Major Andre to a place of public interment, or to place a suitable monument on the spot where they reposed. In due course I was honoured with a prompt communication, dated Horse Guards, May 16, 1821, from Sir Herbert Taylor, in which he was pleased to state—"That he was directed to convey to me his Royal Highness's sincere acknowledgments for the communication I had made, and to assure me how sensible his Royal Highness was of the liberal and patriotic feeling which had produced my proposal, that the bones of the brave and unfortunate Major Andre should be collected, and should receive that tribute of respect which is due to the remains and to the memory of a meritorious officer, who had suffered an ignominious death in the honourable discharge of his duty. His Royal Highness most readily directed that I should take such steps as I should consider most advisable for collecting Major Andre's bones, and for having them securely conveyed to Halifax, whence they could be brought to England in one of his Majesty's ships of war, with a view to their being deposited in Westminster Abbey, as his Royal Highness had communicated with the Dean of Westminster, in relation thereto; a copy of whose reply he was pleased to inclose for my information."

The note from the very Reverend the Dean to his Royal Highness was in the following words:—"There is something so pleasing in the proposal made by Mr. Buchanan, that I am persuaded there can be but one feeling as to the propriety of adopting it; I therefore send you, for the information of his Royal Highness, my immediate concurrence, and shall inform the Chapter I have done so."

Upon receipt of Sir Herbert Taylor's letter, I addressed a note to the late greatly esteemed and justly lamented De Witt Clinton, the then governor of the state of New York, praying his Excellency's permission to comply with the orders of his Royal Highness: in reply thereto, I was honoured with a note, of which the following is a copy:—

"New York, 30th July, 1821.

"Sir,—I have received a communication from you relative to the conveyance of the remains of Major Andre from this State to Great Britain, and I have the honour to state in reply, that our laws interpose no obstacle to this measure.

"I am, Sir, with great consideration,

"Your obedient servant,

"DE WITT CLINTON."

"To J. Buchanan, Esq.,

"His Britannic Majesty's Consul, New York."

In consequence of the publicity given to the intended exhumation, numbers of British subjects expressed a wish to attend on the occasion, in order to manifest their feel-

ings of respect for the unfortunate, but highly esteemed, victim of war. Among the many communications, I should not be doing justice to the memory of the late excellent Captain Phillips, did I not on this occasion give an extract from his letter, as to his attending the exhumation.

"Highlands Grange, 28th July, 1821.

"I shall feel myself highly flattered and gratified in any co-operation you may deem expedient, in proving my respect for the memory of Major Andre, whose loss was most universally deplored by all, but more especially by those who had the honour of his acquaintance."

My next step was to proceed to Tappan, distant from this city twenty-four miles. Thither I went, accompanied by Mr. Moore, his Majesty's agent for packets. Upon reaching the village, which does not contain above fifty or sixty houses, the first we inquired at proved to be the very house in which the Major had been confined while a prisoner there, kept by one Dupuy, who was also post-master; who took us to view the room which had been used as his prison. Excited as we were, it would be difficult to describe our feelings on entering this little chamber; it was then used as a milk and store-room; otherwise unaltered from the period of his confinement; about twelve feet by eight, with one window looking into a garden, the view extending to the hill, and directly to the spot on which he suffered, as the landlord pointed out from the window, while in the room, the trees growing at the place where he was buried.

Having inquired for the owner of the field, I waited on the Rev. Mr. Demarat, a baptist minister residing in Tappan, to whom I explained the object of my visit, who generously expressed his satisfaction at the honour, "which at length," to use his words, "was intended the memory of Major Andre," and assured me, that every facility should be afforded by him. Whereupon we all proceeded to examine the grave, attended by many of the inhabitants, who by this time had become acquainted with the cause of our visit; and it was truly gratifying to us, as it was honourable to them, that all were loud in the expressions of their gratification on this occasion.

We proceeded up a narrow lane or broken road, with trees at each side, which obscured the place where he suffered, until we came to the opening into the field, which at once led to an elevated spot on the hill. On reaching the mount, we found it commanded a view of the surrounding country for miles. General Washington's head-quarters, and the house in which he resided, was distant about a mile and a half or two miles, but fully in view. The army lay encamped, chiefly also in view of the place, and must necessarily have witnessed the catastrophe. The field, as well as I could judge, contained from eight to ten acres, and was cultivated; but around the grave the plough had not approached nearer than three or four yards, that space being covered with loose stones thrown

upon and around the grave, which was only indicated by two cedar trees about ten feet high. A small peach tree had also been planted at the head of the grave, by the kindly feeling of a lady in the neighbourhood.

Doubts were expressed by many who attended, that the body had been secretly carried to England, and not a few believed we should not find the remains; but their surmises were set aside by the more general testimony of the community. Having then found the grave, and obtained leave of the proprietor of the field to remove the remains, I made arrangements to do so on the Tuesday following. Having consulted Mr. Eggleso, a cabinet-maker and upholsterer, who had formerly done the work of Dublin Castle, as to the most suitable mode of removal, in a manner becoming the illustrious Prince under whose orders I was acting, he recommended a sarcophagus, which I accordingly ordered to be made, and to be covered with crimson velvet, &c.; aware that thereby I was acting in accordance with the intention of his Royal Highness, in honouring the remains of a soldier who had been buried divested of all honourable appendages. Thus furnished, I proceeded upon the 10th of August, 1821, accompanied by Señor Houghton, the Spanish consul, and attended by Mr. Eggleso, with the sarcophagus, in order to raise the body, previous to removal from Tappan to his Majesty's packet. This mode of proceeding I was led to adopt, as I had been informed that some person had gone from New York, with the view to purchase or rent the field from the worthy clergyman, under the impression I would pay a large sum in order to fulfil his Royal Highness' intention; but, to the honour of this worthy, yet poor pastor, he rejected their offers, and stated he would not, on any account, recede from the promise he had made. Arriving at Tappan by ten o'clock, A. M., though I was not expected until the following Tuesday, as I had fixed, yet a number of persons soon assembled, some of whom betrayed symptoms of displeasure at the proceeding, arising from the observations of some of the public journals, which asserted "that any honour paid Major Andre's remains was casting an imputation on General Washington, and the officers who tried him."

As these characters were of the lowest cast, and their observations were condemned by every respectable person in the village, I yet deemed it prudent, while the worthy pastor was preparing his men to open the grave, to resort to a mode of argument, the only one I had time or inclination to bestow upon them, in which I was sure to find the landlord a powerful auxiliary. I therefore stated to these noisy patriots, that I wished to follow a custom not unfrequent in Ireland, from whence I came, namely, of taking some spirits before proceeding to a grave. The landlord approved the Irish practice, and accordingly supplied abundance of liquor, so that in a short time, General Washington, Major Andre, and the object of my visit, were forgotten by

them, and I was left at perfect liberty, with the respectable inhabitants of the place, to proceed to the exhumation, leaving the landlord to supply the guests, a duty which he faithfully performed, to my entire satisfaction.

At twelve o'clock, quite an unexpected crowd assembled at the grave,—as our proceeding up the hill was seen by the inhabitants all around. The day was unusually fine; a number of ladies, and many aged matrons who witnessed his fall,—who had seen his person,—who had mingled tears with his sufferings,—attended, and were loud in their praises of the Prince, for thus at length honouring one who still lived in their recollection with unsubdued sympathy. The labourers proceeded with diligence, yet caution. Surmises about the body having been removed were revived, and it would be difficult to imagine any event which could convey a degree of more intense excitement.

As soon as the stones were cleared away, and the grave was found, not a tongue moved amongst the multitude,—breathless anxiety was depicted in every countenance. When, at length, one of the men cried out he had touched the coffin, so great was the enthusiasm at this moment, that I found it necessary to call in the aid of several of the ladies to form an enlarged circle, so that all could see the operation; which being effected, the men proceeded with the greatest caution, and the clay was removed with the hands, as we soon discovered the lid of the coffin was broken in the centre. With great care the broken lid was removed, and there to our view lay the bones of the brave Andre, in perfect order. I, among others, for the first time discovered that he had been a small man; this observation I made from the skeleton, which was confirmed by some then present. The roots of the small peach tree had completely surrounded the skull like a net. After allowing all the people to pass round in regular order and view the remains as they lay, which very many did with unfeigned tears and lamentation, the bones were carefully removed, and placed in the sarcophagus, (the circle having been again formed.) After which I descended into the coffin, which was not more than three feet below the surface, and with my own hands raked the dust together, to ascertain whether he had been buried in his regimentals or not, as it was rumoured among the assemblage that he was stripped; for, if buried in his regimentals, I expected to find the buttons of his clothes, which would have disproved the rumour; but I did not find a single button, nor any article, save a string of leather that had tied his hair, in perfect preservation, coiled and tied as it had been on his hair at the time. This string I forwarded to his sister in England. I examined the dust of the coffin so minutely (as the quantity would not fill a quart) that no mistake could have arisen in the examination. Let no unworthy motive be attributed to me for recording this fact; I state it as one which I was anxious to ascertain for the reason given. I do not pre-

tend to know whether buttons would moulder into dust, while bones and a leather string would remain perfect and entire; but sure I am there was not a particle of metal in the coffin. How far these facts accord with the rumours adverted to, others may judge; but it is useful, that all these facts should be brought to light, as it may reasonably be inferred, that if stripped, those who permitted this outrage, or who knew of it, had no idea that the unfeeling act they then performed would be blazoned to the world near half a century after the event; or that the future historian should hold up such procedure to the reproof of all honourable men. Having placed the remains in the sarcophagus, it was borne amidst the silent and unbought regret of the numerous assemblage, and deposited in the worthy pastor's house, with the intention of removing it to his Majesty's packet on the Tuesday following.

I should be ungrateful did I omit doing justice to the feelings of an aged widow, who kept the turnpike-gate on the way to New York, who, upon hearing the object of my visit, declared she felt so much gratified that the remains were to be removed from the field where they had so long lain neglected, that all the carriages should pass free of toll on the occasion. Whether she had this power I know not, but it marks strongly the sentiments of the American people at large, as to a transaction which a great part of the British public have forgotten, at least those in the humbler walks of life, as this gate-keeper was.

On returning to New York, on the evening of the 10th, a citizen of the first respectability called on me and stated, that as political favour was to be obtained by manifesting hatred to every English measure, he had learned that some hot spirits had agreed that they would mark every citizen who should attend, and that they were determined to meet the procession on the way, and throw the sarcophagus into the Hudson. Let not the people of the United States be charged with participating in feelings that could suggest such an outrage. There was nothing in it hostile to the remains of Major Andre; it was to forward political views, just as abuse was poured out upon the present and late President of the United States previous to the late election; yet it is difficult to explain to those not long acquainted with the United States the motives which govern the actions of a democracy, and I am supported in the opinion by men whose judgment I deem sound, that solely from such views did some of the papers in this city and Philadelphia differ from those journals that applauded the removal, as party feeling in political matters generally runs so high, that the favour of one party is sure to subject its object to the opposition of the other. I am thus particular, lest the threatened opposition should be regarded as a mark of the character of the country; and I hope I may be pardoned, while on the subject, in saying, that the manifestation of hatred to Eng-

land is no longer a proof of patriotism, as formerly.

The information, however, led me to act so as to avoid any kind of proceeding likely to produce excitement; and although all that was purposed was to have the attendance of Major M'Neil, Captain Philips of the British army, Captains Ricketts and Laurence of the British navy, the Austrian, Prussian, Russian, and Spanish consuls, as I had declined the offered attendance of a number of the most respectable citizens, (as soon as I found the papers alluded to animadverted in the spirit I have mentioned.) Determined to act promptly, without informing my family, or any others, of my intention, I called on the commander of his Majesty's packet, and we proceeded to Tappan on the evening of Saturday the 11th, taking a gig, in which we rode, and directed a carriage to follow to a place about sixteen miles distant, and there wait for me, without intimating to the party furnishing the gig or carriage my destination. I delayed my departure to get, as night fell, within about four miles of the village, where we stopped at a tavern to feed the horse and refresh ourselves, having come twenty-four miles. While tea was getting ready, a number of the country people came to the tavern, (the usage of the country on a Saturday evening,) among whom, it so happened, were some who had witnessed the exhumation the day before; and inasmuch as no stranger can travel without being questioned through a quarter where strangers are rarely seen, I took every precaution to avoid coming in contact with the persons at the tavern. However, one man came forward, and, without any prefatory observation, by way of introduction, asked me, was I not the British consul, as he thought he had seen me the day before at Tappan. I had no way of retreat; so I told him I was often taken for the consul, and that at times it was very inconvenient to have so close a resemblance to that person. He then began to inform me of the exhumation of Major Andre, the magnificence of the sarcophagus, and that the whole country would be there on Tuesday to join in the procession. I need not say that I got away from this kind and inquisitive person as quickly as possible, as others were approaching, who had they been at Tappan the day before, I know not how I should have got clear of these men, more than the lamented Andre did from those men who met him when he was taken. It was my intention to have stopped at this tavern till twelve o'clock; but I had to decamp, for the reason mentioned. My companion remained concealed in a small back-room, where we got tea; for his appearance would have called forth an examination all my ingenuity could not have delivered us from; an ordeal not to be understood by travellers on great leading roads in Europe. Unfortunately for our object, it was moonlight; and for the first time in my life did I find moonlight unpleasant. I wished for a cloud,—for total

darkness. But no; it was a clear moonlight night: so light, that only those who have witnessed the clear sky of the United States, in latitude 40°, can have any idea of its brightness. But my anxiety for concealment rendered the light intolerable, as so many people were stirring, or, as it is termed in that Dutch quarter "frolicking," on a Saturday night. Moving slowly we entered the village at half-past eleven o'clock; and passing through, I left the gig with my friend under a tree, which obscured them, while I proceeded forward to reconnoitre the worthy pastor's house. To my great annoyance, I heard several voices from a piazza in front of his house, where a number of persons were sitting enjoying the mild moonlight night. I remained under a tree a full hour, within hearing of their conversation, fearing to go forward, lest some of the inhabitants of the village formed part of the group, as I dreaded discovery, as I had learned from my inquisitor at the tavern that great preparation was making to entertain the numbers who would attend the removal on Tuesday, by the several tavern-keepers in Tappan. I also feared to come in contact with the patriots whom, with the aid of the tavern-keeper, I had silenced the day before: I could not expect the same co-operation to leave me at liberty to pursue my object; so I determined to leave nothing to chance, as my friend and I were alone, unarmed and unarmoured. One o'clock having struck, and the voices having diminished, I ventured forward; not without apprehension also of a watch-dog, unprovided as I was, and found the good old minister still outside the house, with some of his relations, who had come to spend a day with him, and see the sarcophagus. I took him aside, before he recognised me, and stated to him the cause of my sudden visit; but he derided my fear; for that such was the feeling of the country and his friends, that he would guarantee all would go off well; and that it would greatly disappoint numbers who were to come to his house next day to see the 'rare spectacle of so grand an article as the sarcophagus.' In fact I found the old gentleman was not to be moved from his purpose. I therefore went in with him, and found his wife a subject more likely to be moved by fear; and I accordingly roused her apprehension so effectually, that she joined me in persuading her husband to acquiesce in my purpose, which he did reluctantly, as he felt for the honour of the community, and, in the simplicity of his heart, did not believe there were such miscreants in the world. All this time my companion remained under the tree, his mind filled with the midnight meeting, of the events which led him and myself to our enterprise; from whence I called him into the house. Having the key of the sarcophagus, I had to open it, so that the relatives who had come might see it; and finding that I had paid above one hundred guineas for it, they were astonished at the munificent disposition of his Royal Highness. Having requested the old lady to inclose it in a quilt, we got it placed

on the gig: and having taken some refreshment, of which we stood much in need, we departed, and returned to the place where I had ordered the carriage to come, into which we got, and proceeded on to New York, where we arrived about five o'clock on the morning of Sunday. Having arranged to have a boat in waiting from his Majesty's packet, with feelings that never shall be effaced from my memory, I placed the remains under the British flag.

As soon as the removal of the sarcophagus to the packet was known in this city, it was not only honourable to the feelings of the citizens, but cheering to my mind, depressed as it had been, to find the sentiments which prevailed. Ladies sent me flowers; others, various emblematic devices, garlands, &c., to decorate the remains of the 'lamented and beloved Andre.' A beautiful and ornamented myrtle among those sent, I forwarded with the sarcophagus to Halifax, where Lieut. General Sir James Kempt, governor of Nova Scotia, caused every proper mark of respect to be paid to the remains. From thence they reached London, and were deposited near the monument which had been erected to his memory in the Abbey, and a marble slab placed at the foot of the monument, on which is set forth their removal by the order of his Royal Highness the Duke of York.*

Having represented to his Royal Highness the generous conduct of the Rev. Mr. Demarat, I recommended that his Royal Highness should convey to him a snuff-box, made out of one of the trees which grew at the grave, which I sent home. But my suggestion was far outdone by the princely munificence of his Royal Highness, who ordered a box to be made out of the tree, and lined with gold, with an inscription, "From his Royal Highness the Duke of York, to the Rev. Mr. Demarat." While speaking of this act of liberality, I was unexpectedly honoured with a silver inkstand, with the following inscription:—"The surviving sisters of Major Andre to James Buchanan, Esq., his Majesty's Consul, New York." They also sent a silver cup, with a suitable inscription, to Mr. Demarat. I need not add, that I cherish this inkstand, (which I am now using,) and shall bequeath it to my children as a memorial which I prize with no ordinary feeling.

I omitted to mention, that I had the peach tree which had been planted on the grave (the roots of which had surrounded the skull, as set forth) taken up with great care, with as much of the clay as it was possible to preserve around the roots, and brought it to my garden in New York, where my daughters attended it with almost pious solicitude, shading it during the heat of the day, watering it in the cool of

* We shall procure and insert a transcript both of the original inscription on the monument, and of that added by the Duke of York, as showing that H. R. H. was influenced by the desire to do that which appeared to him consistent with the course which his revered Father had pursued.—Ed.

the evening, in the hope of preserving it to send to England. Had it reached his sisters, they would no doubt have regarded it as another Minerva; for, though it did not spring out of, yet it was nourished by, their beloved brother's head.

I have only to add, that, through the kind interference of my brother consul at Philadelphia, I obtained Major Andre's watch, which he had to part with when a prisoner, during the early part of the war. This watch I sent to England lately; so that I believe every vestige connected with the subject of this narrative has been sent to the land of his birth, in the service of which his life was sacrificed.

J. BUCHANAN.

From the Athenæum.

ROGERS, SOUTHEY, MONTGOMERY, GRAHAME, HOGG.

By Allan Cunningham.

ROGERS.—If we observe in the strains of Crabbe, a leaning to the sneering and the cynical, we meet with no such unwelcome things in the works of Samuel Rogers: like Crabbe, he is distinguished for a terseness of expression; for thinking correctly and writing clearly; for loving scenes of humble life, and preferring landscapes which, like those of Gainsborough, belong more to reality than imagination. Here the resemblance ends; the tasteful muse of Rogers selects topics of a pure and poetic order; he refuses to unlatch the door of the lazaret-house; he delights in contemplating whatever is fair and beautiful; and has no wish to describe Eden for the sake of showing the Evil Spirit crawling among the trees, and lying like a toad at the ear of beauty and innocence to inspire mischief.

There are three poems, all of original merit, with something of similarity in title—the 'Pleasures of Imagination'—the 'Pleasures of Hope'—and the 'Pleasures of Memory.' With the titles the similitude ends. The poem of Akenside is for the present, that of Campbell for the future, and that of Rogers for the past. There is most fine poetry in the first, most enthusiasm in the second, and most human nature in the third. 'The Pleasures of Memory' was published in the year 1792, and became at once popular. To the spirit of original observation, to the fine pictures of men and manners, and to the remarks on the social and domestic condition of the country, which mark the disciples of the newer school of verse, are added the terseness, smoothness, and harmony of the old. The poem abounds with happy and brilliant hits; with passages which remain on the memory, and may be said to please rather than enchant one; to take silent possession of the heart, rather than fill it with immediate rapture. Hazlitt, with something of that perverseness, which even talent is not without, said, the chief fault of Rogers was want of genius

and taste. Perhaps in the whole list of living men of genius, no one can be named whose taste in poetry is so just and delicate. This is apparent in every page of his compositions; nay, he is even fastidious in his taste, and rejects much in the pictures of manners and feelings which he paints, which other authors, whose taste is unquestioned, would have used without scruple. His diction is pure, and his language has all the necessary strength without being swelling or redundant: his words are always in keeping with the sentiment. He has, in truth, great strength; he says much in small compass, and may sometimes be charged with a too great anxiety to be brief and terse. It was the error of the school in which his taste was formed, to be over anxious about the harmony and polish of the verse; and he may be accused of erring with his teachers. Concerning the composition of 'The Pleasures of Memory,' it is related that he corrected, transposed, and changed, till he exhausted his own patience, and then turning to his friends, he demanded their opinions, listening to every remark, and weighing every observation. This plan of correction is liable to serious objections. The poet is almost sure of losing in dash and vigour more than what he gains by correctness; and, as a whole, the work is apt to be injured, while individual parts are bettered. Poetry is best hit off at one heat of the fancy: the more it is hammered and wrought on, the colder it becomes. The sale of 'The Pleasures of Memory' continued to be large, though 'The Pleasures of Hope' came into the market.

Rogers was some thirty years old when his first poem was published; when his second appeared he was fifty. A great change had come over the world in the interval: the little world of the muse had undergone a sort of revolution. A number of eminent poets had arisen—not men who, like Gray, were content to print one small volume, and then remain silent—but bards who poured out, fast and bright, a succession of epic poems and rhyme romances, all long compositions, and who promised more. Nor was this all; with the exception of Campbell, the whole of those poets, from natural impulse or taste, had strung their harps to other melody than what had hitherto charmed: they were not content with filling the market with poetic wares; they changed pattern and texture, and led away the public taste from a commodity which had been fashionable for a century. With all these drawbacks, 'The Voyage of Columbus' was favourably received; the story of that navigator's wondrous undertaking is indeed ever interesting; we peruse and re-peruse the tale of his fortunes with undiminished interest, and set him down as one of the most undaunted heroes of Christian chivalry. The whole undertaking is of itself poetic; no one can take away, add, or embellish; and it is to the credit of Rogers's taste, that he sought, by a succession of scenes, copied from the picturesque events of the voyage, to bring the whole before the reader's fancy. In this he succeeded; yet

the poem did not make its way so readily to men's hearts as the 'Pleasures of Memory.' Little that was new was said about Columbus; and I believe I am right in saying, that we prefer history in prose to history in verse.

Some two years or so after the publication of 'Columbus,' the poem of 'Jacqueline' made its appearance, accompanied by the poem of 'Lara,' by Byron. This was an injudicious step; it was not possible for the muse of the elder bard to have fair play: the world was bewitched with the genius of the young one; was desirous of redressing the grievous wrong done him by the *Edinburgh Review*; and, moreover, knowing that he was a little wild and whimsical, looked for some of his personal adventures in the burning rhymes he wrote. The mild, the amiable, and the graceful Jacqueline, was an unfit companion for the moody, mysterious, and revengeful Lara. With how little justice 'Jacqueline' was looked coldly on, may be gathered from the following fine passage: others as good, and some better, abound.

Soon as the sun the glittering pane
On the red floor in diamonds threw,
His songs she sung, and sung again,
Till the last light withdrew.
Every day, and all day long,
He mused or slumbered to a song.
But she is dead to him, to all!
Her late hangs silent on the wall;
And on the stairs and at the door
Her fairy foot is heard no more!
At every meal an empty chair
Tells him that she is not there.

This ill-assorted union was dissolved by the bookseller; no estrangement, however, took place between the poets; they were frequently to be seen and found together: Moore, and, for a time, Campbell, were added to the coterie, and many jests were scattered about Lara and Jacqueline, and much wine consumed. Some one said to Byron, it was a Sternhold and Hopkins sort of affair. Rogers aspired no more to tell true-love stories, either serious or comic: he probably desired to read his noble companion a lesson in his next essay, which was the poem entitled 'Human Life.' This work stands high in public esteem; it contains passages worthy of any poet: the chief fault is the breadth and length of the subject. It is seldom, I fear, that the sad condition of man is changed, or his morals amended, by gentle verse and by courteous admonition. When the poet makes every touch of his satiric thong tell on the culprit like a Russian knout, his powers are respected; but Rogers had no desire to tie up human nature and give it a flogging; he passed it under a tender and merciful review, and spoke of it as a work honourable to its maker. The poet saw only the bright side of the scene;—a man with choice fruits on his garden walls, fine wines on his sideboard, savoury dishes done to a turn on his table, and money in the bank to work while he sleeps, will not likely think that human life is a gift scarce worth receiving. He loved to look at man

Well fed, well lodged, and gently handled.

His last poem is that called 'Italy'; it abounds with fine passages, with descriptions which have all the brightness of Claude's landscapes, and with groups which have the invention of Flaxman and the gracefulness of Chantry. It may be instanced as a confirmation of my opinion of his taste, that he has illustrated this work by aid of the pencils of Stothard and Turner, in a way so beautiful, that it surpasses all other works in the exquisite grace and simplicity of its embellishments.

Rogers is the only affluent worshipper of the muse—he is a banker, and as such bears an honest name; he lives in St. James's Place, and has some choice pictures by his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many matters rare and curious; among which, the agreement of Milton regarding 'Paradise Lost,' and of Dryden respecting his translation of Virgil, both bearing their signatures, are the most remarkable. He is, in all respects, an accomplished gentleman; he has always borne his fame and fortune meekly; his conversation is rich and various, concise and epigrammatic. He has lived much in the society of the learned, the noble, and the inspired; and of all whom he knew he has something clever to relate. He has lived some seventy years in the world, and, as he has seen much, and is not without a spirit of observation, his Reminiscences would make a surpassing book. He has the best taste in painting of any of our poets, nor is his sense of sculpture inferior.

SOUTHEY.—They are poets whose genius is not confined to verse, but who, after reaching almost to the summit of Parnassus, descend and travel into the wide domains of history, and gain a name in the cause of truth, rivalling their fame in fiction. Robert Southey is of these, and one of the most distinguished. He was born in the parish of Christ Church, Bristol, in the year 1774: his parents were of such substance as to be able to give him an excellent education: he was some time in Westminster School, where he gained a name for being both stirring in play and quick in his lessons: what he acquired in Westminster, he took with him to the University: but he did not remain long there. He gave in his adhesion to the muses early, and courted public notice in a succession of poems of an epic stamp, which raised him high in the ranks of inspiration. 'Joan of Arc' was written before he was twenty-one years old: the preface is dated November 1795: in all the history of our poetry, we have no poem of that high order—containing such truly heroic and deeply pathetic passages, written by one so youthful. In those days—when the bard was young and ardent, and before reflection and the world had sobered down his notions, he was smitten with the theories of the revolutionists of France, and rejoiced in their promises of equality in all matters save genius. In this he went hand in hand with almost all the nation, for who did not rejoice to see a

dotting tyranny trampled to dust, and a hope of liberty held out for enslaved millions? But soon after he published his first epic, Southey beheld the Goddess of Freedom metamorphosed into the Demon of Conquest, and the citizens of France marching to the subjugation of free states, with a chief whose war-cry was universal dominion. The poet turned from the French—not from freedom—and lent his aid to his own land, then menaced by the "Friends of the People," with right good-will. This very natural line of conduct has raised a hue and cry of political heresy against him, which is often renewed. Byron was one of the bitterest of his foes; and has left traces of this unamiable spirit in too many places of his works.

To the 'Joan of Arc,' succeeded 'Thalaba,' an Arabian poem, with much of the wonderful and wild, but more of the natural and heroic; the introduction—more brief than common with Southey—is dated Cintra, October 1800. The irregular measure in which it is written, he looks on as the Arabesque ornament of an Arabian tale, and says truly, that the dullest reader cannot distort it into discord. It is, indeed, musical,

How beautiful is Night!

A dewy freshness fills the silent air:
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full orb'd glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths;
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is Night!

The poem relates the fortunes of the heroic orphan Thalaba, who, by the aid of virtue, and love, and courage, triumphs over spiritual as well as material enemies. It is a moving story—for, of all our poets, Southey has the truest pathos.

'Madoc,' which appeared in 1805, is a poem founded on a Welsh tradition, that in the twelfth century one of the Princes of Wales led a band of adventurers in search of a more hospitable land than their own, and formed a settlement in America. "Strong evidence," says the poet, "has been adduced, that he reached America, and that his posterity exist there to this day, on the southern branches of the Missouri." That the country has since been explored, and no Welsh Indians found, makes nothing against the beauty of the poem. The narrative is in blank verse, "the noblest measure," says the poet in the preface to *Thalaba*, "in my judgment, of which our admirable language is capable." Of this fine measure, he has here and elsewhere shown himself a great master. To the regular 'Madoc,' succeeded the wilder 'Kehama,' a tale of the Hindoos; emblazoning the superstitious beliefs, and impulses, and feelings, and manners of that singular people. It was printed, I think, in the year 1809; the story relates the triumph of the powerful and wicked, through the means

of a prayer and a curse, over the beautiful and the pure, till time and penance remove the charm, and truth and virtue prevail. The measure is irregular—sometimes with and without rhyme; but always harmonious and pleasing to the ear: nor are the attractions of fancy and sensibility wanting. The character of young Neallinay, and the detail of her sufferings, are full of tenderness and pathos—of gentleness and the exquisite simplicity of nature. It is altogether a magnificent fiction, and though its machinery and manners were strange to the public ear, it was well received, and went through various editions.

With 'Roderick the Last of the Goths,' Southey resolved, it seems, to bid farewell to national and historic fiction: it is the last of his greater poems; and though not in matters of fancy and imagination the highest, is considered, and I think justly, not only as the most touching of his productions, but the most affecting and heroic poem of modern times. It has the pathos of sentiment and of situation, and is written in vigorous and massive blank verse, and in such manly and racy English, as few bards of these our latter days can approach. Of this, the flight of Roderick may serve as a specimen of what is impressed on every page of the poem:—

From the throng

He turned aside, unable to endure
This burthen of the general wo: nor walls,
Nor towers, nor mountain fastnesses he sought:
A firmer hold his spirit yearn'd to find,
A rock of surer strength. Unknowing where,
Straight through the wild he hastened all the day,
And with unslackened speed was travelling still,
When evening gathered round. Seven days
from morn
Till night he travelled thus: the forest oaks,
The fig-grove by the fearful husbandman
Forsaken to the spoiler: and the vines,
Where fox and household dog together now
Fed on the vintage, gave him food: the hand
Of heaven was on him, and the agony
Which wrought within, supplied a strength beyond
The natural force of man.

Roderick escaped, in the poet's song, from the fatal field in which he lost his crown to the Moors; sought, by a life of mortification and repentance, to appease offended Heaven, and finally appeared as a stranger warrior in the ranks of his own army, turned the tide of battle by his valour, and having saved the country he had injured, departed, and was seen no more. In the minor poems of Southey there is great and various merit; some are of joyous, others of a satiric nature: the former have tender passages amid their mirth, and the latter are discerning and sarcastic, wear an air of simplicity and sincerity, and pass the objects of their invective or their scorn under the "saws and harrows of iron," with such readiness and force as rank the author high among the sons of satiric song.

Southey has the great merit of being original in his conceptions, in his subjects, and in the structure of his verse; he is ever

equable, clear and flowing—has matter always ready, imagery at command, and so earnest and possessed with his theme, as never, for a moment, to cease to interest us. His thoughts are generally just and noble; he is a lover of mercy, an admirer of whatever is generous and heroic. His poems have survived the sternest and most unmitigated criticism; against him, as against Wordsworth, critics bent their sharpest shafts, and, for a time, appeared to daunt, disconcert and oppress him; because his song was unlike that of other men, he was treated with all this contumely; his fault was his merit; had he sung as others have done, he might have sung pleasingly and with effect; but he gave way to his own emotions, and, at the risk of critical martyrdom, established himself as an original, who copied but from his own heart and conceptions. His life has been laborious and exemplary; he is one of our most fruitful and successful writers; his biographies and histories are considered by many superior to his poems; his mind overflows with all kinds of knowledge. He lives at Keswick, in as retired a way as his high fame will allow, and few travellers of any taste visit the Lakes without desiring to see the poet of *Thalaba*, the biographer of Nelson, or the historian of Brazil.

MONTGOMERY.—To write the life of James Montgomery would be to compose something like a romance. He was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, 4th November, 1771; his father, a Moravian preacher, removed him, at the age of four years, to Antrim, in Ireland; he remained there for a year, and was then transferred to the Moravian seminary at Fulnick, in Yorkshire, to be educated, whilst his father and mother sailed to the West Indies for the purpose of instructing the negroes of Barbadoes. His parents perished in this venturous mission, and the young poet was nurtured and instructed by the good and generous Moravians. The state in which he was kept was not a little monastic; for ten years he was secluded from the world; but the result was admirable scholarship—and, what the brethren little perhaps expected, a resolution to be a poet. At ten years of age he was a writer of verses; at fourteen he had filled two volumes with his attempts, and the Moravian brotherhood concluding that out of such materials it was in vain to try to make a missionary, had him articulated first to one tradesman, then to another; the young poet either disliked business or restraint, and, having grown up almost to manhood, resolved to seek something for himself. He accordingly, in the year 1792, associated himself with the editor of the *Sheffield Register*, a journal vehement in the cause of public freedom; a clergyman wrote a song in honour of the fall of the Bastille: Montgomery boldly printed it, and in 1795 was fined twenty pounds and imprisoned for three months in York Castle. On his release he wrote an account of a riot in Sheffield, in which two men were killed; an indictment for a libel was the consequence; he was fined thirty pounds and sent for six

months to prison. The magistrate at whose instigation he was prosecuted, relented afterwards of his conduct, and sought, by kindness and public attention, to efface all remembrance of his sufferings.

He was, however, so little affected by the rigours of a jail, that he wrote what he called '*Prison Amusements*'—a series of poems, sometimes light and airy, and occasionally serious and mournful—they were published in 1797. The retired leisure of Scarborough afforded him an opportunity of composing '*The Ocean*,' a poem; this was in 1805, and in 1806 the injuries of Switzerland inspired him with the idea of giving a picture of the misery to which a Swiss family were driven by the fraternal affection of the French. The poem is of a dramatic character, and exhibits both ardour and sensibility, though the measure is the worst that could be chosen for tenderness or emotion. '*The West Indies*' followed; the poem was published in a most expensive form, and such was the demand that ten thousand copies were sold. In the year 1812, he wrote '*The World before the Flood*;' though the time was remote, the country welcomed the poem warmly; nor was '*Greenland*,' a poem which gave an account of the Moravian missions to that land of frost and snow, overlooked, though a fragment; his last extensive poem was '*The Pelican Island*,' in nine cantos, suggested by a passage in the voyage of Captain Flinders to New Holland. One of his most popular works is called '*Songs of Zion*,' or, in other words, versions of the Psalms of David. The verse is generally easy and harmonious, but in simplicity and graphic truth our ancient versions are not approached. The merits of Montgomery as a poet must be gathered from the approbation of the world, and not from the opinion of the *Edinburgh Review*. His thoughts are pure and elevated, his diction fluent and harmonious; he maintains an equal flight, never high, never low; he is calm, but not impetuous; has much tenderness, but no ecstacy. In person he is above the middle height, with looks composed and melancholy; he is widely esteemed, and is in his nature friendly and obliging.

GRAHAME.—The poem of '*The Sabbath*' will long endear the name of James Grahame to all who love the due observance of Sunday, and are acquainted with the devout thoughts and poetic feelings which it inspires. Nor will he be remembered for this alone; his '*British Georgics*' and his '*Birds of Scotland*,' rank with those productions whose images and sentiments take silent possession of the mind, and abide there when more startling and obtrusive things are forgotten. There is a quiet natural ease about all his descriptions; a light and shade both of landscape and character in all his pictures, and a truth and beauty which prove that he copied from his own emotions, and painted with the aid of his own eyes, without looking, as Dryden said, through the spectacles of books. To his fervent piety as well as poetic spirit the public has borne testimony, by purchasing many copies

of his works. 'The Birds of Scotland' is a fine series of pictures, giving the form, the plumage, the haunts, and habits of each individual bird, with a graphic fidelity rivaling the labours of Wilson. His drama of 'Mary Stuart' wants that passionate and happy vigour which the stage requires; some of his songs are natural and elegant; his 'Sabbath Walks,' 'Biblical Pictures,' and 'Rural Calendar,' are all alike remarkable for accuracy of description and an original turn of thought. He was born at Glasgow, 22nd April, 1765: his father who was a writer, educated him for the bar, but he showed an early leaning to the Muses, and such a love of truth and honour as hindered him from accepting briefs which were likely to lead him out of the paths of equity and justice. His 'Sabbath' was written and published in secret, and he had the pleasure of finding the lady whom he had married among its warmest admirers; nor did her admiration lessen when she discovered the author. His health declined; he accepted the living of Sedgemore, near Durham, and performed his duties eloquently and well till within a short time of his death, which took place 14th September, 1814.

Hogg.—The rustic school of Scottish poetry was established by kings: James the First, with his 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' and James the Fifth, with the witty rustic grace of his ballads, gave a tone and character to our spontaneous verse which has been well supported by Ramsay, Ferguson, and Tannahill, and extended and exalted by the impassioned energy and vigorous intellect of Burns. James Hogg, or the Ettrick Shepherd, as he loves to call himself, is acknowledged on all hands to be the living and visible head of this national school of song; his genius seems the natural offspring of the pastoral hills and dales of the Border; and its speculations, whether in verse or prose, come to us in the way that gold comes from the mine, unwinnowed and unrefined, for he is without higher education than what enables him to write his wayward fancies, and read them when he has done.

He was born on the 25th of January, 1772, thirteen years after the birth of Burns; nor was his appearance on the birth-day of the great poet the only circumstance which marked that something remarkable was given to the world; a midwife was wanted, and a timid rider was sent for her, who was afraid to cross the flooded Ettrick; his hesitation was perceived by an elfin spirit—the kindly Brownie of Bodsbeck, who unhorsed the tardy rustic, carried home the midwife with the rapidity of a rocket, and gave a wild shout when the new-born poet was shown to the anxious parents. A child thus ushered into the world could not well be otherwise than something more than common; but it, perhaps, was not considered by his father and mother in any better light than a visitation of Providence, when they discovered, as he grew up, that his vocation was poetry, and that all these romantic circumstances had but marked that another victim was added to the melancholy catalogue of martyrs in the cause of the

Muse. He learned to read with difficulty; acquired a slight knowledge of penmanship in a quarter's schooling; was taught how to watch lambs on the mountains, smear sheep, and play on the fiddle. His parents were poor and humble, and could educate him no farther. As he grew up he began to instruct himself; but, above all, it was his pleasure to make long ballads, and sing them on the hill-sides to all who were willing to listen; it was more easy to make rhymes than commit them to paper; he, however, mastered this, and having done, thought of having them printed. This he accomplished during a journey to Edinburgh with a flock of lambs; and, save the song of 'Donald Macdonald,' which had made its appearance, the first work which the Shepherd gave to the world was 'Willie and Katie,' a plain, rough-spun pastoral, with some finer touches in it to mark that better was coming.

Having made the acquaintanceship of Sir Walter Scott, and acquired some confidence in his growing powers from the approbation with which his verses were received in the Scottish periodicals, he wrote a series of ballads, and published them by subscription, under the name of 'The Mountain Bard.' Several of these compositions were of great merit: 'Gilmancleugh' has much tenderness and simplicity, and the wild tale of 'Willie Wilkin' aspires to rank with the 'Glenfinlas' of Scott. The description of the spectre horses, is surpassed by nothing in ballad verse. The hero of the story went to a meeting of warlocks, witches, and evil spirits, held in an old churchyard at midnight, his mother, a devout woman, followed, and was astonished at finding her son's horse standing in a rank of gigantic coursers, among which he seemed but as a foal. She stretched her hands out to stroke their mighty sides, and perceived, to her horror, that they were spectral, for every wave that she gave her arms, a gap was left behind.—There were, however, some of the ballads not equal to this, and they were moreover deformed with a homeliness of language, which might be tolerated in the minstrels, but not endured in modern song.

Hogg acquired money and made friends by these speculations, and was emboldened to take a farm; but the star of Burns found him out: he did not succeed, and, what was worse, when he sought employment as a shepherd, no one would employ a man who, besides the misfortune of failing as a pastoral farmer, was afflicted with the incurable malady of poetry. What could he do? He wrapped his plaid about him, took a staff in his hand, and marched boldly into Edinburgh, as Burns did before him, resolved to be a poet, and seek his bread by it, since no better might be. He found many obstacles, and though Scott was kind, and Wilson friendly, Constable refused to smile, and the Shepherd bard was compelled to try his fortune by starting a new periodical, which appeared under the name of 'The Spr.' This proved an unfortunate undertaking: the sale was low, and had just reached the

remunerating point, when some of the city spirits took fright at sundry rude unpruned expressions of the hills, and, withdrawing their subscriptions, stopped the publication. All this while, however, Hogg had been secretly at work, and when many were imagining he would be silenced for ever, surprised his friends and charmed the country by publishing 'The Queen's Wake.' Those who the day before had shunned him, now sought his friendship; the titled and the beautiful were not slow in admiring; even some of the joyous citizens of Edinburgh saluted him across the street with homely greetings such as these; "What for have ye been pestering us with daft songs and daffier essays, and had such a noble poem as this in your head? It has taken a night's sleep from me—it'll do, I'll warrant it—else nought will do."

The poem is unequal, and it could not well be otherwise; it consists of the songs of many minstrels in honour of Queen Mary, united together by a sort of recitative, very rambling, amusing and characteristic. Some of the strains of the contending Bards are of the highest order, both of conception and execution; the Abbot of Eye has great ease, vigour, and harmony, and the story of the Fair Kilmeny, for true simplicity, exquisite loveliness, and graceful and original fancy, cannot be matched in the whole compass of British song. A new vein of superstitious feeling is opened. So truly poetic and yet so justly natural is the whole narrative, that even the surliest critic—and such was not wanting—could fix on no blemish, and all ordinary readers acknowledged it to be at once elegant, moral and impressive, and in harmony with superstitious belief. There are other songs scarcely inferior to these, and of a totally different sort. I allude particularly to the Witch of Fife, a ballad of singular humour and fancy, but perhaps not quite so original. Such a poem soon wrought its way in public esteem; when it had reached a third edition the Edinburgh reviewers sent forth a critique upon it, acknowledging its general merits, and speaking with kindness of the author. But the patronising air of the review could not be otherwise than offensive to a man of independent feeling, who was seeking fame and not alms.

Other poems soon made their appearance from the same hand: 'The Pilgrims of the Sun,' a wild tale, and sufficiently poetical; 'The Poetic Mirror,' in which Hogg, under pretence of editing a series of poems by the chiefs of the living bards, has imitated their styles with considerable ability; 'Mador of the Moor,' in five cantos, containing much of the wild and the wonderful; and finally, 'Queen Hinde,' a poem about a princess of Scotland's elder day, when the Danes filled our firths with navies and our land with fears. The first of his larger poems was published in 1813, the last in 1825, but none of them, though all containing passages of feeling and fancy, and exhibiting a glowing and fluent diction, equalled the 'Queen's Wake,' which had stories for all hearts, and a variety wonderfully attractive. These, however, by no means make up the amount

of Hogg's productions; he wrote a succession of prose romances and tales, which entitle him to a separate consideration and place among the novelists of his day; and he sent to the world many short poems and songs; some of the latter of great pastoral beauty, simplicity, and truth. There is a warmth, a sincerity, and a sweetness of fancy in his lyrics, which will long preserve them among the mountains, and now and then procure them applause in the city, when affectation and smartness yield to the emotions of the heart.

Hogg is what he represents himself, a shepherd. He was so when I first met him on Queensberry, with his plaid around him, his dogs beside him, and his heart full of kindness and poetry. He lives on the Yarrow, on a sheep farm bestowed on him by the munificent Duke of Buccleuch; he finds fish in the stream, lambs on the braes, game on the hills, and leads a life of quiet independence, free from the din of aught less musical than the murmur of the brooks. As a poet he stands high; in energy of expression and passionate ecstasy he is much inferior to Burns; but he is second to no one in natural flights of a free and unfettered fancy. The peculiar qualities of his compositions, and being the chief of the Peasant school, whose students are not at all numerous, give him every chance of fame hereafter. He stands by the force of his genius alone, and holds all but the highest place in a literature, which more than approaches that of the polished and the learned.

From the Monthly Review.

Report of Proceedings on a Voyage to the Northern Parts of China, in the Ship Lord Amherst. Extracted from papers, printed by order of the House of Commons, relating to the Trade with China. 1 vol. 8vo. London: Fellowes. 1833.

It were to be wished that the publishers of this volume had preceded the present Report by some explanation of the origin and objects of the voyage to which it relates. All that we can possibly glean indirectly from many parts of the work, throws very little light upon this subject, or rather tends very much to perplex us in our speculations as to the real cause and bearing of the expedition. The sum of what we can collect upon this head is simply this, that the Amherst, with Mr. Lindsay and the Rev. Mr. Gutzlaff on board, sailed from Bengal in February, 1832, for the Northern ports of China; that she was laden with a cargo of broad cloth, camlets, calico, cotton, and other goods; and, from some passages in the Report, it is also to be inferred that the vessel was fitted out by the authority of the East India Company, for the purpose of an experiment, which had for its object to ascertain generally the state of the country, and particularly the disposition of the Chinese people to trade with foreign nations, in spite of the prohibition which had been

immemorably established by the obstinate government of that empire. It is exceedingly probable that this is the true view of the case; at least, there is no circumstance stated in the report which can be deemed inconsistent with such a view; nevertheless, it would have been only proper in the publishers to have taken the little pains that might have been necessary to remove all doubt upon a point which was so obviously essential to the whole purpose of the publication. Assuming, therefore, for a certainty, that we have made out a conclusion as to the nature of the expedition, we proceed at once to the very curious, and we believe they will prove ultimately very important, details of this voyage to the Northern coast of China.

After the party had gained sight of the coast for which the ship was destined, they met with a series of very adverse weather, which obliged them repeatedly to anchor in convenient positions near the coast. On all these occasions they landed and made excursions into the adjoining country, and, upon the whole, were greatly pleased with their reception. They either walked in a body, or proceeded up the rivers, in boats, to the cities or towns, and in the coolest manner, not only entered them, but walked up to the Mandarin's house for the purpose of explaining who they were. Now, the general notion which we had hitherto entertained of any attempt on the part of a foreigner to get into the precincts of China, was, that at once he met with an obstacle, and was driven back by main force. Perhaps the impression all over the world that this was actually the case, may explain the infrequency of such attempts; for, that they were very rare is readily proved by the fact that wherever the party from the ship made its appearance before the inhabitants, it was looked upon with utter amazement, and was followed by crowds through the streets, as a spectacle entirely new and inexplicable. It occurs, however, uniformly, that the Mandarins and other Chinese individuals in authority, showed the greatest uneasiness at the presence of the "barbarians" as they were every where designated; and the party never failed to be told by these officers that they must depart without delay. The two gentlemen, Messrs. Lindsay and Gutzlaff enjoyed the extraordinary advantage of a knowledge of the Chinese, and it was to this circumstance that the whole of their unparalleled success was owing; for, it was by their remonstrances and threats, firmly and manfully made, that they induced the Chinese to listen to them: and the proofs which they met with of the facility of making an impression on the inhabitants, present us with an entirely new and auspicious view of their character. It was altogether by this acquisition of the language that the party were able to guide their ship through the dense mass of junks stationed round the ports, and in which they found Chinese officers always ready on their arrival to insist upon their departure, but also exceedingly disinclined after a few moments expostulation to carry their me-

naces into effect. However, in all cases without exception, the party found that any spirit of opposition by which they were annoyed, was wholly confined to persons in authority; the great body of the people in the towns and villages which they visited, not only not joining in acts of hostility, but actually emulating each other in efforts to conciliate and compliment the strangers. Thus, at Shin Tseun, a walled town, built on the left bank of a considerable river of the same name, where the party remained for several days, they were every where surrounded by crowds of wondering inhabitants, whose demeanour was uniformly kind and polite. The little they had was readily offered to the party; and in the villages it was frequently a contest among them who should prevail on the strangers to enter their cottage and partake of their humble fare.

The villagers seemed quite surprised when told the party would be delighted to see them on board their ship; and the day after their arrival, many availed themselves of our offer, bringing off fish and vegetables. Both here and at Cup-chee several poor people profited by Mr. Gutzlaff's medicines.

The various excursions to which we have been hitherto alluding, were made on a line of coast which circumscribes the northern portion of the province of Canton. The Amherst proceeded forwards, and came at length to the island of Namø, which is the second Chinese naval station of Canton. The island itself is divided geographically into two divisions, the one being in Canton, and the other in the province of Fokien. Here the party met with the strongest proofs of the jealousy and suspicion of the mandarins. Wishing, says Mr. Lindsay, to go on board one of their war-junks, we were refused admission, under pretence that the admiral had issued positive orders that no one should hold the slightest communication with us. There were several large trading vessels wind-bound here, and on sailing past one we went on board by the express invitation of her commander, an intelligent and respectable person, who received us with the greatest cordiality. We had been here but few minutes, before no less than three small war-boats with mandarins joined us, and at first commenced angrily upbraiding the captain for entering into communication with barbarians. An interesting and amusing conversation followed, in which we soon found, that, though our opponents were very ready to commence with violent and angry words, yet that a mixture of independent and good-humoured argument very soon lowered their tone, and they ended by apologizing for the uncivil reception we had met with: the blame they threw entirely on their superiors; and we then spent half an hour talking on various subjects in the most friendly manner. The point which seemed to puzzle them most, and indeed gave them most uneasiness, was hearing foreigners converse in their own language, and show some knowledge of their local institutions and geography. It was, however, decided among them that

Mr. Gutzlaff was a Chinese from Amoy; and one of them asked me, in a confidential way, to confess that their surmise was true. I took some trouble to explain to him, that, far from such being the case, the gentleman had only been six years out of Europe, and previously to that was perfectly unacquainted with the language. Having given all the information required for a report to the mandarins, we parted on friendly terms, the chief man saying to me, "We shall report you to the well-disposed persons, who thoroughly understand the rules of propriety." Much regret was also expressed at their not daring to avail themselves of my invitation to visit the ship.

In short, wherever the party landed, or to whatever place they proceeded from the coast, they received marks of kindness from the natives. Those whom they met from time to time in the province of Canton, made repeated inquiries of them for opium. The calicoes appeared to attract most notice amongst the poorer classes.—The party proceeded from the coast of Canton to that of Fokien, and cast anchor within a mile of the town of Amoy, a celebrated emporium of commerce. The district where this enterprising town is situated, is one of the most barren in China, and is dependent for the necessities of life on the neighbouring island of Formosa—this being aptly denominated the granary of the eastern coast of China. The arrival of the party at Amoy created a great sensation amongst all classes; and scarcely half an hour passed from the time the ship weighed anchor, before three separate parties of mandarins, sent by the authorities, visited the Amherst, to inquire into the objects which had brought her to their port. They showed a strong desire to resist the strangers in their attempt at landing, but still were so influenced by the sharp remonstrances of Messrs. Lindsay and Gutzlaff, that they excused themselves by saying that they were messengers of a communication in the spirit of which they did not sympathize. However, the messages to the ship, and the warnings and threats still continued from day to day, and additional war-junks and boats were sent down to strengthen the state force which was to prevent the strangers from carrying their avowed purpose of landing. But the latter had the prudence to persevere, and they subsequently visited the town without any great opposition, and were welcomed by the numerous inhabitants, who surrounded them in great crowds, and were most kind in their manner. They soon received a government proclamation commanding their immediate departure; but as they appeared unwilling to move, some mandarins informed Mr. Lindsay, that, if he wished to have an audience of his Excellency the *Tetuh* of the province, he should be gratified. An interview was accordingly appointed, previously to which Mr. Lindsay sent up a petition to explain the character and objects of the mission. At the hour prescribed for the interview, a messenger from the mandarins came to request the attendance of the stran-

gers, who accordingly proceeded to the place already agreed upon, which was a temple on the shore fronting the ship. The description of the proceedings of this meeting is highly interesting, and we shall therefore insert it in the language of Mr. Lindsay himself.

"About 500 troops were drawn up along the beach, making as great a display of numbers as possible, most of them being in a single file. A vast crowd of people covered the beach and the sides of the adjoining hills, presenting a very interesting and animating spectacle. We were received by Le Laouyay, and several other mandarins with white and gold buttons, and by them ushered through a double line of troops to the principal hall of the temple, where a party of ten mandarins were seated in a semi-circle to receive us. The outer hall of the temple was filled with military officers in full uniform, with bows and arrows. The party seated consisted of the *tetuh* and *tsung-ping*, both military mandarins, with red buttons; the *funfoo*, a civilian of the sixth rank; and several others, with blue buttons, of military rank.

"The *tetuh* was a stout old man, with a weather-beaten countenance and an open good-natured expression. I delivered my letter into his hands, which he opened, and commenced reading with the *funfoo* who sat next to him. We withdrew to a little distance, and, seeing that no chairs were offered, I signified my intention not to remain standing before the tribunal, on which we were requested to go into an adjoining apartment, where tea and refreshments were handed to us. In a short time we were requested to return, and the *tetuh* then addressed me, stating, that it was their wish to treat us with the greatest kindness, as our two nations were on friendly terms; but that we could not be permitted to remain where we were, as it was against their laws; that we must instantly remove to a short distance, and that then we should be gratuitously supplied with all we required. To this I replied, as I had previously done, that it was contrary to English customs for merchant ships to receive gratuitous supplies, and that it would lower their character if they consented to be treated like paupers; that all I wished was the liberty to purchase such supplies as we required; and that such a permission could not be refused by any nation which styled themselves our friends. The *tetuh* was evidently inclined to concede to our request, and to be as polite as Chinese assumption of national superiority would permit. The *tsung-ping*, who is a Canton man, however repeatedly interfered, and throughout the whole discussion manifested the most decided spirit of hostility towards us. A conversation ensued between himself and Mr. Gutzlaff in the Fokien dialect, in which he roundly declared that our plea of wanting provisions was merely a pretence to veil some sinister purposes; but Mr. Gutzlaff was not the person to be brow-beat by angry words; and he replied to his accusations with so much tact and spirit, that we had the satisfaction to see his opponent completely foiled in his arguments. On this the *tsung-ping*, who was a very violent-tempered man, lost all command of himself, and the *tetuh* several times interfered to moderate his anger, which ap-

peared to be greatly increased by seeing that the bystanders evidently enjoyed his discomfiture, and were much amused by some of the apt remarks made by Mr. Gutzlaff."—pp. 23—25.

In this conference the Chinese saw that the determination of the strangers was to refuse any gratuitous assistance, and ultimately yielded to the demands of the party, to furnish all that might be required at a moderate valuation. Mr. Lindsay, after thanking the *tetuh*, invited him to the Amherst, but his excellency declined the invitation, when Paou Tajin again interfered, and said, "I view your ship and yourselves with equal contempt and anger;" and then turning to Mr. Gutzlaff, he said "I know you to be a native of this district traitorously serving barbarians in disguise." This was the highest compliment to Mr. Gutzlaff's excellence of knowledge of the Chinese that could possibly be paid to him.

Now, the result of this affair with the town of Amoy, taught the party of visitors a lesson of no inconsiderable practical value; for, they saw at once that the Chinese complied with many of their terms, thereby giving up the question of the immutability of their laws; and that, therefore, had the visitors presumed farther on the pliancy of the Chinese, they might have been completely successful. Mr. Lindsay determined to try how far he could proceed on the principle to which this experience led; and we find, that, during his subsequent intercourse with these people, he proved that he had made a very just estimate of their character when he began to deal with them on terms of unlimited resistance to such demands as he did not think it right to grant. The party remained six days in Amoy, during which they made long rambles about the country in every direction: they were attended by a party of soldiers and mandarins, who were uniformly polite, and always pretended that their only object in accompanying the party, was, fear least the unruly populace should do them injury. But they must have well known that such a step was wholly unnecessary, as the strangers were perfectly satisfied to trust themselves even unarmed to the populace. From the experience which he now derived from his intercourse with the natives, he entertained the strongest hopes that nothing more was required to open an intimate communication between Europe, or at least England and China, than an emancipation of the Chinese mind from the strange prejudices with which it seemed to be altogether filled against all nations save its own. Some attempts have been already made by some excellent individuals in India to enlighten the inhabitants of China upon this subject; and a small tract in their language has been sought to be circulated amongst those on the coasts by travellers who have been able to communicate with them. This tract on English character is from the pen of Mr. Marjoribanks; and it contains an account of England, its power and magnitude, mentioned in the most respectful terms the go-

VOL. XXIV.—No. 140.

vernment and emperor of China, and appeals to the best and most philanthropic feelings of man as a reason for mutual good will to subsist between the two countries. But it is obvious that an engine like this can have but little success for a long time, and we may yet calculate that a very considerable period must elapse before the notion that we are a "red bristled nation," will be eradicated from the minds of the Chinese.

Proceeding in their course from Amoy, round the northern coast of China, they were obliged, by stress of weather, to anchor off an island called Kectan, where they had an interview of a singular nature with a mandarin, who was the government admiral of the district. His Chinese name was *Tsung-ping*.

"This mandarin, whose name is Wan Tajin, is a native of Keung-shan, and had lived some time in the neighbourhood of Macao, where he had frequent opportunities of seeing foreigners. He was received on board the Amherst with the respect due to his rank; a salute of three guns was fired, and every attention paid to him; but it appears that the ideas he had there acquired of foreign character did not lead him to imagine that much courtesy was requisite towards us. He began the conversation by abruptly asking various questions, hardly giving me time to reply; "Where do you come from? What is your nation? What business have you here? You must be gone instantly," &c. &c. I had just commenced a reply, when his Excellency turned sharply to Mr. Gutzlaff, and said,— "You are a Chinaman;" Mr. Gutzlaff denying it, he told him to take off his cap, that he might see if he wore a tail; which being done, he said, "no, I see you are a Portuguese." I now told him that the ship was English, which assertion he treated with perfect discredit, saying, "I have lived at Macao, and know the barbarian customs; your ship is from Macao." I again replied that it was strange in his Excellency to accuse me of falsehood in this manner, and that both myself and the ship positively were English, in spite of all that he had known and learned at Macao. I then took a pencil and wrote on a slip of paper, "Ta-ying-Kwo (Great Britain) is my nation," and placed it in his hands. On receiving it he burst into the most scornful laugh, and exclaimed, "Nonsense! the great English nation! the petty English nation you should say! You tell lies to me." Up to this moment I had kept my temper perfectly, and answered all his insulting remarks with civility; but I confess that the grossness of this last speech completely overcame the natural placidity of my disposition. I snatched the paper, which he was still laughing at, out of his hands, and seizing hold of the admiral's arm, I said, "As you have come to my ship merely to insult my nation (the Ta-ying-Kwo) and myself, I insist on your instantly quitting it;" and, suiting the action to my words, I was on the point of handing him out of the cabin. His Excellency now saw that he had carried the matter too far, and commenced apologizing. "Pray excuse me; I did not mean to offend; you know well there is the Ta-se-yang and the Leon-se-yang (the one is generally applied to

O

Portugal, the other to Goa,) I thought there also was the Taying-Kwo and the Leao-n-ying-Kwo; I acknowledge my offence, and again beg you will excuse me." This ingenious apology was accompanied with a profusion of bows, and behaviour as cringing as it had before been insolent. He staid on board a considerable time, but his manners and conduct were so singular as to raise a suspicion that his judgment was not quite sound, which was corroborated by some of his officers who accompanied him, and who expressed much regret at the indecorous behaviour of their commander. I certainly, on no other occasion, witnessed such grossness of conduct and vulgarity of manner as was exhibited by Admiral Wan; for the demeanour of Chinese Mandarins in public is generally distinguished by a considerable degree of dignity and decorum."—pp. 36—38.

Remaining here for some days, the party established with the natives, who were first shy and reserved, a communication, which was particularly satisfactory to them, because they constituted the first Europeans on whom this people had laid their eyes. The party next entered a river which led to Fuh-chow-foo, the capital where the governor-general of the provinces of Fokien and Che Keang resided. Mr. Lindsay drew up a petition to this authority, in which he stated that an English ship had arrived with a cargo, the chief articles of which he enumerated; and having expressed his willingness to sell these to the people, he proposed to take either money or tea in barter, the latter, he heard being of excellent quality in the district. The petition was finally sent to the governor, as we shall see; and the Amherst passed up the river, in which it anchored near an island called Koo Keang. No sooner was the ship seen by the people, than they came down in multitudes from curiosity, and indeed, in the first few days, they so impeded the crew in their business, as to require that the captain of the ship should hang a rope across the deck, beyond which none were to pass. In conformity with the very politic conduct which they had adopted during the whole voyage, the party here, as elsewhere, fixed up a tablet on which an inscription was engraved, implying that medical assistance would be afforded gratuitously. The Chinese have a very strong confidence in the power of foreign physicians, and it was therefore with great delight that they read this address. On the afternoon of the day of their arrival, two respectable men came on board, and earnestly solicited a few of the party with whom they conversed, to land and see them at their village. Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Gutzlaff complied with the invitation, and proceeded to the island and there took tea in the shop of their host. The people of this island as they walked over it, exhibited a great desire to obtain some tracts which the travellers carried with them, and which were of a moral, religious, and scientific nature. Having walked, says Mr. Lindsay, over the island, we were about to return to the ship, when our two friends again assailed us with entreaties to return and par-

take of a small entertainment they had prepared for us; this we could not refuse, although it was already dark, and they led us to a public hall of the village, where we found a table spread with an excellent Chinese dinner, to which we were invited to dine. Our hosts would not be seated, but stood and waited on us, at the same time keeping off the dense crowd, which soon filled every part of the hall. The younger ones climbed on the rafters, and every place from which a glimpse of the strangers could be caught. Nothing, however, could exceed the decorum which was kept up, or the general feeling of kindness and good-will which seemed to prevail towards us. This anecdote is trifling in itself, and unconnected with the public business of the voyage. I have mentioned it as indicative of the natural friendly disposition of the Chinese towards foreigners; and I am happy to say that nothing occurred during our residence here in any way to lessen it.

Led by his experience, Mr. Lindsay now did not hesitate to propose an expedition to the capital itself of the province, Fuh chow-foo, in order to present his petition in his own person. On his ascent up the river, he was met by several mandarins' boats, which were carrying officers from the capital to hold communication with the strangers; but, by acting on their resolution to yield nothing to intimidation, the latter were allowed, though frequently stopped, to proceed without further molestation. After pulling for about twenty-five miles, they at last came within sight of the far-famed bridge, on both sides of which the town lies; and, having arrived at a public office on the south side, boldly inquired for the viceroy's palace. They were told that it was on the opposite side of the river; the boat veered about, and they dashed to that side. The bridge was covered with the awe-struck inhabitants; and, when five of the party landed, they were surrounded by an immense crowd. They had to proceed about a mile and a half through the suburbs, when they arrived at the city; here, they entered a spacious building, through a vaulted passage, to which, however, there were no gates, and afterwards walked a quarter of a mile more, when they were ushered into a public office, the door of which was immediately closed after their entrance, in order to keep off the crowd. Here, the utmost amazement was expressed by the officers, who could not imagine for an instant how such an apparition could have come upon them, since the strangers were obviously beings in a form and shape, and with an exterior which they never had seen before, and yet had no guides to lead them. A mandarin soon came to take down the names and surnames of the party, upon which Mr. Lindsay showed his petition, saying, that he wished to present it in person. The officers told him that every thing should be settled by the next day, and that, upon that night, they should be conducted to a respectable house, not far from their ship, where they would be hospitably and kindly treated. The strangers,

trusting to these promises, returned to the place where they had previously landed, but found that their destiny had really been appointed, not for the land, but for the water; and that they must retire to a boat selected on purpose for them in the river. After some altercation, they agreed to go to this boat, but, on reaching it, found that it was a common trading vessel, filled with persons of the lowest class. Mr. Lindsay, with his party, instantly returned to the shore, and, going straight to the custom-house, told the people that they intended to spend the night there. The residents immediately complied, and they had scarcely been seated there, when the mandarin named Whang, who had already been the person to procure them the boat which they were forced to abandon, made his appearance. As the place was government property, the party was induced to leave it, particularly as another mandarin who had already shown them kindness directed them to a public office belonging to a Tartar general, where they would, as he promised them, be taken care of. But scarcely had they established themselves there when they were again visited by Whang, who was insolent enough to tell them that barbarians could not be permitted to remain on shore, and ordered them contemptuously to rise and go back to their boats. Mr. Lindsay and his companions now became indignant, and burst forth into a torrent of abuse against Whang, telling him over and over again that they meant to stay where they were; and so saying, they drew a large table from the corner of the room, and placing their stores upon it, took their seats around it. It was midnight, says Mr. Lindsay, before the matter was finally settled, and the mandarins all left us to our repose. The old mwan-chow who had brought us here appeared much annoyed, and said, It is not my fault, but Whang is my superior; and both himself and several of the others expressed themselves ashamed of the inhospitality shewn towards us. It is worthy of remark, that, from the moment we put their authority at defiance, the demeanour of many of the mandarins who appeared before indifferent became cordial and friendly, and even Whang's tone of contempt and insult changed to that of persuasion and argument. It is a singular fact, and one so contrary to general principles of human nature that nothing but practical experience can convince one of the truth of it; but, in every case, both on matters of greater and smaller importance, I have found that little or nothing either can or will ever be obtained from the Chinese government or its officers by humble entreaty and conciliatory arguments, but that the moment the tone is changed, and a resolute determination is evinced of carrying your point at all risks, it will be conceded with apparent readiness, particularly if the claim is founded on justice and moderation; and, what is more singular, they appear to look on you with more good-will and cordiality in consequence.

From this time, all was plain-sailing with the party; by a similar exhibition of firmness, they removed the prohibition of the Chinese admiral, who brought a fleet of junks to the station for the purpose of preventing the natives from coming on board the ship. A ludicrous scene occurred one night, in which one of the Chinese ships fell foul of the Amherst, and so lazy were the crew of the former, that it at last became a measure essential to the safety of both vessels, that four of our men should go on board the other vessel to cut her cable. When these persons jumped on board, every hand on the deck fled down or jumped into the water, the whole of the people on board presenting an example of the greatest cowardice. When the real state of the case was explained to them, the Chinese seemed excessively grateful; but no Chinese vessel anchored afterwards within half-a-mile of the Amherst. The effect of the visit to this place was quite favourable to the objects of the voyage, for it showed that the only obstacle to a complete intercourse with other nations existed in the jealousy of the mandarins, and that this could be got rid of on the easiest possible terms. A great deal of correspondence ensued between the mandarins and the gentlemen of the Amherst on the propriety of the vessel remaining, and in furtherance of a negotiation to establish a system of mutual commerce. But the mandarins behaved unfaithfully, and grossly neglected the performance of their promises. Mr. Lindsay had always in store for the Chinese authorities, a scourge, which he delayed employing until a suitable occasion arose, and this was moving his ship into the port which he had for a long time abstained from attempting. At length he proceeded into it, and anchored his ship just opposite the custom-house. The measure told at once, and, as Mr. Lindsay had previously informed a mandarin that a certain sum received for goods would satisfy him, and enable him to depart, this very person immediately procured a number of merchants who came on board and made purchases to the required amount. The ship moved to her old station, where the merchants afterwards came to settle accounts; and this was done in the open day, when more than a hundred visitors were on board. Strange and almost incredible, says Mr. Lindsay, as it will appear to those practically unacquainted with the complicated machinery and habitual deception of the Chinese government, only three days subsequent to an admiral and several superior officers having been degraded from their rank for having permitted a foreign merchant ship to force the entrance of the port of one of the principal towns in the empire, and while edicts are placarded in every quarter, prohibiting all natives, under the severest penalties of the law, from holding the slightest intercourse with the barbarian ship, two war-junks hoisting the imperial flag, come, in the open face of day, and trade with her, in the presence of hundreds of spectators.

while the civil mandarin of the district stays on board the whole time, examines the goods, and assists in the transaction.

Upon the whole, Mr. Lindsay thinks that an avowed permission to trade with this part of China, could not at present be expected by us, but that ships going with opium, and other articles scarce in China, might by skill and address establish a commerce which might ultimately be recognised by the Chinese government.

The next place to which the Amherst proceeded was called Ning-po; and here Mr. Lindsay acted on the same principles of conduct which had guided him on all recent occasions in his intercourse with the Chinese. He was quite astonished at the cordiality of his reception in all quarters, particularly from the chief authorities; and he concluded that here, at least, no obstacle would present itself against the objects of his voyage, namely, to see the country, and open a trade with the people. But in this expectation he was sadly disappointed; for, though the whole of those in official situations with whom he communicated, shewed marks of the highest consideration and attention for the strangers, yet they soon proved that all this kindness was merely affected as a convenient means of inducing the party to quit the port as soon as possible. Various attempts were persevered in by Mr. Lindsay and his companions, to shew to the government and people the advantage to themselves of allowing the strangers to trade with them. But all these exertions were in vain, for the government always stood out on the assertion that the fundamental laws of the realm forbade such a commerce, and that, however willing they might be to avail themselves of the advantages of such an intercourse as the visitors now proposed, still the important measure of violating the laws could not be had to recourse to, except on no less an authority than the Emperor of the celestial empire. Mr. Lindsay, however, appears to think himself justified in giving the same opinion with respect to the commercial prospects of Ning-po as he had already given in reference to Fuh-Chow-foo, namely, that the government will not, at least for the present, sanction the carrying on of trade on the part of foreigners with their people, but will fulminate their edicts against strange ships, and order them to be expelled from their seas; but then, if tact be shewn by the commanders of these ships, and a proper degree of moderation, with kindness for the people, be combined with a requisite degree of spirit to frighten the cowardly mandarins, then Mr. Lindsay considers that it will be in our power to establish an outlet for British manufactures of the greatest importance, and which may ultimately prove the elements of a permanent intercourse with a nation composed of no less than four hundred millions of enterprising and intelligent human beings.

Shangae in Keang-soo, a celebrated emporium of China, was the next place which the Amherst visited. Here their approach was disputed very strongly, but firmness

and courage triumphed over every opposition. All the wharves, as Mr. Lindsay says, quoting from his journal made at the time—

'All the wharves were crowded with people, who were attracted by our appearance. We landed in front of a large temple, dedicated to the Queen of Heaven, where we were subsequently lodged. The crowd opened right and left to give us free admission, and we walked through it into the temple, where a theatrical performance was going on, which our appearance immediately stopped, as every one's attention was turned to us. I asked the way to the city and the taoutae's office, and we proceeded at a rapid pace in the direction indicated. As we approached, the lictors hastily tried to shut the doors, and we were only just in time to prevent it, and pushing them back, entered the outer court of the office. Here we found numerous low police people, but no decent persons, and the three doors leading to the interior were shut and barred as we entered. After waiting a few minutes, and repeatedly knocking at the door, seeing no symptoms of their being opened, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Stephens settled the point by two vigorous charges at the centre gate with their shoulders, which shook them off their hinges, and brought them down with a great clatter, and we made our entrance into the great hall of justice, at the further extremity of which was the state chair and table of the taoutae. Here were numerous official assistants, who seeing us thus unexpectedly among them, forgot totally our unceremonious mode of obtaining entrance, and received us with great politeness, inviting us to sit down and take tea and pipes.'

In the further intercourse which the party had with the authorities, Mr. Lindsay showed a degree of boldness and contempt for them, by which they were not only completely astonished, but humiliated, readily complying with every demand which he made upon them, and endeavouring to conciliate him and his party by the exercise of the most liberal hospitality. Notwithstanding all this kindness, the government was making preparations in the meantime to force the barbarian vessel to depart, and from the account of the warlike resources collected by the government, which is given by Mr. Lindsay, it appears that their ideas of war were conceived on a most ludicrous scale. Several excursions into the neighbouring country were performed by the party, and in those districts which they visited, where the people were not restrained by the presence of mandarins, they exhibited the greatest attention and kindness to the strangers, all without exception behaving towards them with evident partiality, and many loading them with presents of vegetables, fruits, &c. It was during this part of his voyage that Mr. Lindsay witnessed a curious instance of the severity of military discipline in China. A mandarin, whose cap with a gold button was borne before him, was marched about in procession between two executioners, blindfolded, with a small flag on a short bamboo, pierced through each of his ears; before him was a man bearing a placard with this inscription:

"By orders of the general of Soo and Sung; for a breach of military discipline, his ears are pierced as a warning to the multitude."

After being paraded along the bank, he was taken around the different war-junks, and then on board the admiral's vessel. Mr. Lindsay subsequently heard that his offence was having allowed the barbarian boat to pass the fort without reporting it.

But ultimately it appears that the Amherst left Shanghai without her party being over satisfied with the results of their visit. Still, Mr. Lindsay discovered enough even here to justify him in the opinion that it depended on ourselves, on our skill, moderation, and firmness, to overcome the hostility of the Chinese; and, on the whole, he thinks that he has fairly by this voyage established these two important points, first, that the natives of China in general wish for a more extended intercourse with foreigners; and secondly, that the local governments, though opposed to such a wish, yet are powerless to enforce their prohibitory edicts.

From Shanghai, the Amherst set sail on her final return to Macao. During their voyage to this place they anchored before and visited several parts of the coast or islands in their course, and particularly the island of Corea, of which Mr. Lindsay presents us with a long account. The Coreans appear to have been distinguished above all other Chinese by a rooted antipathy to foreigners; but, as the party of the Amherst had been the first European visitors who could communicate their sentiments to the natives, Mr. Lindsay considered it his duty to endeavour to lay the foundation of an amicable communication with the rulers of the land. He drew up a petition to the king, and, having landed with seven companions, he was proceeding into the interior, but was stopped by the people. The natives seemed to be so determined not to allow the party to continue its journey, that the latter thought it most prudent to retire. However, by a fortunate accident they met, at another part of the coast, where they were obliged by the weather to anchor, a Corean who spoke Chinese, who recommended them to go to a certain anchorage where they would be safe, and where they might present the petition for the purpose of its being submitted to the king. Mr. Lindsay followed this advice, and moving his ship to some islands a few miles distant, anchored near a village where several mandarins had been assembled. He was treated well, to his utter surprise, by these persons, who were also Coreans, and took the opportunity of improving the acquaintance by some rich presents. His interview with these chiefs, forms the subject of an interesting description.

Another report follows, written by Mr. Gutzlaff, but consisting only of a few pages, and relating to the same scenes as are alluded to in Mr. Lindsay's paper. We feel, however, that we have dwelt sufficiently long on the details of this important expedition, to enable our readers to see the drift

of the undertaking, and to share with us some of the amusement and instruction which a perusal of this voyage has afforded us.

From the same.

A Narrative of Four Voyages to the South Sea, North and South Pacific Ocean, Chinese Sea, Ethiopic and Southern Atlantic Ocean, Indian and Antarctic Ocean. From the year 1822 to 1831. Comprising Critical Surveys of Coasts and Islands, with Sailing Directions; and an Account of some new and valuable Discoveries, including the Massacre Islands, wherein thirteen of the Author's crew were massacred and eaten by Cannibals. To which is prefixed a brief Sketch of the Author's early life. By Captain Benjamin Morrell, jun., 8vo. one thick vol. New York: J. & J. Harper, 1832.

It is much to be lamented that between two such countries as England and the United States of America, nothing like a community of feeling or purpose exists, upon questions which equally deserve the interest of both. By the present volume, for instance, we are reminded of the strong resemblance which the Americans have borne, and still continue to bear, to their English ancestors in that predominant love for the sea, and for the adventurous life associated with it, which has immemorially characterized the latter. We cannot contemplate for a moment the matter which forms the contents of the present composition, without feeling that its author belongs to a country which sympathizes most deeply with our own; and that a prospect is created by this circumstance, of seeing a closer intimacy subsisting between them. England has been long celebrated for the exertions which she has made by her navigators in exploring those parts of the world which are least known, because most difficult of access. As a member of the great civilized family of the earth, she has but performed her duty in these efforts. The United States of America, true to its hereditary instinct, imitates her example; and sends her enterprising sons to the frozen regions of the North and South—there to carry cultivation, and arts, and knowledge, in order to diminish as much as possible the reign of barbarism over the race of man. Such being the spirit common to the national mind in both countries; how is it that for the objects so much desired by both, no tendency to concert and co-operation has yet been manifested between them? Whilst in England the enterprises undertaken to make discoveries in remote seas are the direct subjects of government patronage, in America it would appear that a great deal in this respect is left to the enthusiasm of volunteer adventurers. Enough however has been done by our transatlantic brethren, to show that they are most worthy of being associated with us, for the same common

purpose of extending discovery, and carrying civilization, and its train of blessings, to every portion of the benighted world. There has been no report of expeditions of this description from America, hitherto known to us, which appears more fully to justify our opinion of the character and capabilities just attributed to them, than the one now before us. The brave, bold, rough and hardy sailor of England, for a thousand years, presents himself in this American, now before us, in all the bold relief which we might expect to find in an original. Daring and incapable of fear as he is by nature, he is possessed of a warm and generous heart; his education has just been sufficient to enable him to be correct in his language, at the same time that it has not checked in his mind that rude vigour, that energy and simplicity, with which nature originally endowed it. The reader will therefore infer, that the narrative is replete with all the marks of those original and striking peculiarities, which might be expected in a man so imaginative, so exposed to scenes of excitement, and so undisciplined in the suppression of his feelings.

Captain Morrell, a native of the State of New York, on Long Island Sound, gave an early proof of his restless and enterprising disposition, by abandoning his family at seventeen and going to sea, for which he showed a determined passion from his earliest years. Proceeding to New York, he quickly found a berth in a vessel, which was just about to sail to Lisbon with a cargo of flour. This was in March, 1812; and on the return of the vessel, when she approached the American continent, it was her chance to be taken by the English, in consequence of the hostilities which had broken out in the meantime. His next adventure was in a privateer, destined for France: the ship, whilst cruising on the coast of that kingdom, was taken by an English frigate, the crew of which boarded the American vessel. The whole of the party on board were ordered into the British ship, and brought to England, where they were placed in imprisonment at Dartmoor. The author speaks well of the treatment which he received during his incarceration: he found in this dreary abode above eight thousand Frenchmen, and about half that number of Americans, all prisoners of war. Here they received every indulgence that could be expected under such circumstances; and though they had no more than the customary "prisoner's allowance" of food, what they had was good and wholesome. They enjoyed the privilege of an excellent market, at the regular prices of the country, where every thing offered for sale was obliged to be of the best kind. No imposition was allowed to be practised on the prisoners by the English farmers. They had their own cooks and nurses in the hospital; and the doctor was one of the best and most humane of men. His name was M^r Graw, and he was justly beloved and respected by every American in Dartmoor prison. They had the liberty of a large yard from daylight until dark: and a certain number of the prisoners

were each day permitted to go outside the walls to work, for which they were regularly paid by the captain of the prison. Within the walls they amused themselves with schools, dramatic performances, and a variety of games and plays. "In fact," says the Captain, "I cannot conscientiously accuse the British of any inhumanity towards the American prisoners during all my detention of thirty-one months in St. John's and at Dartmoor, excepting the atrocious massacre at the latter place in April, 1815, after the peace." The history of this affair is familiar to every reader. The American prisoners were fired upon, by order of the infamous Capt. Shortland, when eight were killed, and thirty-seven wounded!

Captain Morrell had not been long returned to his native country, when his enterprising spirit impelled him to seek gratification on his favourite element. He heard many stories of romance recorded in connexion with the South Shetland Islands, and the seal voyages in the South Seas, and was soon placed in a ship destined for the seal trade, as first mate. In this voyage he had a specimen of the perils to which the navigation was exposed, and was led by his bold spirit into situations which none but a desperate person would venture to seek. The ship, however, returned in April, 1822, in perfect safety, to New York. Upon the very day of his arrival there, the Captain was applied to, to know if he would accept the command of a schooner, which was going out in the course of a month, on a voyage to the South Sea, to catch seals, to trade, and make discoveries. He jumped at the proposal, and in June of the same year set sail, in company with another schooner. The two vessels were provisioned for a couple of years, and their destiny was a cruise during that period, in the South Seas, the Atlantic Seas, and Pacific Ocean. This voyage, and three others which succeeded it, supply the whole of the contents of the present volume.

In the very commencement of his account, the Captain does not hesitate to assure us, that in his opinion, and from his experience, the day is not distant when a visit to the South Pole "will not be thought more of a miracle than to cause an egg to stand on its point." He states that this has been long his opinion, and that the results of the voyage, the steps of which we are now about to retrace, satisfy him of the certainty of his predictions. The great object of that voyage was to acquire a more accurate knowledge than any one before possessed of the Antarctic Seas, and to ascertain the practicability, under favourable circumstances, of penetrating to the South Pole. The progress of the vessels in the Southern direction is accurately noted by the Captain; and having occasion to remain for a short time in the harbour of Rio Janeiro, he gives a copious description of the beauties of that city. The Captain visited also and explored the coast of Patagonia, and saw sufficient of the inhabitants to make him disbelieve the common notion of their being

giants. Having taken an ample survey of this coast, the party pursued its way to the Falkland Islands, situated in the South Atlantic Ocean, about eighty leagues east from Cape Virgin, in the Straits of Magellan. The author speaks very favourably of the productions of this Island; and describes the species of birds which frequent it. Here his men found for the crew the materials of many very agreeable repasts, in the nests of the various tribes of these birds, which come in vast numbers to lay their eggs in those islands. The places thus chosen by the feathered tribes in the South Seas are called by sailors *rookeries*, as it is a temporary encampment of animals, where they assemble at the breeding season. A very curious account of the process performed by the birds on such occasions is given by the Captain:—

‘When a sufficient number of penguins, albatross, &c. are assembled on the shore, after a deliberate consultation on the subject, they proceed to the execution of the grand purpose for which they left their favourite element. In the first place, they carefully select a level piece of ground, of suitable extent, often comprising four or five acres, and as near the water as practicable, always preferring that which is the least encumbered with stones and other hard substances, with which it would be dangerous to have their eggs come in contact. As soon as they are satisfied on this point they proceed to lay out the plan of their projected encampment; which task they commence by tracing a well defined parallelogram, of sufficient magnitude to accommodate the whole fraternity, say from one to five acres. One side of this runs parallel with the water’s edge, and is always left open for egress and regress; the other three sides are differently arranged.

‘These industrious feathered labourers next proceed to clear all the ground within the square from obstructions of every kind; picking up the stones in their bills, carefully depositing them outside of the lines before mentioned, until they sometimes by this means create a little wall on three sides of the rookery. Within this range of stones and rubbish they form a pathway, six or eight feet in width, and as smooth as any of the paved or gravelled walks in the New York Park, or on the Battery. This path is for a general promenade by day, and for the sentinels to patrol at night.

‘Having thus finished their little works of defence on the three land-sides, they next lay out the whole area in little squares of equal sizes, formed by narrow paths which cross each other at right angles, and which are also made very smooth. At each intersection of these paths an albatross constructs her nest, while in the centre of each little square is a penguin’s nest; so that each albatross is surrounded by four penguin’s; and each penguin has an albatross for its neighbour, in four directions. In this regular manner is the whole area occupied by these feathered sojourners, of different species; leaving, at convenient distances, accommodations for some other kinds of oceanic birds, such as the shag, or green cormorant, and another which the seamen call Nelly.

‘Although the penguin and the albatross are on such intimate terms, and appear to be so

affectionately and sincerely attached to each other, they not only form their nests in a very different manner, but the penguin will even rob her friend’s nest whenever she has an opportunity. The penguin’s nest is merely a slight excavation in the earth, just deep enough to prevent her single egg rolling from its primitive position; while the albatross throws up a little mound of earth, grass, and shells, eight or ten inches high, and about the size of a water-bucket, on the summit of which she forms her nest, and thus *looks down* upon her nearest neighbours and best friends.

‘None of these nests in the rookeries are ever left unoccupied for a single moment, until the eggs are hatched and the young ones old enough to take care of themselves. The male goes to sea in search of food until his hunger is appeased; he then promptly returns and affectionately takes the place of his mate, while she resorts to the same element for the like purpose. In the interchange of these kind offices, they so contrive it as not to leave the eggs uncovered at all; the present incumbent (say the female) making room for the partner of her cares and pleasures on his return from the sea, while he nestles in by her side until the eggs are completely covered by his feathers. By this precaution they prevent their eggs being stolen by the other birds, which would be the case were they left exposed; for the females are so ambitious of producing a large family at once, that they rob each other whenever they have an opportunity. Similar depredations are also committed by a bird called the rook, which is equally mischievous as the monkey. The royal penguin is generally foremost in felonies of this description, and never neglects an opportunity of robbing a neighbour. Indeed it often happens that when the period of incubation is terminated, the young brood will consist of three or four different kinds of birds in one nest. This is a strong circumstantial evidence that the parent bird is not more honest than her neighbours.

‘To stand at a little distance and observe the movements of the birds in these rookeries, is not only amusing but edifying, and even affecting. The spectacle is truly worthy the contemplation of a philosophic mind. You will see them marching round the encampment in the outside path, or public promenade, in pairs, or in squads of four, six, or eight, forcibly reminding you of officers and subalterns on a parade day. At the same time, the camp, or rookery, is in continual motion; some penguins passing through the different paths, or alleys, on their return from an aquatic excursion, eager to caress their mates after a temporary absence; while the latter are passing out, in their turn, in quest of refreshment and recreation. At the same time, the air is almost darkened by an immense number of the albatross hovering over the rookery like a dense cloud, some continually lighting, and meeting their companions, while others are constantly rising and shaping their course for the sea,—pp. 51—53.

In entering the Falkland Sound, Captain Morrell came in sight of three islands, one of which called Eagle Island, he states, was the scene of an act of perfidy by the officers and crew of an English ship. He more dis-

tinently states afterwards, that an American captain, named Barnard, had laid his brig up in Barnard's Harbour, and was in search of seal at Fox Bay, opposite Eagle Island, in a small shallop built for that purpose. when his attention was attracted by a rising smoke on the other side the strait. Suspecting the real cause of this unusual appearance, and prompted by his characteristic benevolence of heart, he immediately crossed Falkland Sound in his shallop for the purpose of relieving the sufferers, whoever they might prove to be. His errand of mercy was successful; and though they proved to be subjects of England, with whom our country was then at war, the benevolent purpose of Captain Barnard remained unchanged. But it appears that in return for his kind offices, they treacherously seized his vessel, and made their escape, leaving him and a part of his crew to endure all the privations and sufferings from which he had nobly preserved them! Captain Barnard's narrative of this horrible transaction is before the public, and ought to be in the hands of every reader. For nearly two years he was compelled to drag out a miserable existence on an uninhabited island, in as high a south latitude as Kam-schatka is in the north. The British ship was the *Isabella* from Port Jackson to London, and she was wrecked on the island already mentioned.

In continuing the course of the ship, between the south and east, the captain crossed the spot which has been described as the site of the celebrated *Aurora Islands*. He declares that there are no such islands in existence, and that he knows of other navigators who, like himself, searched for them in vain. The account of these islands is contained in a publication of the Hydrographical Society in Madrid, and their latitude and longitude are very particularly described. But it is the captain's opinion, that the reputed discoverers must have mistaken for islands, a series of icebergs with earth attached to their sides, and covered with snow on their tops.

It is observed by the author, that, whilst in south latitude, up to 64, they met with many fields of ice, but that the further they descended southwards, the less did they encounter them. Steering still southward, they crossed the antarctic circle, and getting into latitude 69 deg. 11 min. and lon. 48 deg. 15 min. E. they found no field-ice whatever, and even of ice-islands very few were observed floating. They also discovered that the winds in this latitude blow three-fourths of the time from the south-east or the north-east, very light, and attended with more or less snow every day, and that the westerly winds were accompanied with severe hail-squalls. The captain, who has passed the antarctic circle several times, on different meridians, has uniformly found the temperature both of the air and of the water to become more and more mild the farther he advanced beyond the sixty-fifth degree of south latitude, and that the variation decreases in the same proportion. While north of this latitude, say between sixty and sixty-five south, he frequently had great

difficulty in finding a passage for the vessel, between the immense and almost innumerable ice-islands, some of which were from one to two miles in circumference, and more than five hundred feet above the surface of the water! When it is considered that they have always about three-fifths of their bulk under water, some idea may be formed of their enormous magnitude. He has several times come so near to them, when the weather was so thick and hazy that he could not see twice the length of the vessel, that nothing prevented his striking, but a timely application of the sweeps to bear them off. It was always his endeavour to keep at a respectful distance; for they are sometimes so nicely balanced, that, should a very large piece become detached from below, the whole mass above water, being thus rendered top-heavy, would instantly capsize, and plunge beneath the surface, when, woe to the vessel that lies in its way. Even at the distance of one hundred yards, ships have been lost by the vast waves and whirls occasioned by these rolling mountains. But there is no evil, perhaps, which is not accompanied with some redeeming quality. The shelter which is sometimes afforded by these dangerous friends has preserved vessels from injury, if not ruin, during a gale of wind, especially as the sea is never rough where the ice-islands are sufficiently numerous to break the force of the waves.

Captain Morrell laments with unfeigned grief that circumstances prevented him from proceeding still further southward; but situated as I was, he observes, without fuel and with not sufficient water to last twenty days,—destitute of the various nautical and mathematical instruments requisite for such an enterprise, and without the aid of such scientific gentlemen as discovery ships should always be supplied with; taking all these things into consideration, I felt myself compelled to abandon, for the present, the glorious attempt to make a bold advance directly to the south pole. The way was open before me, clear, and unobstructed; the temperature of the air and water mild; the weather pleasant; the wind fair. Under such tempting auspices, it was with painful reluctance that I relinquished the idea, and deferred the attempt for a subsequent voyage. The anguish of my regret, however, was much alleviated by the hope, that on my return to the United States, an appeal to the government of my country for countenance and assistance in this (if successful) magnificent enterprise would not be made in vain. To the only free nation on earth should belong the glory of exploring a spot of the globe which is the *ne plus ultra* of latitude, where all the degrees of longitude are merged into a single point, and where the sun appears to revolve in a horizontal circle. But this splendid hope has since been lost in the gloom of disappointment! The vassals of some petty despot may one day place this precious jewel of discovery in the diadem of their royal master. Would to Heaven it might be set among the stars of our national banner!

Another observation of Captain Morrell

is, that he found every spot which he visited beyond the sixtieth degree of south latitude entirely destitute of soil or vegetation; it rather rose in vast mountains or columns of impenetrable rocks, ice, and snow. He states it further to be his opinion, that ice-islands are never formed except in bays, or other recesses of the land, and that field-ice even is not produced in deep water at any time, or in a rough sea. If these impressions be correct, this very important inference is devolved from them, namely, that if there be no more land to the south than that with which navigators are already acquainted, the antarctic seas must be less obstructed by ice than is generally supposed; and it follows, as a further inference, that an unobstructed sea for voyages of discovery is open as far as the south pole.

The ship, under the circumstances already mentioned, tacked about and proceeded to Staten Island, an island forming the southern extremity of South America, where he intended to fish for seals. He presents us with a very excellent account of these animals, at least the species which frequent this archipelago. They are, he observes, generally clothed in jackets of valuable fur; but there are other peculiarities connected with their history, which, we believe, have never been described by naturalists. Thus, in killing a female which happens to be with young, even in an advanced state of pregnancy, if the skull be pressed in by the sealing club in dealing the fatal blow, an exactly similar indentation will frequently be found on the skull of the fetus. This fact is a practical illustration of the wonderful power of sympathy, and worthy the investigation of naturalists. Although modern philosophers have laboured hard to relieve the idea of such a sympathy in the human race, there are hundreds of credible witnesses ready to bear testimony to its existence in this particular species of marine animals.

Before quitting the position in which he fished for the seals, Captain Morrell earnestly recommends shipmasters who intend to double Cape Horn, always to pass to the westward of the Falkland Islands, which will ensure them smoother water and better weather. Experience has convinced him that the coast here, at the proper season of the year, is not more dangerous than our own coast in the fall. All navigators would be satisfied of this fact, would they discard from their imaginations the horrible romances they have heard and read about Cape Horn, and judge for themselves with unprejudiced minds—most of these nautical legends being only fit to class with the fiction of the Flying Dutchman.

He has wintered and summered off Cape Horn and its vicinity, but never witnessed those extraordinary gales which we so often hear spoken of. He has never encountered worse weather on this coast than is experienced every autumn and spring in a passage from New York to Liverpool. In doubling Cape Horn, a ship may carry her royal-yards with as much ease as she can along our northern coast in the seasons be-

fore mentioned, and in the early part of winter.

A very copious account of the various seaports on the coast of South America, on its western shore, washed by the Pacific Ocean, is given by Captain Morrell. Amongst the islands called the Gallipagos, his vessel remained for two months, during which time the crew took about five thousand fur seals. The ship then proceeded to Juan Fernandez, celebrated as the residence of Alexander Selkirk, or Robinson Crusoe, who was left there by his captain, on account of a quarrel between them. It was from his journal that De Foe filched the materials for his interesting romance of Robinson Crusoe, a book that has never been equalled in popularity since the art of printing was discovered—a book that has had, and still has, more influence on the minds of youth than ever had the legends of chivalry in Spain, or the dramas of Schiller in Germany. Many persons, however, are under the impression that Selkirk was wantonly and arbitrarily sent on shore here against his will. Such was not the fact. It was his own proposition to remain on this island, in preference to continuing on board the Cinque-ports galley, under a captain who he thought had ill-treated him, though he held the office of sailing-master on board the ship. Captain Stradling consented, and furnished him with the means of procuring the necessaries of life. But, when the ship was ready to sail, Selkirk's resolution was shaken, and he eagerly made overtures of reconciliation. Stradling now thought that it was his turn to be obstinate, and refused to receive the recluse on board, but left him alone on this solitary island, far beyond the reach of the sympathies or assistance of his fellow men. As the last boat left the island for the ship, then under way, his heart sank within him, and every hope expired. But Selkirk was not left here to perish by famine; the means of subsistence were furnished him. There were left with him clothes and bedding, a gun and ammunition, a few books, with certain nautical and mathematical instruments, and some other trifling implements. The island abounded with fruits, vegetables, animals, and all the necessaries of life, in the greatest abundance; and he was sole monarch of the little kingdom.

For some time after the departure of the ship, he found the solitude of his situation scarcely supportable; and so depressing did his melancholy become, that he frequently determined to put a period to his existence. According to his own account, it was full eighteen months before he became completely reconciled to his singular lot; when he gradually became calm and resigned, and, finally, happy. He now employed his time in building and decorating his huts, exploring the island, catching wild goats and taming them, with other amusements and avocations, so accurately detailed in the romance, that no one could doubt the source from whence the facts were derived. When his garments were worn out, he made others

of the skins of such goats as he killed for food.

During Selkirk's residence on this island, he caught about one thousand goats, half of which he let go at large again, having first marked them with a slit in the ear. Thirty years afterwards, when Commodore Anson visited this island, he, or some of his people, shot one of those very goats, which, we should suppose, must have been rather tough eating. After living in this manner four years and four months, Selkirk was at length taken off by an English privateer from Bristol, which touched at the island, with her consort, in the month of February 1709, but did not arrive in England until October, 1711.

Having been absent eight years, and supposed by his friends to have perished, his unexpected return produced considerable sensation among them. It soon became noised abroad, that more than half the period of his absence had been passed on an uninhabited island of the Pacific Ocean; when the curiosity of the public became so much excited, that he reasonably conjectured that he might turn his adventures to some account; and, as he was much in want of pecuniary assistance, he resolved to try.

He was referred to Daniel De Foe, a young man just then rising into literary celebrity, into whose hands he put his journal for examination, proposing to give him a liberal share of the profits, if he would prepare it for the press. After some time, De Foe returned the manuscript, with a discouraging answer, and Selkirk relinquished every hope from this quarter. In a few years afterwards appeared a new romance, entitled "Robinson Crusoe," which at once electrified all the juvenile portion of the British nation. With unexampled rapidity this work ran through many editions, and was translated into almost every language of Europe. Abridgments, alterations, and bungling imitations soon succeeded; De Foe became rich in fame and wealth, while poor Selkirk, the journal of whose sufferings had furnished him with every important incident of the romance, was doomed to pine in want and obscurity. The biographers of De Foe have given him much praise for having acted honourably towards his creditors, from whose demands he had been legally released by the statute of insolvency. They say, "Being afterwards in a state of affluence, he honourably paid the whole." If this affluence proceeded from the sale of Robinson Crusoe, this compliment to his integrity might better have been omitted.

The time and place of Selkirk's death are not on record; but, it has been asserted on undoubted authority, that, so late as the year 1798, the chest and musket which he had with him on the island were in the possession of a grand nephew, John Selkirk, a weaver in Largo, North Britain.

The cargo with which the captain succeeded in filling his ship proved, upon his return, to be very valuable; the skins were put up by the owners of the ship to public

auction, as was customary, and the produce of the sale was such as to give them entire satisfaction. Indeed, such was their gratification at the results, that they pressed the captain to undertake another voyage of two years or upwards to the Pacific Ocean, to which he readily agreed. All this was very pleasant to Captain Morrell, and would have made him completely happy, were it not for the news which reached him on his landing, of the destruction of a good part of his family by a tornado, during his absence.

The meeting between him and his father, under such circumstances, is described in the most natural manner. The captain, however, bore his fate as a true philosopher, and spent the interval before his departure in the gay society of his relations, who did every thing to make his sojourn agreeable. It chanced, that, amongst the circle with which he associated at the time, a pretty girl, named Abby Jane, struck his fancy. He reflected that he was just about to proceed on his voyage for upwards of two years, and that, if he married her, they should remain separate for that period. This would have been misery to him; but then, the chances were numerous that Abby would not be long disengaged after his departure; and, in that case, he must lose her for ever. His decision was made; he gained her consent to a marriage, and after the ceremony departed, leaving her with his relations.

The captain continued his nautical observations on the South American coast with his usual perseverance, and adds very considerably to the practical information which, in the former voyage, he had collected for the use of navigators in that quarter of the world; he likewise occasionally notices the habits and appearances of the sea animals, evidently impelled by a natural taste for observing all the beautiful phenomena which living nature presents. At a particular point of the above coast, a short distance from which a crowd of islands was to be seen, the author was struck with the quantity of hair seals which resorted to them, for the purpose of bringing forth their young, shedding their coats, &c. Here, however, he remarks, they are very wild, and not easily taken, except in the "pupping season;" at which time the hair-lions (as the males are called) will readily sacrifice their lives in defence of their "conjugal partners and helpless offspring." When attacked by the crew of a sealing vessel, the lions will not allow the females to abandon their young, even to preserve their own lives. Under such circumstances I have frequently seen the female attempt to make her escape, sometimes with a pup in her mouth, as a cat carries off her kitten. But the male, which is twice the size of the female, would instantly seize the retreating mother by the back, and by the muscular force of his powerful jaws, throw her from four to ten feet on the upland. Here she would lie down in despair, take her suckling to her breast, and, "with eyes ranking tears," meekly await the inevitable death-blow. Even in the agonies of death, their

convulsive efforts are solely directed to the protection of their young.

In his survey of the population of the islands in the Pacific Ocean which he visited, the captain takes occasion to dwell, for a brief space, on the results, as he ascertained them, of missionary labours. As upon this subject there is great diversity of evidence, and as it is a question of great importance to determine what is really the truth, we deem it to be only justice to the missionary system to place before the British public the testimony of an eye-witness, who presents himself to us under circumstances of unquestionable credit.

In this place I beg leave to detain the reader by another short digression, to show that the results of missionary labours abroad have been misrepresented, misunderstood, and much underrated. Among the native islanders of the Pacific Ocean, the good they have done is incalculable. I consider most, if not all, of the persons who have visited these islands in the character of religious missionaries, as the benefactors, not of the natives merely, but of the human race. I shall not allude to what *spiritual* benefits they may have conferred on those whom they have been instrumental in turning from Paganism to Christianity, but I rest their defence on the good they have done to the cause of civilization, science, and commerce. They have opened new channels for lucrative trade, which were formerly closed by the ferocity of cannibals. They have extended a knowledge of literature and the useful arts to countries where they were never before known, and may be said to have created new countries of civilized men.

'If commerce be a blessing to the world—and who, at this day, is bold enough to deny it?—then the missionaries to the Pacific Islands have done much to promote its interests, and have thereby added much to the sum of human prosperity and happiness.

'Let us, then, do justice to the missionaries, and bid them God-speed. If they have merely caused two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, they deserve the approbation of the world. They cannot act from selfish motives, when they voluntarily submit to so many privations, sufferings, dangers, even death itself, to benefit others. They leave the comforts of home, the associations of their early years, wives and children, country, lucrative situations, and expose themselves to all the dangers of the sea, to the fatigues of a long voyage, to war, pestilence, and famine; and all for what? Not to acquire worldly riches for themselves or their friends, but to impart what they conceive to be spiritual riches to strangers and savages; to cause them to pursue the path which leads to happiness, and to teach them that all mankind are their brethren, and that they must no more massacre the white men who visit their islands, but treat them with hospitality and kindness.

'This the missionaries have done—this they continue to do—and every ship-master should say, God prosper their labours, unless, indeed, he prefer to obtain refreshments for a starving crew by force of arms. But, all ships have not sufficient arms or men to force a landing against thousands of ferocious savages with

poisoned weapons. There have been instances where the ship's company, officers and all, have been too much weakened and emaciated by famine and scurvy, to maintain a contest with savages. Such have either perished with hunger, or became themselves the food of cannibals.

'Such instances certainly have been, and these islands are still inhabited by the descendants of the same people. What force of arms could not effect, the gentle manners and mild persuasions of pious missionaries have accomplished. No sooner does a ship stop there now, than the inhabitants vie with each other in acts of kindness and hospitality. The best their country affords is offered, and freely offered, to refresh the wearied and weather-beaten mariners, whom they meet on the beach, and, armed with nothing but smiles of welcome, inquire their wants. Here the stranger can eat and drink, and sleep, in perfect security, under, perhaps, the same roof beneath which human flesh was once an article of food. Who have effected this wonderful change in the short period of one generation? I answer, this is the work of missionaries. God bless them!"—pp. 157, 158.

The ship next anchored amongst the islands forming the archipelago of Chiloe. Chiloe itself is the largest of the group, and offered many points worthy of observation in the advanced state of the people. Speaking of the ladies, he states, that the first thing which struck him was their liberal use of ornaments, such as gold hair-combs, splendid ear-jewels, bracelets on the arms, chains around the wrists, rich chains of gold around the neck and waist, with shoe-buckles of the same valuable material. Many of these ornaments are inlaid with gems and precious stones. Their usual head-dress is simply their glossy black hair, tastefully done up with four or five gold combs, and gracefully disposed, which gives them a very charming appearance. Some of them reminded him of Walter Scott's description of Rebecca, in the romance of *Ivanhoe*.

With respect to the dress itself, however, independent of ornaments, I must confess, says the captain, that one of their fashions struck me rather oddly, as I had never met with any thing of the kind among "Jews or Gentiles, bond or free." I allude to their hoop-dresses, which I was subsequently permitted to examine. They are worn beneath the external petticoat; and the hoop, which is nearly three feet in diameter, is worn parallel with the hips, and is kept in its horizontal position in the following manner:—a strip of linen or cotton, of six or eight inches in width, according to the size of the waist of the wearer, and the diameter of the hoop, is sewed all around the latter at one edge, while the other edge is drawn by a string, and tied to the body just above the hips. In this position, (that is, when the string is drawn,) it resembles a large drum-head, with a circular hole cut in the centre. This apparatus, their petticoats being very short, gives them a very singular appearance.

The favourite instrument of the Chi-

loans is the Spanish guitar, on which almost every female performs with pleasing effect, accompanied with the voice—some of them the sweetest I ever heard. They also play the harp, spinnet, harpsichord, and piano-forte. The gentlemen play the flute and clarionet, and both sexes dance with exquisite grace, accompanied with a due proportion of Castilian dignity. Their principal dances are minuets, long dance, cotillions, and the celebrated fandango. The latter is a very fascinating dance, performed by two persons—commonly by a lady and gentleman—sometimes by two ladies.

This island is celebrated for manufacturing the best ponchos of any part of Chili. They are woven very thick, of a fine thread, and curiously wrought, in variegated colours. In weaving the cloth, they use twelve or more treadles in the loom. It is generally about six feet square, beautifully fringed around the edges, and has a slit in the centre, just large enough to admit a man's head. The edges of this slit are also bordered with beautiful needlework. They are worn by the gentlemen, as a protection from the weather, and are so thick and fine, that they turn off water nearly as well as leather. When the wearer's head is put through the ornamented slit in the centre, the poncho hangs about him like a blanket, and is the most convenient garment to ride in that could be invented; the rider having his legs and arms at liberty, and his body completely defended from the rain.

The ladies have a handsomely striped cloth, manufactured of cotton, very much like the poncho, about seven feet in length, and three in breadth. This is suspended like a seaman's hammock, about two feet and a half from the floor, in which the ladies amuse themselves by swinging, sometimes in a lying and sometimes in a sitting posture, as fancy or indolence suggests.

Highly interesting descriptions are given by the author, of Callao and Lima, and other places on the same coast; and, after having disembarked at San Diego, in New California, he had the good fortune to be in time to join a hunting excursion. It proved far less agreeable than could have been possibly expected, for the party were attacked by a band of Indians, from which they escaped only after displaying the most undaunted courage. They came off, however, victorious, without losing a man: the enemy counted seven dead. Sailing for the bay of Monterey, the captain went on shore to examine the country, which he found to be beautiful in its vegetation. About ten miles to the E. S. E. of Monterey he visited the mission of St. Antonio de Padua. The place is built in a circular form, having the appearance of military barracks, with a church in the centre. There are now about fifteen hundred Indians in this mission, governed by two friars and four monks, who keep the Indians at work in cultivating the ground and rearing cattle. All that their labour produces over and above the support of the establishment, is sold at Monterey by the friars, and the proceeds laid out in clothing, agricultural implements,

and other necessities, for the good of the mission, and the improvement of the Indians. The latter are very industrious in their labours, and obedient to their teachers and directors, to whom they look up as to a father and protector, and who in return discharge their duty towards these poor Indians with a great deal of feeling and humanity. They are generally well clothed and fed, have houses of their own, and are made as comfortable as they wish to be. The greatest care is taken of all who are affected with any disease, and every attention is paid to their wants.

At Port St. Francisco the captain likewise landed for the purpose of fishing and of observing the country. The inhabitants of the town itself are principally Mexicans and Spaniards, who pass a very indolent life, cultivating no more at a season than is barely sufficient to maintain them: nothing therefore is at their disposal to supply the wants of the ships which are induced to anchor there, either to recruit their stores or for repairs. The deficiencies, however, of the town are amply atoned for by the abundance which is found at the mission of St. Clara, lying not far off in the interior. Here ten ships at a time may be stored with every thing they require, and that too at a price particularly moderate. The mission alluded to is described as situated on a delightful plain, surrounded by beautiful groves of oak, and other hard wood of a durable nature, one of which is much like *lignum vite*. This mission, which was founded in 1777, contains about twelve hundred native Indians, and is governed in the same humane manner as that of St. Antonio, before mentioned. No person of an unprejudiced mind could witness the labours of these Catholic missionaries, and contemplate the happy results of their philanthropic exertions, without confessing that they are unwearied in well-doing. The lives of these simple-hearted, benevolent men are solely devoted to the temporal and (as they think) eternal welfare of a race of savages, apparently abandoned by Providence to the lowest state of human degradation. Surely such disinterested beings, whatever may be their errors of opinion, will meet a rich reward from Him who hath said, "Love one another." These converted Indians have a very smart, active, friendly, and good-natured demeanour. Their features are handsome and well proportioned; their countenances are cheerful and interesting; and they are generally a very industrious, ingenious, and cleanly people. The sins of lying and stealing are held by them in the utmost abhorrence, and they look upon them as two of the most heinous crimes of which a man can be guilty, murder alone excepted. They evince the most tender affection for their wives and children, which is abundantly reciprocated by the females and their offspring.

The next of the islands visited by the captain was the Sandwich group, and his experience of the navigation of these, and other islands similarly circumstanced, enables him to offer a piece of advice to all

shipmasters who perform voyages amongst them. In crossing between the parallels of latitude twenty degrees and thirty degrees north, a vessel should never run in thick weather; and even in the clearest of weather, they should always have one or two men at the mast-head, day and night. These reefs, which are all formed of coral, may be seen from the mast-head, by their light reflecting on the top of the water, day or night, double the distance that they can be seen from the deck, and in time sufficient to avoid them, if there be a breeze of wind. As another reason for keeping a look-out from the mast-head, I would observe, that in running free, or before the wind, a vessel is running on the back of the breakers, the foam of which cannot be seen from the deck until the vessel is close on board of it. But from the mast-head a man can see the foam over the breakers at a sufficient distance to give time enough to tack ship, or haul off.

The captain intended to call at the St. Vincent Islands, and took particular care to sail to the very spot where their latitude was assigned, but, after beating about for forty-six days, he came to the conclusion, that the said islands could not have existed within many leagues from the site described.

At five degrees south latitude the party landed at a town called Sechura, of the inhabitants of which the author speaks favourably, as exhibiting the marks of cultivation—they are said by him to be hospitable, social, kind, and obliging: their apprehension is quick, and penetrating; and they are in the habit of bathing every morning before sunrise, from which practice they derive a vigorous degree of health, such as is easily perceived in their persons. The inhabitants constitute about five hundred families, who are chiefly employed in fishing or driving mules. They are very poor, but extremely industrious and economical. The women employ themselves, when other domestic avocations do not prevent, in spinning, weaving, and making garments for their husbands and children. The men resort to an artificial mode of sustaining their strength while at work without food. They chew the leaves of a plant called coca, which they mix with a kind of chalk or white earth called maubi. This is very nourishing, and when used freely will enable them to labour two or three days without eating or drinking. But if their store become exhausted, they soon feel their strength decay, and must procure a fresh supply. The same substance also preserves the teeth and fortifies the stomach. They have an ingenious method of fabricating fishing vessels, however rude the workmanship may be. From five to eight logs of the cabbage-tree, from thirty to forty-five feet in length, according to the intended capacity of the vessel, are fastened together with ropes made of the bark which is peeled off the logs. The large, or butt-ends of these logs, are all laid one way, and they form the head of the vessel. About ten or twelve feet farther aft, a mast is erected, secured by shrouds and back-stays, on which they

set a large square sail. With this simple rigging these rafts will sail six or eight miles an hour.

Having on this second voyage again anchored at Callao, the captain took the opportunity of disembarking, and examining more attentively than he had yet done the interior. In the early part of this article we have alluded to the conclusions to which the captain had come on the subject of the Patagonian race during his first voyage: we noticed also his persuasion that there was nothing extraordinary to be seen in the size of the existing Patagonians; in fact he treated the accounts of a gigantic race of men existing in this province as a fable. But more extended consideration and a larger share of practical knowledge have induced him to believe, that though the present generation of Patagonians is not remarkable for extraordinary height, yet that it is probable that there might once have been a gigantic species of them, of which the existing people are a degenerate race. One thing, however, our captain is satisfied about, that there is just as strong testimony in favour of a former gigantic race in Patagonia as there is in favour of the former existence in our own country of a race of animals now known by the appellation of mammoth. We have the bones, and even entire skeletons of this huge creature in our museums; and I have seen in the interior of Patagonia the bones and entire skeletons of men, who, when living, must have measured more than seven feet in height. The tombs or sepulchres in which I found them were covered with large heaps of stones, probably to prevent their being molested by wild beasts. The position of these was uniformly the same, with the head to the east.

After an adventurous and toilsome voyage of more than twenty-one months, the captain returned to New York with a cargo of six thousand fur seal-skins. It is to be feared from some hints which he throws out, that his reception by the owners of the ship was not quite so cordial as he expected. However, as he chooses to abstain from any detained explanation, it is better to pass at once to the account of the third of his voyages. It appears that a certain firm of ship-owners had a ship expressly built for the purpose of enabling Captain Morrell to proceed to the coast of Africa in a trade speculation. The vessel was called the Antarctic, in compliment to him, he having been the first shipmaster who had ever steered his vessel beyond that circle. She set sail for her destination in June 1823, and proceeded direct to the Cape of Good Hope, of which we have an excellent account, historical as well as geographical. Having left the Cape, the captain proceeded to the neighbouring islands in a northern direction, and finally anchored on the east side of Penguin Island. At about ten, A. M., the sand-winds, he says, came off; and to his great satisfaction he had an opportunity of witnessing, for the first time in his life, one of those moving pillars of sand which have been so frequent-

ly spoken of by the celebrated Mr. Adamson. It rose about five miles inland from the head of the bay, and moved in the direction of the wind towards the south-west, increasing in magnitude as it advanced, until it left the shore, when it began gradually to diminish as it crossed the bay. This moving column of sand passed within a cable's length of the Antarctic, at which time it would measure fifteen or eighteen feet in circumference, of a conic form, and about two hundred feet in nearly a perpendicular height from the water, leaning a little to the south-west. Its heat, in passing the vessel, was sensibly felt, while it emitted a strong odour, not unlike that of sulphur, which was soon dissipated, however, by the strong gusts of wind which came off from the shore, raising the thermometer to 113 degrees. The column finally fell into the water, nearly half-way between Penguin Island and Seal Island, the latter being about two hundred fathoms to the north of the former. The effects of these sand-winds are sometimes very disastrous and fatally destructive when occurring on the borders of the sandy deserts. In one of the captain's inland excursions in this country he had the misfortune to encounter a tornado of this description, which impressed him with a full conviction of their wonderful effects. The wind raised the sand so as to completely fill the atmosphere, obscuring the sun at noon-day, and concealing every thing from view at the distance of two hundred fathoms; while an oppressive, suffocating weight accompanied the masses of sand, through which we had to make our way with extreme difficulty and labour. The dogs, in the mean time, with their tongues hanging from their mouths, refused to face the clouds of sand, and a parching thirst, to which water only afforded a temporary relief, oppressed every individual of the party: the fine light dust was inhaled at every breath. This storm lasted about six hours; but it was more than thrice that time before the atmosphere became tolerably clear of floating sand. The immense piles of sand which line this sea-coast probably owe their existence to the easterly, or what is called the sand-wind, blowing so much stronger than the prevailing southerly winds: the former carrying the sand before it, and depositing it on the borders of the coast, burying beneath it cliffs, rocks, and every thing but the highest hills.

The Hottentots in these islands are, in the opinion of Captain Morrell, much less indolent and stupid than the tribes inhabiting the colony of the Cape. With respect to their external appearance, he does not appear to have been strongly possessed by it, for he informs us that their faces are very ugly, with high prominent cheek-bones, and narrow pointed chin; long and narrow eyes, which do not form an acute angle at the nose, like ours, but are rounded off like those of the Chinese. The natural complexion of their skin is a yellowish brown, very similar to that of a faded leaf. They have very regular teeth, of the purest white, and hair of a peculiar and singu-

lar description. When suffered to grow, it spontaneously twists into small curls, which hang down their necks. Their bodies are slender and well proportioned, with small hands and feet. They appear weak and imbecile when young, and prematurely grow old, very few of them reaching the age of seventy.

In speaking of the females, the Captain assures us they are good humoured and conciliating: and the best proof of the correctness of this assertion is their readiness to gratify the curiosity of any stranger who wishes to examine a physical peculiarity in their formation.

A considerable number of his pages is devoted by the author to the object of showing the capability of the eastern side of the African Peninsula, particularly the unappropriated tract lying between the English and Portuguese Colonies, to become a fertile source of profit to any commercial country which might take it under its protection. Continuing his voyage along the coast of the kingdom of Old Benguela. The country round the capital, which is called St. Philip, and is a place of great trade, abounds with oranges, pineapples, melons, plantains, bananas, palms, dates, cocoanuts, guavas, figs, grapes, and a variety of other fruits. The vine flourishes finely, forming natural arbours and alleys to shelter you from the fervid rays of an African sun. Cassia and tamarinds also flourish; and, from the humidity of the soil, there are two fruit seasons in the year. In entering the port of St. Philip de Benguela, the town and inland country present a beautiful appearance. The houses of the town have all white-washed walls and red roofs, which give them a very gay and picturesque appearance from the offing, and also from the anchorage. The shores around the bay are low and sandy, with the exception of the westernmost point, which is composed of white sandy cliffs. But when we look eastwardly to the inland country, the scenery is charming. Ranges of verdant hills, on which blooming spring for ever smiles, gradually rise above each other, while wood-crowned mountains rear their majestic heads in the distance, and give a sublime finish to the beautiful picture.

But the agreeable associations which such a luxurious natural spectacle afforded to the Captain, were sadly put to flight, by the presence of no less than four slave dealers, from Brazil, waiting in the bay of Benguela, to complete their cargo of human beings. One of the vessels stood close to the American, and the Captain, from the first moment of anchoring, could have no rest, on account of the shrieks and groans which he heard from the wretched captives in the slave ship. Thinking that illness was the cause of their suffering, he caused one of his boats to be manned, and proceeded to the slave ship, which he boarded without the slightest ceremony. He was received by the officers on deck with surprise, but not without courtesy, until he announced the object of his visit, and then they heard him with marks of derision. He found no

impediment, however in getting down to the scene of suffering. "Gracious heaven!" he exclaimed, "what a horrible spectacle was presented to my view!"

"If the reader has ever been on board of a Hudson River market-sloop, loaded with calves and sheep for the city slaughter-houses, he may form some faint idea of this Brazilian slave brig. A range of pens, or bins, occupied each side of the main-deck, from the cat-head to the main-chains, in which were confined such a number of the slaves as were permitted to come upon deck at one time. In a line with the main hatchway, on each side, was erected a bulk-head, or partition, separating the men from the women; while a narrow passage remained open to the gangway, abait the sternmost pen, or between that and the quarter-deck.

"The slaves, perfectly naked, were stowed in rows, fore and aft, in a sitting or crouching posture; and most of the men had their faces between their knees, either indulging in a moody silence, or mournfully chanting, in a low voice, some plaintive song of their native villages. The feelings of the females were of course more clamorously expressed, in spite of all their tyrants' exertions to keep them quiet. In passing along the deck between these two ranges of despairing human beings, I encountered such mute imploring glances, such appealing looks of misery, such piteous supplicating expressions of countenance, such torrents of tears, that looked like pearls on ebony, as completely and totally unmanned me. My own tears fell like rain, and the poor negroes gazed on the strange phenomenon of a white man's sympathy with wonder, doubt, and admiration. Even the females had not been allowed a rag to cover their nakedness.

"After having taken a cursory view of the whole heart-sickening scene, my attention was attracted to the after range of pens on the starboard side, which contained about one-half the females then on deck. Here, as on the opposite side of the deck, the two sexes were separated by a partition, or bulkhead, eight feet in height; near which were two women evidently writhing in the agonies of death. Partly from the officers, and partly from their fellow-sufferers, I gathered the shameful facts that these two dying wretches had been reduced to their present situation by repeated applications of the lash, as a punishment for their piteous cries and heart-rending wailings. This worse than savage brutality had elicited those shrieks and groans which first arrested my attention on board the Antarctic. They were wives and mothers; their infants had been torn from their breasts and thrown upon the ground, either to perish with hunger among the grass, or to become the prey of beasts, or the victims of venomous reptiles—or, possibly, to be preserved and nourished by strangers. In the phrensied paroxysms of maternal anguish, they had called for their infants—for their husbands—for their parents—for their brothers, sisters, and friends; and for this natural involuntary ebullition of feeling, their bodies had been cruelly lacerated with stripes until nature sank exhausted, no more to revive. Their breasts were distended with undrawn nutriment for the lack of which their helpless babes perhaps were perishing—it was oozing in streams

from their nipples, mingled with their own blood."—pp. 325, 326.

The indignation of the honest American knew no bounds, and he nearly exhausted himself in pouring forth invectives on the perpetrators of the shocking sufferings which he saw. Whilst thus employed, the two objects of his especial attention, just alluded to, were released from their sufferings by the hand of death. We give the subsequent scene in his own words:—

"One of the male captives, a well-made, good-looking man, of about twenty-five years of age, had contrived, all manacled as he was, to scale the bulk-head, from the top of which, being unable to use his arms, he fell into the females' apartment, where his head struck a ring-bolt with such force as to fracture his skull. It was the husband of the youngest of the two women who had just breathed their last. For a few moments he lay senseless from the effects of the blow; but soon came to himself sufficiently to understand what was said to him. In the next moment he recognised the dead body of his wife, which he frantically strove to clasp in his manacled arms; and, with a yell of despair, endeavoured to awaken her with his caresses from the sleep of death, while the wound in his head was pouring forth a torrent of blood on the inanimate object of his piteous lamentations.

"The captain of the brig now spoke, and ordered one of the officers to tear the poor fellow from the corpse of his wife, and to stow him on the other side of the deck. He raised his mute-imploring eye to me, in which I read a speedy termination of his miseries, an ardent desire to expire on the bosom of his wife. The officer advanced to seize him; but this was too much for me to witness. I sprang before the dying man, drew my dirk, and ordered the officer to desist on the peril of instant death.

"Hold!" I exclaimed, "you shall not molest him. Back! back! on your life! No man shall touch him, unless he cut his way through my body. You have butchered the wife of his bosom; he is now dying from the effects of your savage barbarity; and they shall not be separated, until his spirit is reunited to hers, in that blessed world where fiends of hell like you can never come. Back! or your blood shall mingle with the negro's!"

"The officer recoiled a few paces, while the others stood gazing at me and each other in mute amazement. I stood fixed in my purpose, however; and not one of the conscience-struck, guilt-appalled, cowardly wretches, nor the whole combined, could muster up sufficient courage to oppose my single arm. The dying captive's struggle was short. In a few minutes more he breathed his last, on the cold inanimate lips of her he loved more than he feared death."—pp. 326, 327.

The Captain took up his dirk, and repeating in the same energetic terms as before, the expression of his horror and indignation at the conduct of the officers, then withdrew. He follows up the history of the revolting scene, with some strong remarks respecting the obligation which lies on the whole of the civilized states of the world coming to some decided and combined system, for the complete and certain suppres-

sion of this horrible traffic. Little or no check at all, he seems to think, is felt by the dealers in the locking up the mouths of the Senegal, Gambia, Zaire, Coanza, and Cameroonian rivers; or, in fact, of any river of Africa, since there are abundant avenues of communication, by means of the whole extent of coast, which is accessible at almost all seasons of the year.

There is scarcely any other portion of this report, of the third voyage, made by Captain Morrell, which merits attention; so that passing over the account of his return home, and of his reception by his family, &c., we shall accompany him at once on his fourth and last expedition to the North and South Pacific Indian Ocean, &c. It is however important to add, before parting with the Antarctic, the vessel in which the third voyage was performed, that she had no *ardent spirits on board* during the whole time: what is better, is, that the Captain's experience on this occasion, proves that the breach of bad habits, necessarily occasioned by such a length of privation, is attended with the best effect; and the crew, who were thus compelled to abstain for two years from liquor, lost all taste for it during their lives.

On the 2nd September, 1829, Captain Morrell, accompanied on this occasion by his wife, at her own earnest solicitation, proceeded in the Antarctic from Sandy Hook Light, the Cape de Verd Islands being the first place at which they were destined to rest. This part of the voyage was disastrous, as nearly all on board, including the captain's lady, were struck with a fever. Several on board died; but the disease disappeared before the arrival of the ship at Tristan d'Acunha, one of three islands in the South Atlantic Ocean. From this they proceeded to the Auckland group, of the natural history of which the captain gives us a very elaborate account. These islands once abounded in numerous herds of fur and hair seal; but the English and American seamen have nearly exhausted the breed completely; for whilst in 1823, Captain Johnston, in an American ship, took from one of these islands about thirteen thousand good fur-seal skins; in 1830 there was not a single fur-seal to be found there. From these islands the Antarctic sailed towards New Zealand, and anchored at a short distance from Molyneux Harbour. As New Zealand is at present an object of considerable attention, on account of its production of an excellent species of flax, we shall not hesitate to present to our readers the account which Captain Morrell has collected concerning its inhabitants. He states, that they have some excellent domestic habits, and evince extraordinary ingenuity in a few arts. Having no metallic vessels for boiling their food, they contrive to cook their fern-root and their potatoes by means of two hollow stones, in which they first put the roots, surrounded by a few moist leaves of some well-flavoured plant, and then applying the hollow sides of the stones to one another, heat them thoroughly for a due length of time, at the end of which the contents are

well stewed and palatable food. They make wooden vessels, and carve them with much taste; cultivate their fields with great neatness, with nothing but a wooden spade; construct large and well-finished canoes; and prepare fishing-tackle and other implements in a wonderful manner, considering their limited means and want of tools. Their principal mechanical tool is formed in the shape of an adze, and is made of the serpent-stone, or jasper. Their chisels and gouges are generally made of the same material, but sometimes of a black solid stone, similar to the jasper. Their masterpiece of ingenuity is carving, which they display on the most trivial objects, as well as in the elegant figure-heads of their canoes, &c. Their cordage for fishing-lines, nets, &c., is not inferior to the finest we have in this country, and their nets are admirably made. A bit of flint, or a shell, is their only substitute for a knife, and a shark's tooth, fixed in a piece of wood, serves for an auger or gimlet. They also fix on a piece of wood, nicely carved, a row of large shark's teeth, setting them in a line, and their sharp edges all one way. This answers for a saw, which they use in their carpenter work, and also for the purpose of cutting up the bodies of their enemies who are slain in battle. Their wars are conducted with the utmost ferocity. They have short spears, which they throw like javelins, from a distance; long ones, which they use as lances, and a broad, thick, sharp-edged weapon of stone, called *patoo-patoo*, with which they strike each other in close combat, and which sometimes cleaves the skull at a single blow. They devour the bodies of their enemies, but not from a physical appetite or relish for human flesh, as many suppose. Such an appetite or relish was never yet experienced by any cannibal that ever existed. The horrid rite is performed merely to appease a moral appetite, far more voracious than that of hunger. It is done to express the extent of their hate, their vengeance, or, rather, an insatiable malice, that would pursue its victim beyond the confines of the grave; for, it is an article of their religious creed, that the soul of a man thus devoured is doomed to eternal fire.

In latitude $4^{\circ} 50' 30''$ south, and longitude $156^{\circ} 10' 30''$ east, the Antarctic east anchor near an island, for the purpose of fishing on the coast, which appeared to be well supplied with the species coveted by the crew. The natives were easily conciliated, and were ultimately induced to become familiar with the people of the ship; the captain called one of them, who seemed to influence the rest, by the name of Nero, and when he landed on a visit to the island, it was at Nero's place of residence that he was received. Nothing could equal the kindness that was heaped upon the captain when in the midst of the natives. Men and women, as they were, stripped off their most valuable ornaments and gave them to the captain and his attendants. Nero even offered him assistance in preparing a situation in a part of the island for carrying on the fishery, and nothing could be more for-

fortunate, to all appearance, than the accident which brought the ship into such favourable circumstances. The captain, with the fullest approbation of the heads of the island, had a garden dug, in which he sowed the seeds of almost all the known useful vegetables and fruits. The nights were passed delightfully by the crew, there being no formation of dew in the atmosphere of that climate. Notwithstanding the good understanding which was maintained between the natives and the strangers, still the utmost precautions were nightly provided against the accident of a surprise. The men from the ship at length commenced operations on the island for building, and laying out the ground, and were cheerfully assisted by the islanders until the armourer commenced operations; but when the furnace had been put up, and the bellows began to play upon the coals, the natives, astonished and alarmed, fled from the scene. They were soon prevailed on to return, but amongst them were persons who stole some of the iron, with a part of the tools. These thefts commenced one by one, but afterwards multiplied so that the islanders, under the influence of the chiefs, formed one party, and the thieving body, which increased in numbers, another, and both now began to be engaged in serious conflicts. The two chiefs, Nero and Henneen, had done every thing for the purpose of stopping these robberies by their subjects, but at last it turned out, that, notwithstanding all their show of regard to the strangers, a theft of some importance was committed in which the chief, Henneen, was a principal. The captain hearing this, went to Nero, but the conduct of this savage explained every thing. The occasion, however, was one of extraordinary advantage, and was not to be lost for a trifle, so that Captain Morrell redoubled his attentions, and by hospitality and presents seemed to have eternally fixed the chiefs as his friends.

It was on the morning after a night of gaiety and amusement, spent by the chiefs on board the Antarctic, that the Captain's ears were startled by a sound, which sent the life-blood curdling to his heart: it was the *warhoop*, and he knew the fatal yell. It would be but to harrow up the feelings of the compassionate, to go through a detail of the results: it must be sufficient for us to state, that the part of the crew on the island rushed to the shore opposite the Antarctic, and there they found the two sentinels, their shipmates, basely butchered, and about three hundred savages, with bows bent, to dispose of them in a similar manner; a shower of arrows assailed them, and three men fell, and the rest were wounded. A whale boat at the moment of alarm was despatched from the ship with ten sturdy oarsmen. In the meantime the gallant seamen on the island were determined to sell their lives at the dearest price, and for every white man that fell, half a dozen of the savages were made victims. Just when fourteen of the party had been murdered, and the remaining seven were

in a state of total inability to fight any more from exhaustion, the whale boat reached the edge of the shore. The oarsmen commenced a well directed fire upon the savages, which made them fall back and allow the seven to retreat to the boat; four of them were badly wounded. The savages rallied and made a rush upon the boat, but it was soon in deep water. One portion of the natives continued firing at her, while the greater part took to their canoes. As the boat was full and consequently slowly rowed, the canoes were able to gain upon her; the boatmen fired their muskets, but the falling of the victims seemed only to add fresh fuel to their sanguinary appetites, for they rushed forward with the greater desperation.

The captain, now dreading the total destruction of the men in the boat, brought the broadside of the schooner to bear on the canoes by means of springs on the cables. The guns were loaded with canister and grape shot, and, by a signal, directed the boat to be moved towards the stern of the vessel. By this arrangement, the canoes, about twenty in number, were presented in a detached group, quite distinct from the boat. The Antarctic opened her flaming battery at once, and two of the canoes were in an instant seen floating in minute fragments on the waters. The effect was what may be expected, the canoes which were untouched by the broadsides, retired to the banks, and the boat was enabled to come alongside the ship in perfect security. The poor wounded were then removed into berths, and the Antarctic had now only a force of eleven efficient men to defend her in case of an attack from the savages. Almost immediately, an immense flotilla of canoes made its appearance, and there is no doubt that, from the number of the natives which filled these boats, they would have been able to take the ship, had it not been for the providential springing up of an easterly breeze, which carried on the vessel so rapidly, that the canoes by degrees were obliged to drop astern, and finally to give up the pursuit. It appears that the natives of the particular island to which the strangers became obnoxious, were joined at this crisis by the inhabitants of all the surrounding islands, who were, no doubt, persuaded that the general interests of the whole required a common effort to annihilate the enemy. During the whole of the night which succeeded this memorable day, the captain kept looking at the island through a telescope. Fires, he tells us, were kindled on the beach in every direction, among the dead bodies of my unfortunate crew, from which those hell-hounds were cutting the flesh, and roasting it in the fire; and then, with savage ferocity, tearing it to pieces with their teeth, while from the half-cooked fragment the fresh blood was running down their ebony chins.

Soon after, they began to drag the bodies of their own fallen comrades to the edge of the beach, and then buried them in the bosom of the lagoon. When they had finished this necessary task, they proceeded to gather up

their plunder, and divide the remains of the slaughtered strangers among them; after which, each party of warriors embarked in their respective canoes, and started for the several islands to which they belonged, and which the last reached about dusk. All this he distinctly beheld, and when he looked again, fires were being kindled on the different islands, until they ranged along all the beaches that fronted the schooner. Around these fires the natives appeared to be very busy for the greater part of the night. This was, no doubt, for the prosecution of their horrid orgies; but, fearful that treachery lurked beneath their operations, that these fires might be intended to deceive the strangers, and that they intended to attack the Antarctic under cover of the darkness, every man was kept at his quarters during the whole of that melancholy night. Eighty muskets were loaded with buckshot, and laid upon the trunk. The guns and swivels were all double-shotted; the matches kept lighted in their places, and one man was stationed in each top, to keep a sharp look out for canoes; their matches were also lighted, and the top-swivels in complete readiness. During the night, the ship cruised about among the shoals and reefs of the lagoon, anxiously waiting the tardy approach of daylight, which at last was hailed with joy and heartfelt thankfulness.

As the islands where they met with such extraordinary treachery were hitherto unknown to the civilized world, Capt. Morrell gave them the infamous designation of the "Massacre Islands." The Antarctic then proceeded to Manila, where the captain and crew were received with great hospitality, and where Mrs. Morrell awaited her lord. Nothing could pacify the captain's conscience when he bethought him that some of his men might still be living and be objects of persecution in the Massacre Islands. He determined at once upon a plan of going back to the Massacre Islands with such a force as would make the enterprise a rational experiment for the recovery of any of his shipmates, who might by possibility still survive, to form subjects of gratification for the monsters in whose hands they still unfortunately might remain. Many of the merchants and ship-masters in Manila took pains to dissuade the captain from this hopeless enterprise; but his inviolable reply, and to his eternal honour it should be remembered, was this: "I could never again enjoy life, until my mind was relieved from its present horrid suspense. Should one of my crew be still living, a captive to those ruthless, remorseless cannibals, what must have been his agonizing distraction of mind to see the Antarctic depart for ever from his view; what must be his hopeless despondency during her lengthened absence: what would be his ecstasy of delight to see her return."

His wife, with that spirit of valour which is instinctive to the sex whenever the proper occasion calls for such an exertion, insisted upon being one of the party; and with her and sixty-six Manila-men, together

with nineteen Americans on board, the captain boldly steered back for the Massacre Islands. The ship was under the necessity of anchoring before a neighbouring island, forming one of Monteverdeson's group, where the captain had experienced, on a previous occasion, the most treacherous conduct; but he and his men thought it best, under the circumstances, to conciliate the islanders, who, in their turn, put on an appearance of the sincerest friendship. The captain, however, was not deceived by this tranquillity, but took the necessary precautions against an attack, and, had he been imprudent enough not to have done so, he would have met a dreadful fate. About three hundred of the natives attacked the ship from their canoes, just as the sun was setting, but they were received in such a manner as almost petrified them with terror; for, when the smoke disappeared, they were seen like so many porpoises tumbling about, their canoes in fragments, and their war weapons floating in every direction. Pity for their ignorance and depravity would not allow him to repeat the fire, particularly as he saw every reason to believe that the savages were in no disposition to renew the onset.

At last the Antarctic came to an anchor directly opposite the village where the dreadful massacre had taken place. Her course was vigilantly marked by the islanders, who, flushed with their former victory, concluded that the crew was in the same state of weakness in which they found it at the last visit, and therefore they lost but little time in acting upon that belief. A flotilla speedily presented itself, which must have been contributed to by the whole of the group of islands, and the savages having taken their stations, commenced by a shower of arrows. The captain now gave the word, and a brisk fire of cannons, swivels, and musketry was kept up for ten minutes and a pause ensuing, to let the smoke pass off, the wretched natives were seen scattered, and all that survived making the best of their way to the shore. Captain Morrell's chief object in returning to these islands, was, to give an opportunity to any of the crew who might be still living as prisoners with the savages, to return to the ship, and he adopted the plan of getting nearer to the shore, in order to fire on the town, for then it was likely that they would make use of such a person as a mediator. The anticipation proved to be correct; for, shortly after a well-directed broadside, which shivered the houses to their foundations, a small canoe was seen to put out from the shore; it contained a painted creature perfectly naked, but who eagerly made for the Antarctic. This was one of the missed, named Shaw, who, by the merest chance, was kept alive by the savages, who had destined him to die and to be afterwards eaten by his executioners. It is needless to say how Shaw was received; and, from his account, which is given at full length by the captain, it appears that he underwent the severest privations and petty persecutions from the natives, who beat and

mocked him. He was enabled in this forced visit to confirm by his own observation the horrible fact that the natives were cannibals. The men on board, on hearing the description from Shaw of the treatment which he and his comrades had met with, became wound up to desperation, and it required the greatest skill and address of the captain to prevent them rushing in a body upon the island, and putting every man and woman in it to death. Shaw not only bore testimony to the fact that these savages were cannibals, but he remarked, that, during his residence on the island, he never saw any children. From this he concluded that infanticide was a general practice.

The chastisement which the natives had now received was sufficient to shew them the necessity of humbling their tone; and, as there appeared to be a facility opened for procuring terms from them, Captain Morrell then formed a plan of taking one of the islands, small, and then uninhabited, for the purpose of catching the delicious fish which happened to be very abundant about those islands. A regular negotiation was concluded between him and the chiefs; and, after having delivered to the latter the specified number of axes, hatchets, adzes, chisels, plane-irons, gimlets, spoke-shaves, knives, scissors, razors, looking glasses, and beads of different kinds, the captain took possession of the island. Here, a series of buildings was soon raised for the curing of the fish, and above that again was erected a sort of wooden fort, which was made arrow proof, for the permanent defence of the works. The time of the captain's men, he now saw, was nearly lost, in consequence of the necessity they were under of every moment repelling the attacks of their treacherous enemies, whom they baffled frequently, with the greatest skill. Thus, Thomas Holmes, one of the crew, being on shore at the Massacre Island, filling some water casks from a spring, was suddenly surprised by fifteen of the natives, all of whom instantly aimed their pointed arrows at his breast. At the same moment Holmes presented his musket, which caused them all to drop down upon their haunches. Perceiving that this manœuvre produced the desired effect, he held his fire, slowly retreating backwards towards the shore, with his piece still ready for an aim. The natives continued to follow him, and several times attempted to discharge a volley of arrows; but, he as often presented his piece, which invariably caused them to squat upon the ground. In this manner Holmes continued manœuvring, without discharging his piece, or giving them an opportunity of notching their arrows, until he reached the edge of the beach; when, fearful of his eluding them entirely and effecting his escape, they made a furious rush upon him, which compelled him to pull the trigger, and their leader fell, just as he was on the point of discharging an arrow. This was the brother of the treacherous Henneen, whose death he was thus seeking to avenge. A buckshot entered his heart, and two others, who were wounded by the same discharge,

fell to the ground. The gallant tar then retreated as fast as possible; but, before he had got beyond bow-shot distance, he found that the remaining twelve were aiming their arrows at his body; upon which he again presented his musket, which produced the same effect as before; and ere they could recover themselves, he was beyond the reach of their arrows, being taken up by a boat sent to his assistance from Wallace's island. Had he discharged his musket when first surprised at the spring in the forest, he must inevitably have fallen a prey to those ferocious cannibals. His presence of mind was fortunately equal to the emergency, and the Antarctic was not deprived of the services of this brave British seaman.

Experience had now sufficiently shewn to the captain that the perseverance of the natives was likely to last longer than his own capability of resistance; he wisely considered the reasons which might prompt him to remain, as compared with those which tempted him to depart. His decision was in favour of the latter measure; and, after sacrificing the works which the crew had erected on the island, named, from one of the party who had been massacred, Wallace's island, the captain bade a final adieu to the barbarous race, whom he had so much reason to dislike. Shaw, in his narrative, adds, that nothing which can be called religion appeared to be known to these islanders. The chiefs alone indulge in polygamy, every other male being contented with one wife. The females, in their reserved and modest demeanour, presented a most favourable contrast with the men.

We now arrive at the termination of the last of Captain Morrell's voyages; and it is with deep regret that we part with him at a moment, when we have reason to fear that his generous enterprise was unsuccessful. It is fortunate, however, that untoward events could never, in their visitation, fall upon a mind more able to resist their pressure than his: for it never was our lot to peruse a record of personal adventures which exhibits a nobler or more heroic spirit than that manifested by Captain Morrell. Deeply fraught as our naval annals are with stories of distress, and familiar as most of our readers are with those graphic scenes, still to the British public we strongly recommend the present volume, as calculated to fix the interest of the most indifferent amongst them, and to awaken in their minds reflections such as will not speedily be forgotten.

From the Winter's Wreath.

THE THREE MARIES.

By William Howitt.

WITH A PLATE.

They sat in sorrow sunk low,
Astounded and amazed;
They had seen the fairest visions go;
On fearful things had gazed.

Apart, in places secret, still,
In shadowy nooks they sate apart:
A scattered troupe, all sunk in heart,
Devoid of hope or will.

Theirs had a splendid progress been,—
A path than earth's more bright;
There Heaven had poured its richest sheen,
There hid its peace alight.
And they had walked in glory on,
With songs and with rejoicings loud,
A wondering, hoping, happy crowd,
Round God's benignant Son.

But horror, like a bolt of fire,
Burst on them sudden, vast;
Struck down they saw the hoped Messiah;
O'er earth hell's shadow cast:
They saw their temple's veil all rent!
The world was rocking 'neath their tread!
Wide yawned the graves; forth walked the
dead,
And through the city went!

Like men by lightning struck, they lay
Bewildered, crushed, and low:
And pondered through the sabbath-day,
In half-despairing wo.
For this they trusted had been he
That Israel should at length redeem:
Gone was the hope—a glorious dream!
A brilliant mockery!

Thus did his proudest followers do;—
Thus did heroic men!
But woman's spirit, soft yet true,
Rose in its brightness then.
In life, from pleasant Galilee,
They followed meekly in his train;
To watch his need, to soothe his pain;
Thus did the Maries three.

She who had borne that slaughtered son—
The mother through whose soul,
The sword of agony had gone
To make her people whole:
She whom his mighty word set free
From fierce and fiendish spirits seven;
One who her sons to him had given:
A fair, immortal three.

They saw him perish on the cross;
In earth they saw him laid;
They felt his pangs, they wept his loss,
Trembling and sore dismayed.
But woman's heart, and woman's will
Glowed warmly through their wildest woe;
They felt the ruin of the blow,
But felt they loved him still.

And long before the coming dawn,
They sate amid the gloom,
Regardless of the watchers' scorn,
Beside the Saviour's tomb.
With precious spices in their hand
They weeping sate, and there did tell
Of each good deed and miracle
He wrought through all the land.

Oh! worthy were ye, women true,
That first to you was given
The wondrous and the wildering view
Of all the power of Heaven.
To see the tomb for ever rent;
The gates of heavenly life set wide;
To see the Scorned and Crucified
Arise—Omnipotent!

To see, to hear, to clasp his feet;
To set the full heart free;
All the wild flood of feelings sweet
To pour out mightily.
To run, and, with a word, around
Such thrilling tidings to unfold
That, unto spirits faint and cold,
Seemed madness in the sound.

A sound!—it lives, it vibrates yet!
Since first ye gave it birth,
Without decline, or halt, or let,
It journeys through the earth.
A sound of wonder and of fear;
A sound of joy, and hope, and life;
A sound, before which, hate and strife
And darkness disappear.

Illustrious women!—who, like you,
Hove won a rich renown?
Your love and faith are ever new;
Your deeds shall travel down
Through time,—through wide eternity.
Where'er the immortal hope is stirred,
Where'er Christ's living law is heard,
There shall be known the Maries three.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Rapport sur l'état de l'Instruction Publique dans quelques pays de l'Allemagne, et particulièrement en Prusse. Par M. V. Cousin, Conseiller d'Etat, Professeur de Philosophie, Membre de l'Institut et du Conseil Royal de l'Instruction publique. Nouvelle Edition. Paris. 1833. 8vo.

In our last number we gave an account of the valuable work founded on the observations of MM. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville, the commissioners sent by the French government to inquire into the Penitentiary system established in some of the States of the North American Union. The Report of M. Victor Cousin is the result of a similar scientific or legislative mission, and on a subject even more important than the system of legal punishments. The first part of it contains a sketch of the entire system of education, both learned and popular, in the free city of Frankfurt on the Main, the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, and the kingdom of Saxony: the second part comprehends a detailed account of the general organization of national education in Prussia, of the authorities by which it is regulated and controlled, and the funds from which its expenses are defrayed. The public education of Prussia consists of three degrees: 1. Primary or elementary instruction, destined for children of the lower and middle orders. 2. Secondary instruction, communicated in schools called *gymnasias*. 3. The highest instruction, communicated in the universities. The first of these parts relating to the primary instruction, M. Cousin has completed in the published report; on the two other branches he promises another report of equal extent with the first. In the present article we do not propose to follow M. Cousin through all the details of the various establishments and methods of educa-

tion which he describes, however interesting and important they may be, as it would be impossible to give a distinct and clear impression of them in the limited space at our command; we shall therefore confine ourselves to the kingdom of Prussia, and give a general view of the admirable system of education established in that state; after which, we shall offer some remarks on the subject of national education as applicable to our own country.

In Prussia, in the year 1819, a minister of state was created by the name of *minister of public instruction, of ecclesiastical and medical affairs*. His department embraces the superintendence of the national education, the religious establishment, the secondary medical schools, all institutions relating to public health, and all scientific institutions, as academies, libraries, botanical gardens, museums, &c.; every thing, in short, which belongs to the moral and intellectual advancement of the people. This minister is the head of a council or board, consisting of three sections; viz. an ecclesiastical section, composed of thirteen persons, of whom some are lay, but the majority are clerical, with one Roman Catholic; a section of public instruction, composed of twelve persons, chiefly laymen; and a section of medicine, consisting of eight members. All the members of this council are paid; thus the director or chairman of the section of public instruction has a salary of 5000 thalers (760*l.*); four other members a salary of 3000 thalers (460*l.*); seven, from 2000 to 2600 thalers (300*l.* to 375*l.*). The same person may be member of two sections at the same time; thus, nine persons are members both of the ecclesiastical section and of that of public instruction; but in that case he only receives one salary. The section of public instruction meets twice a week, the director in the chair; and the business is transacted by the whole board. Sometimes, however, special reports are made to the minister by some of the councillors. Each of the sections has an establishment of clerks, besides the official establishment belonging to the minister. The entire expense of the department, including the salaries of the councillors, is 80,610 thalers a-year (12,180*l.*)

In order to understand the arrangement of the national education, it is necessary to explain the territorial division of Prussia, as the one is adapted to the other. Prussia is divided into ten provinces, viz. Eastern and Western Prussia, Posen, Pomerania, Brandenburg, Silesia, Saxony, Westphalia, Cleves, and Lower Rhine. Each of these provinces is divided into *regencies*, called *Regierungs-Bezirke*, corresponding to our counties; each regency is divided into *circles* (*Kreise*), and each circle is divided into *communes* (*Gemeinden*), corresponding to our parishes. Nearly every province has its university; East and West Prussia, and the dutchy of Posen, which border on one another, have the university of Königsberg; Pomerania that of Greifswald; Silesia that of Breslau; Saxony that of Halle; Brandenburg that of Berlin; Westphalia

the imperfect university, called the academy of Munster; the Rhenish provinces that of Bonn. Each of these universities has its authorities named by itself, under the superintendence of an officer appointed by the minister of public instruction, called *curator* in the old universities. This office is always entrusted to a person of importance in the province; and although the appointment is considered as a mark of honour, it is accompanied with a certain salary. All communication between the universities and the minister is carried on through the medium of this officer; and no provincial or local authority has the right of interfering with the establishments for the higher instruction.

This however is not the case with the other two degrees of education, which are considered as belonging in great part to the local authorities. Every province is under the control of a supreme president (*Oberpräsident*), who is at the head of a body dependent on the central department of public instruction, and organized on the same plan, called the *provincial consistory*. This body, like the central council, is divided into three sections; the first for ecclesiastical affairs, or consistory properly so called; the second for public instruction, called the school-board (*Schulcollegium*); the third for affairs relating to public health, called the medical board. All the members of this provincial consistory are paid, and are named directly by the minister of public instruction; the supreme president of the province is chairman both of the entire body and each of the sections, and he corresponds with the minister of public instruction. This correspondence however is not of much importance, and is only intended to maintain the connexion between the different parts of the administration; as in fact the whole authority is in the hands of the consistory, each section of which deliberates separately, and decides every thing by a majority of voices. The *Schulcollegium* or school-board has the management of the secondary instruction in the whole province, and all the higher parts of the primary instruction, such as the *progymnasia* or preparatory gymnasia, the upper town schools, and the seminaries for teaching the masters of the primary schools. Attached to this body is a board of examiners, generally composed of professors of the university in the province, who examine the pupils of the gymnasia before their admission into the university, and the candidates for the situations of teachers in the gymnasia. This board of examiners forms the connecting link between the establishments of the higher and secondary instruction.

We now proceed to explain the arrangement of the primary instruction. Every circle, as we before stated, is divided into communes; and each commune is provided with a school, of which the pastor or curate of the place is inspector, together with a committee of the principal persons of the commune called *Schulvorstand*. In the city communes, where there are several primary schools, there is a higher board, compos-

ed of the magistrates, which exercises a general superintendence over the several committees. Moreover, in the chief place of the circle there is another inspector, whose authority extends over all the schools of the circle, and who corresponds with the local officers. This as well as the local inspector is almost always an ecclesiastic, but after these two officers the authority of the civil administration commences. The school-inspector of each circle corresponds with the government or council of each regency or department through the medium of its president. One of the members of this council is an officer called *Schulrath*, paid as well as his colleagues, and specially charged with the superintendence of the primary schools; this officer connects the public instruction with the regular administration of the department, being on the one hand named on the presentation of the minister of public instruction, and on the other belonging by virtue of his office to the local government council, and thus being in relation with the minister of the interior. The *Schulrath* makes reports to the council, which decides by the majority of votes. He also inspects the schools; awakens and stimulates the zeal of the inspectors, the committees, and the schoolmasters: all the inferior and superior inspectors correspond with him, and he carries on, through the medium of the president of the council of the department, all the correspondence relative to the schools, with the higher authorities, such as the provincial consistory, and the minister of public instruction: he is in fact the real manager of the primary instruction in each department. It will be observed, therefore, that the details of the primary schools, to which we now limit our attention, are in Prussia left to the management of the local authorities, while the central government exercises everywhere a general superintendence.

Having given this account of the place which the popular or primary instruction occupies in the Prussian system, we shall now proceed to explain its character, objects, and operation.

All parents in Prussia are bound by law to send their children to the public elementary schools, or to satisfy the authorities that their education is sufficiently provided for at home. This regulation is of considerable antiquity; it was confirmed by Frederick the Great in 1769, and was introduced into the Prussian *Landrecht* or code in 1794, and finally it was adopted in the law of 1819, which forms the basis of the actual system of Prussia. The obligation in question extends not only to parents and guardians, but to all persons who have power over children, such as manufacturers and masters of apprentices, and applies to children of both sexes from their 7th to their 14th year complete. Twice a-year the school committee and the municipal authorities make a list of the children in their district whose parents do not provide for their education, and require the attendance of all who are within the prescribed age.

This attendance is dispensed with, if satisfaction is given that the children will be properly instructed elsewhere; but the parents are nevertheless bound to contribute to the school to which their children would naturally belong. Lists of attendance kept by the schoolmaster are delivered every fortnight to the school committee. In order to facilitate the regular attendance of the children, and not altogether to deprive the parents of their assistance, the hours of lessons in the elementary schools are arranged in such a manner as to leave the children every day some hours for domestic labours. The schoolmasters are prohibited by severe penalties from employing their scholars in household work. The schools are closed on Sundays; but the evenings, after divine service and the catechism, may be devoted to gymnastic exercises. Care is taken to enable poor parents to obey the law, by providing their children with books and clothes. 'It is to be hoped (says the law,) that facilities and assistance of this kind, the moral and religious influence of the clergymen, and the good advice of the members of the school committees and the municipal authorities, will cause the people gradually to appreciate the advantage of a good elementary education, and will diffuse among young persons the desire of obtaining knowledge, which will lead them to seek it of their own accord.' If, however, the parents omit to send their children to school, the clergyman is first to acquaint them with the importance of the duty which they neglect; and if his exhortation is not sufficient, the school committee may summon them and remonstrate with them severely. The only excuses admitted are a certificate of ill health by a medical man, the absence of the children with their parents, or the want of clothes. If all remonstrances fail, the children may be taken to school by a policeman, or the parents, guardians or masters, brought before the committee, and fined or imprisoned in default of payment, or condemned to hard labour for the benefit of the commune. These punishments may be increased up to a certain limit for successive infractions of the law. Whenever the parents are condemned to imprisonment or hard labour, care is to be taken that their children are not abandoned during the term of their punishment. Parents who neglect this duty to their children are to lose all claim to pecuniary relief from the public, except the allowance for instruction, which however is not to pass through their hands. They are likewise declared incapable of filling any municipal office in their commune. If all punishment fail, a guardian is to be allotted to children, and a co-guardian to wards, in order specially to watch over their education. Both Protestant and Roman Catholic ministers are enjoined to exhort parents to send their children regularly to school; and they are prohibited from admitting any children to the examinations for confirmation and communion, who do not produce certificates showing that they have finished their attendance at school, or that they still regularly attend it,

or that they receive or have received a separate education.

In order to enable parents to comply with the terms of this law, it is necessary that there should be schools which their children can attend without difficulty. Accordingly every commune is required by law to have a complete *elementary school*, and every town containing more than 1500 inhabitants to have at least one *town school*; the difference between which schools will be explained presently. In order to carry this law into effect, it is enacted that the inhabitants of every rural commune shall, under the direction of the public authorities form themselves into a society (called *Landchulterrein*), composed of all the landed proprietors, and all the fathers of families not landed proprietors, resident in the commune. A society of this kind may likewise be formed by a single village, or even by a collection of remote farm-houses. In general every village is required to maintain its school; several villages however may have one in common, if each is unable to support the expense of a separate school; provided that the distance from the common school is not greater than two miles, in a flat country, or one mile in a hilly country; that the communication is not interrupted by marshes or rivers impassable at certain seasons of the year; and that the number of children to be instructed is not too large, that is, more than 100 for one master.

In order to make a complete primary school the following things are necessary. 1. A sufficient income for the schoolmasters and mistresses during their service, and a maintenance for them after their retirement. 2. A building for exercises and instruction properly constructed, maintained, and warmed. 3. Furniture, books, pictures, instruments, and all things necessary for learning and bodily exercise. The first of these points is declared by the Prussian law to be the most important of all; as without sufficient salaries it is impossible to have good masters. No general rule as to the amount is laid down, as the circumstances of different places differ; but the provincial consistories are directed to appoint a minimum for the salaries of schoolmasters in towns and in the country for each province, which is to be revised from time to time. With regard to the second point, it is laid down that the school-house ought to belong to the school; but if it is hired, a house ought to be taken which stands in an open space. It is absolutely required that every school should be in a wholesome situation, should have rooms of sufficient size, well floored and ventilated, and kept with the utmost cleanliness, and should, as far as possible, contain a good lodging for the master. Where there are several masters, one at least ought to reside in the school. The provincial consistories are directed to prepare plans for the town and country schools of the province, with an estimate of the expenses, in order that they may be followed in the construction of all new schools. Every school in a village or a small town is required to have a garden,

where the scholars may learn the art of gardening, and a yard for the exercises of the children. As to the third point, every school is to have a collection of books sufficient for the use of the masters, and, as far as possible, for that of the scholars. Other things used in education, such as maps, models for drawing, instruments and collections for teaching natural history and mathematics, implements for teaching trades, &c., are to be furnished to the different schools, according to a scale fixed by the provincial consistories.

The next subject to be considered is the fund from which the expenses incurred in establishing and maintaining these schools are to be defrayed. This fund is of three kinds—1. Endowments of private benefactors. 2. A rate imposed on the inhabitants of the town, commune, or department. 3. The payment of the scholars. With regard to the first of these sources, the law enacts that wherever there is a school maintained by the gifts of private benefactors, it shall be used as the public school of the place; and shall, if necessary, be assisted or augmented at the public cost. Whenever the private funds are insufficient, the duty of maintaining the inferior schools is imposed on all the fathers of families in the town or commune, that is, all married persons having an independent establishment; the rate of payment being proportional to the income of each. If a town or commune should from poverty be unable to maintain a proper school, the funds of the department are to be called in aid, so long as the inability shall continue. In addition to these resources, all children attending the school are required to pay a certain sum to be fixed by the school committee; the chief part of which is to be divided among the masters, in order to stimulate them to the proper performance of their duties. In places however where there is no charity school (*Armen Schule*), the public school is bound to furnish gratuitous instruction to the children of indigent parents; some favour is likewise to be shown to parents, who have several children attending at the same time.

Having thus explained the duty of parents to send their children to the elementary schools, and the manner in which these schools are established and maintained, we now come to the object and nature of the instruction communicated in them. "The principal object of every school (*says the law*) is to bring up the youth in such a manner as to create in them, together with a knowledge of the relation of God to man, the power and desire of regulating their lives according to the spirit and principles of Christianity." With this view the masters are directed to form the children to habits of piety; to begin and end the day's lessons with a short prayer; and to instil religious sentiments into their minds at the time of the communion. They are likewise enjoined to inculcate in the children obedience to the laws, and fidelity and attachment to the king and state, in order to animate them with the love of their country.

The inferior public schools are of two kinds—the *elementary schools* in villages and country places, and the *civic or town schools* in the towns. Every complete elementary school is required to teach the Christian religion, the German language, the elements of geometry and the general principles of drawing, arithmetic, the elements of natural science, geography, general history, and particularly the history of Prussia, singing, writing, gymnastic exercises, and the simplest kinds of manual labour. No elementary school is *complete* which does not embrace all these subjects; in every school however it is absolutely necessary that at least religion, reading, writing, arithmetic, and singing, should be taught. Every town school is required to teach religion and morality, the German language, reading, composition, and the study of the national classics, the elements of Latin and of mathematics, a sound knowledge of arithmetic, physical science, geography and history, and especially the history, laws, and constitution of Prussia; the principles of drawing, singing, chiefly for religious purposes, and gymnastic exercises. No particular books are appointed to be read in the schools; but the masters are left to choose the best on each subject as they may successively appear. Every scholar is bound to go through the entire course on every subject forming a part of the prescribed education, nor are the parents at liberty to exclude their children from any particular branch of knowledge. The children are to be examined before they pass from one class to another; and once a year, in every boys' school, there is to be a public examination, at which moreover the master is required to give a written account of the progress and actual state of the school. Every child at his departure from school is furnished with a certificate of his acquirements and character.

The Prussian law justly lays great stress on the respectability and competency of the masters; it is not, however, satisfied with mere injunction and exhortation, but establishes a system by which a succession of well-qualified masters is ensured. Every department is required to maintain a seminary for teachers, or a model school, containing not more than sixty or seventy scholars. Persons between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, who have gone through the entire course of elementary instruction, and whose character is altogether unexceptionable, are admissible. They remain either two or three years, according to their knowledge when admitted; the last year being specially devoted to the theory and practice of teaching. Any person, whether a native or foreigner, properly qualified, is eligible to the situation of schoolmaster; but the pupils of the model schools are to have the preference. No person can be appointed to the situation of teacher who has not been examined and approved by a commission consisting of two clergymen and two laymen: the certificate granted by this commission is to state the degree of the examinant's capacity, and whether he is fitter for

the lower or higher class of elementary schools. The appointment of the teachers is regulated by a series of complicated and detailed enactments, which we do not think it necessary to repeat. In the country schools the teachers are selected from the number of qualified persons by the committee: in endowed schools in towns, the appointment belongs to the benefactor; but if they are maintained wholly or in part by the inhabitants, it is exercised by the municipal authorities. No appointment is valid until sanctioned by the government. Detailed regulations are added with respect to the installation, the improvement, the promotion, and the removal of teachers, all contrived so as to enhance their respectability, to awaken and confirm in them a sense of their high calling, and to purge their body from negligent or disreputable members.

We have already given a general view of the authorities by which the public places of education, from the highest to the lowest, are governed; and we do not think it necessary to give a minute account of the means by which the execution of these various laws is ensured. Suffice it to say, that the local committees of the country schools consist chiefly of the ecclesiastical authorities of the place; while in towns the management of them is shared by a member of the municipal magistracy. Upon the whole, a system of inspection and control is so completely arranged, that no considerable dereliction of duty can take place on the part either of the parents or teachers, without detection and punishment.

It should be added, that the Prussian law does not permit any person to open a private school without having obtained permission from the proper authorities, which may be refused in case of immorality or improper conduct on the part of the applicants. Unmarried men are absolutely prohibited from keeping a girls' school. After private schools have been established, they are subject to the inspection of the public officers of education, who have power, if they find that bad books or masters are employed, to report the school to the provincial consistory, which may withdraw the permission from the school.

Such is a general outline of the national system of elementary instruction for the middling and poorer classes, established by the law of 1819 in Prussia. Even in the imperfect sketch which we have given of its provisions, it is impossible not to recognise a truly sincere and enlightened desire of raising the condition and advancing the civilization of the people; an absence of all narrow political or sectarian views; a wise foresight in providing remedies for all probable abuses, and means of overcoming all probable obstacles; and a judicious distribution of power, in causing it to be exercised in detail by those who have local and minute knowledge, and superintended in general by those who have the widest and farthest views. It is not, however, as M. Cousin observes, to be supposed that so complete, so extensive, and yet so practicable a law, should have proceeded from a

single individual. Not only the outlines, but even many of the details of the system, existed previously to its promulgation, either in virtue of special ordinances, or by the habitual practice of certain districts. Thus the legal obligation of parents to send their children to school, and the intimate connexion of elementary instruction with religion, date from the age of the Reformation in Prussia; to which great event they owed their origin, as the progress and diffusion of Protestantism were considered as synonymous with the progress and diffusion of knowledge. This law, therefore, was in great measure an act of codification rather than of new legislation. But if it did not create a new system, it raised the different parts of the kingdom to a uniform standard, it made universal what before had been only partial, and gave the sanction of law to that which before had only existed as a custom. Such zeal and diligence were likewise shown in executing its provisions, as well by the minister of public instruction as by all the provincial and local authorities, that not only has the letter of the law been strictly carried into effect, but in some instances more has been done than was required. Thus the law enjoins the establishment of a large model school in each department: in several departments, however, small model schools, preparatory to the large one, have been founded. The zeal of the government was, however, tempered with prudence, in applying the law to parts of the kingdom where there were peculiar obstacles to its enforcement. Thus in the Rhenish provinces, where the obligation to send children to school had not existed, the clause relating to compulsory attendance was at first suspended, and after a few years of persuasion and exhortation had induced the people to acquiesce in its propriety, the suspension was removed in 1825. Great caution was likewise required in applying the law to the Jews, a numerous and wealthy part of the Prussian population, who feared lest the faith of their children should be shaken by the public education.

The universality of the operation of the Prussian law is shown by the following statistical facts, furnished by M. Cousin in the Supplement to his Report. According to the newest census the population of Prussia amounts to 12,726,823 souls. Of this number there were in the year 1831, 4,767,072 children up to the age of fourteen years complete. Now it is reckoned that out of 100 children from one day to fourteen years old, 43 (or more exactly, 42, 857 out of 100,000) are between seven and fourteen—the legal age for attendance at school. Consequently, if all children of the required age attended the public schools, the number ought to be 2,043,030. Now it appears from official returns, that in 1831 the number of children attending the public primary schools was 2,021,421. And the small difference between these two numbers is easily explained, when we remember that none of the children under fourteen, educated at home and in private schools, is included in

this list, and that in 1832 there were nearly 18,000 scholars of the same age in the Gymnasias. In some parts of the kingdom, indeed, children attend the schools before the age of seven, and in others there is difficulty in enforcing attendance within the prescribed age; so that the number of children under the legal age, who attend in the more advanced provinces, compensates the deficiency caused by the absence of children within the legal age in the more ignorant provinces; but even with this allowance, it will be seen that in the short interval between 1819 and 1831, the Prussian government has gone very far in enforcing the elementary instruction of the entire rising generation of the country.

Having given this account of one of the most remarkable and most successful efforts of legislation which either ancient or modern history can furnish, it is natural to ask, what is the lesson which it teaches? what light does it shed on the question of national education, more especially with reference to the opinions on that subject commonly entertained in this country?

In the first place we may remark, that it proves incontestably, by the solid and substantial argument of complete practical success, that a system of national education is not a mere chimera; that it is not a phantom of the brain, imagined by dreaming philosophers; but a mode of insuring the elementary instruction of all children, which may be established and maintained not less than an army or navy. There is no doubt that the institution of such a system is encompassed with many difficulties and impediments, some of which we shall presently consider; but that by wisdom, zeal and perseverance these difficulties and impediments may be overcome, the conduct of the Prussian government has irrefragably demonstrated.

Some persons, however, say, that although a system of national education may be *practicable*, it is not *expedient*; that teaching ought, like other services, to be left to the natural operation of demand and supply; that people need not be compelled by law to do that which they will do voluntarily without law; and that all endowed places of education have a natural tendency to become worse than those maintained on the mercantile principle. To those who urge this argument, we answer, that the fact is inconsistent with their assertions; that in this country, where education is left to the principle of demand and supply, the education of a large part of the children of the lower orders is notoriously neglected; that in many parishes, and even districts, there is an entire want of schoolhouses, and more especially of persons qualified for the situation of schoolmasters. The reasons of this state of things are extremely obvious. Under any circumstances parents have a pecuniary interest in neglecting the education of their children, as it requires an outlay of money for which they certainly get no immediate return, and probably may get no return at all. Poor parents, however, have an additional motive; for not only does the

schooling of the children require a direct payment, but their attendance at school deprives the parents of their services at home, or their gains if they can be employed for hire. A remarkable instance of the operation of this interest is furnished by the evidence taken in the last spring by the Factory Commission, from which it appears that the system of employing children in manufactories at a tender age, and for an unreasonable length of time, has arisen entirely from the interest of the parents, who receive the wages of their children's labour, and are sometimes even maintained by it in entire idleness. The evils of infant labour, which have been so loudly, and in part with justice, complained of, could never have existed if a system of national education had existed in this country. Nor is this custom confined to the manufacturing labourers: all poor people, whether in towns or in the country, make great use of the labour of their children; and although it would be very hard altogether to deprive a poor man of this assistance, yet the children ought not on that account to be wholly sacrificed to their parents. It is to this practice of working young children for the benefit of the parents that the number of Sunday Schools in this country is to be attributed, Sunday not being a *working-day*. In Prussia the law considers that Sunday ought to be a holiday for children as well as parents; and as the children have laboured at their tasks on the week days, the schools are closed on Sunday. Uneducated persons moreover are for the most part ignorant of the benefits of education, and have no wish to impart to their children that which they do not seek for themselves. Hence the Prussian law enjoins all clergymen and school authorities to seek to inspire parents with a sense of their obligation to their children, and treats the duty of sending children to school as being like other duties, onerous, and therefore likely to be broken, and as forming part of a high and severe code of morality, and therefore not likely to be generally understood. If children provided their own education, and could be made sensible of its importance to their happiness, it would be a *want*, and might be left to the natural demand and supply; but as it is provided by the parents, and paid for by those who do not profit by its results, it is a *duty*, and is therefore liable to be neglected. Parents moreover are for the most part ignorant of the best modes of instruction, and cannot personally superintend the education of their children. A few persons may have leisure to educate their own children, but with the great mass of mankind, education must be delegated to professional teachers; for, as has been justly observed, "if the grown generation was successively employed in educating the rising generation, the world would be always sowing, and would never gather the harvest.* But the check exercised over a

schoolmaster by an absent parent, employed about his own affairs, and probably ignorant of the business of education, is necessarily very imperfect, both in quantity and quality; and Mr. Babbage might add education to his list of the articles of which the price is raised and the quality lowered by the difficulty of verification.† It is because the *vis inertiae* and want of enterprise in the teachers are more powerful than the vigilance and knowledge of the parents, that old imperfect systems of education are propagated in unendowed schools; and the improvements in endowed establishments proceed from the spontaneous efforts of the governors, rather than the remonstrances or demands of the parents. The Latin and Greek Grammars of Eton and Westminster, still used at those schools, are a sufficient proof how little protection the mercantile principle affords against the retention of obsolete and barbarous modes of teaching after the discovery of simpler and more compendious methods. Another reason too why education ought not to be left to be regulated merely by the demand, is, that parents looking to immediate and tangible results, have a disposition to give their children what is called a *useful* education, that is, to teach them some trade or calling, to give them some *professional* knowledge, by which they may make money.

"Were there no public institutions for education," says Adam Smith, "no system, no science would be taught for which there was not some demand, or which the circumstances of the times did not render it either necessary, or convenient, or at least fashionable to learn. A private teacher could never find his account in teaching either an exploded and antiquated system of a science acknowledged to be useful, or a science universally believed to be a mere useless and pedantic heap of sophistry and nonsense."—*Wealth of Nations*, book v. ch. 1. p. 3.

The principle which Adam Smith here lays down is strictly true, and the inference which he draws from it is correct so far as it goes; but although the mercantile principle insures the abandonment of antiquated absurdities, it does not insure the inculcation of sound and solid learning. It protects the learner against judicial astrology, casuistry or scholastic divinity, as it would banish the study of the Ptolemaic system of the world from the university of Salamanca.‡ But it is no guarantee that moral and religious training, that the infusion of scientific and unprofessional knowledge, of which the effects are *future, general, and negative*, will form part of a course of edu-

probabilite que l'education publique est essentiellement la meilleure, mais il est clair du moins qu'elle est necessaire pour le plus grand nombre. Car une generation entiere ne peut pas etre occupee a elever la suivante, pour qu'a son tour celle-ci se charge d'en instruire encore une autre; ce serait cultiver sans cesse en ne recueillant jamais."

† Babbage on Machinery and Manufactures, c. 14.

‡ See Lyell's *Elements of Geology*, vol. i. p. 78, 2d ed.

* M. de Barante, *Tableau de la Litterature Française*, p. 130. Speaking of Rousseau's *Emilie*. "On pourrait soutenir avec une grande

education. Under such a system a boy might learn nothing useless, but he might leave unlearned much that was highly useful. The same writer says, that "no discipline is ever requisite to force attendance upon lectures which are really worth the attending, as is well known wherever any such lectures are given." This assertion is utterly inconsistent with fact: if two courses of lectures were given at a place of education, one scientific, precise, systematic, accurate and profound, the other declamatory, vague, shallow and popular, the latter would have by far the best attendance, if young men were left to their choice. Adam Smith further remarks, that

"Those parts of education, for the teaching of which there are no public institutions, are generally the best taught. When a young man goes to a fencing or dancing school, he does not indeed always learn to fence or to dance very well, but he seldom fails of learning to fence or to dance. The three most essential parts of literary instruction, to read, write and account, it still continues to be more common to acquire in private than in public schools; and it very seldom happens that any body fails of acquiring them to the degree in which it is necessary to acquire them."

These remarks are no doubt true; but they do not establish the general proposition which Smith would deduce from them. A slight knowledge of dancing or fencing is easy of acquisition, and no young man goes to a dancing or fencing school who does not desire to learn to dance or fence, as quickly and perfectly as he can. It is not therefore to be wondered that he should succeed in his endeavours. Thus also reading, writing and arithmetic, as they are the most essential, so they are the simplest parts of a literary education, and it is not necessary that for the higher classes there should be public places of education, in order to teach that which every child learns at home. But it does not therefore follow that every parent is best able to choose those more general, abstruse and scientific studies, which ought to form part of every liberal education, or that the system of instruction, arranged by an endowed body, when subjected to a proper superintendence, would not be superior to the fluctuating and unconnected plans of private teachers. It is by no means true that nothing is important in education, for which there is no demand. There are some things, as reading and writing, of such obvious and prominent utility, and which it would be so disgraceful not to know, that for the upper ranks they may be safely omitted from any public system. But if a course of lectures on political economy, or jurisprudence, or logic, is delivered to empty benches, this does not prove either that the professor follows an antiquated system, or that the subjects are trifling and unimportant; it only proves that they are not *fashionable*; and although the fencing and dancing master may have more pupils, who may all learn what they seek to learn, we cannot therefore allow that fencing and dancing are more important than the above-mentioned sciences.

Other persons, however, who may admit that a national system of instruction is practicable, and who do not object to it on the ground of its violating the principle of natural demand and supply, nevertheless conceive that an extensive plan of education is likely to produce various evils; one of which often insisted on is, that it necessarily has an *irreligious* tendency. Mr. O'Connell is reported to have said in the House of Commons, in the debate of Mr. Roebuck's late motion, that he conceived that the system of national education lately established in France, was intended to make all the people Atheists and Deists. When it is remembered that by the French law, religion is made an essential part of the elementary instruction, and that the curate or the pastor is a member of the school committee, and the curate of the committee of *arrondissement* (*Loi sur l'instruction primaire*, art. 1, 17, 19;) moreover, when we consider what are the opinions which M. Cousin has expressed on this subject, and that he was the person principally concerned in preparing the late French law on primary instruction, we have no doubt that this opinion is completely erroneous; but we will here only remark, that the Prussian system is a positive proof that a national education has not necessarily an irreligious character. The Prussian system is throughout based on religion; the ministers of the different Christian persuasions are everywhere charged with its superintendence and management, and are especially enjoined to exhort all parents to fulfil their duty to their children, in sending them to the public school, if their education is not provided for elsewhere. At the same time, it is not entrusted to the sole care of churchmen, but a vigilant inspection is exercised by the government, nor is it administered in the interest of any particular persuasion or sect. If, on the one hand, a national system has not an irreligious, on the other hand it has not necessarily a *sectarian* tendency, and does not tend to produce religious dissention and controversy, which some people think must inevitably spring from increased knowledge and inquiry. Prussia, if we are not mistaken, is remarkable for nothing so much as the enlightened and the practical spirit of religion which prevails in it, and the entire absence of theological disputes and hatreds, although there is a considerable variety of religious belief. Those persons likewise, who object to the advancement of education on the ground of its connexion with *liberal* or *revolutionary* doctrines, would do well to consider the case of Prussia, a despotic government without a legislative assembly or a free press, and ask themselves whether the irresponsible ministers of an absolute monarch would have been likely to show such effectual zeal in its cause, if they expected it to produce in the remotest degree the results thus attributed to it. Those who connect anarchical doctrines with the spread of knowledge and the progress of political inquiry, pay those opinions a compliment of which they are wholly undeserving. So far from unsettling men's minds, nothing is so

likely as the slightest tincture of political or historical knowledge to teach them the uncertainty of revolutions, and the improbability of deriving benefit from sudden, violent, and extensive changes of government. With regard to the security of property, this remark applies with even greater force; and it is in vain to hope that crime can be effectually suppressed by improvements of police and amendments of criminal law, so long as the poor protect and sympathize with the thief, the rioter, and the incendiary, considering them as persons enlisted on their side in the great war against the rich.

It will not, we suppose, be asserted that the endowed schools and the exertions of private society in this country, furnish adequate means for the elementary education even of the children whose parents are desirous to provide for their instruction, much less where the parents are indifferent about the moral and intellectual training of their children, and seek rather to profit by their labour. The agricultural labourers are generally considered as the most uncultivated part of our population: as the country districts are least furnished with schools, and the difficulty of attendance where the school is at a distance is greater than where it is close at hand. It is among this class of labourers likewise, that the operation of the poor laws has been chiefly felt, and their pernicious influence in diminishing industry and aggravating poverty, in extinguishing all forethought, prudence and family affection, has taken from parents, in a great degree, both the means and the desire of properly educating their children. Even among the manufacturing population, who for the most part are more enlightened, and have greater opportunities of instruction than the agricultural labourers, the prospect is very far from promising. The Factory Commissioners state in their general report, that

"It appears from the statements and depositions of witnesses of all classes, that even when the employment of children at so early an age and for so many hours as is customary at present produces no manifest bodily disease, yet in the great majority of cases it incapacitates them from receiving instruction. On this head the statements of the children themselves must be admitted to be of some importance; and it will be found that the young children very generally declare that they are too much fatigued to attend school, even when a school is provided for them."—*Report*, p. 29.

The evil effects of early labour in factories, in preventing or curtailing the instruction of children, have been most felt in parts of Great Britain where it has been generally supposed that education was in the most satisfactory state. The following is an extract from the evidence of the Rev. Dr. Macgill, Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow, contained in the Factory Report,

"Dr. Macgill stated that he had been above forty years a minister, and had resided during that period in Glasgow and its vicinity; that during that period a great deterioration had taken place in the religion and morals of the labouring classes in that city. This great de-

terioration he considers to have arisen from a number of concurring causes. Among these he certainly includes the early ages at which children of both sexes are sent to work in the manufactories. By this practice the domestic affections are injured, the benefit of parental superintendence, instruction and authority is not enjoyed, and the demoralizing effects of the association of multitudes of young creatures, without instruction, principle, or virtuous habits previously formed, is felt to a lamentable degree. The females, even when preserved from the worst effects of such debasing influence, are unfitted for domestic duties; and the boys prematurely employed in labours unsuited to their years, and too soon trusted with money, acquire a distaste for regular industry, and plunge into the most wretched courses. The race which succeeds becomes worse than the former; parents and children become still more degenerate, and a general profligacy pervades the whole population. The time for education is also in general too short. Even were it longer, in such a state of things, he apprehended the education would be most inadequate. Fatigued and dispirited, the scholars would learn little; the power of reading would be employed without the disposition to employ it. Above all, religious truth would be little impressed upon their mind, and heard with listless reluctance, would have little influence on their character."—*First Factory Report*, A. 2, p. 72.

We have not here space to enlarge upon the various circumstances which prove that there is not at this time any thing like a sufficient provision for the proper education of the poorer classes in this kingdom, and that there is no reasonable ground to expect that under the present system there ever will be; we therefore only say, that we confidently anticipate that those persons who are deeply impressed with the manifold advantages and powerful influence of education, who see in it the only means of advancing the civilization of the people, of instilling habits of practical religion and domestic virtue, of implanting the love of order, temperance and regularity, of stifling the seeds of political agitation, of quieting unreasonable expectations, and of strengthening the security of property, will agree with us in thinking that it is impossible to ensure the general diffusion of its benefits without making it a national establishment.

For this purpose, it is in the first place necessary that there should be some central authority, appointed by the crown, and forming part of the civil government, in whom the general superintendence of all matters relating to education should be lodged. It was only in 1819, that the ministry of public instruction was created in Prussia, the business of that department having previously belonged to the ministry of the interior. M. Cousin "considers this change as an improvement of the highest importance. In the first place the business is much better done, there being a centre on which everything depends; the authority also, being more powerful, is better obeyed. Moreover, the high rank of the head of the public instruction shows the importance at-

tached to everything which concerns education; and science thus takes the position in the state which belongs to it." (*Rapport* p. 148). All the partial attempts at centralization, which have recently been made in this country, have been attended with complete success; witness the establishment of the metropolitan police, and the consolidation of the metropolitan turnpike trusts: it is moreover understood, that the commissioners of poor law inquiry intend to suggest the formation of a central board to superintend the management of the poor-rate, as being the only means of counteracting the evils arising from the present partial, irregular, short-sighted and unthrifty modes of administration. There is so little centralization in the executive system of England, that there is little danger of carrying it too far by any inconsiderable changes: moreover, under a system like that established in Prussia, the chief authority would in fact reside with the local authorities. M. Cousin argues with great force, that the minister of public instruction ought to be the head of a board, composed of persons who should not go out with the government; otherwise, he says, the maxims and principles, or the management of the national education would be liable perpetually to fluctuate: moreover, as the minister could not be equally well instructed in all the branches of knowledge placed under his care, he would be forced to take the advice of interested persons, and after all, solicitation and influence would probably carry the day. In the present state of opinion in this country, and the jealousy which exists of all authority, and all high and well-paid officers of state, it would we fear, be hopeless to expect that any minister could be created who should stand in the same relation to his colleagues as the minister of public instruction in France and Prussia. But without attempting to place this department in the place which (as M. Cousin says) justly belongs to it, we have no doubt that a central board of administration, established on the same footing as the revenue boards, consisting of men of science and literature, partly lay and partly clerical, would exercise a completely efficient superintendence of a national system of elementary instruction, as well as of all other scientific and learned establishments.

There are, however, many obstacles to the foundation of a system of national instruction in this country, which do not arise from general objections to its principle, but are occasioned by the prevalence of peculiar opinions and other accidental circumstances. Among the chief of these impediments we may mention a general *indifference* to the subject of education; it is not so much that people consider education as dangerous or hurtful; but they are not aware of its importance both to the individual and the community. It has been justly remarked that it is extremely difficult to convince a person of the utility of logic: for all people can reason either well or ill; and as they are not conscious of reasoning ill, they do not perceive their need of a test

which shall distinguish between bad and good reasoning. Whereas if a person has not learnt arithmetic, he cannot so deceive himself as to fancy that he is able to do a rule of three sum, or to extract the square root. It is the same, in a great degree, with education: persons of uncultivated and torpid minds are not aware to what an extent education can raise, enlarge, and stimulate the understanding: in how great a measure it ensures a person's happiness, and makes him both independent of the world, and a safe and peaceable member of society. Hence it is that they have no zeal in the cause: and do not care to promote what they are unable to appreciate. Archbishop Whately, in his *Lectures on Political Economy*, has argued that barbarous nations have no tendency to civilize themselves: in the same manner it may be argued that an uneducated society has no tendency to educate itself; the impulse must come from above; from persons who have created the want which the others do not possess. For this reason it cannot be expected that education will ever become a popular question; its advancement can only be expected from persons of public spirit and comprehensive views, who are prepared to undergo much thankless labour, and to sustain much unmerited obloquy, in promoting what they consider the good cause.

Admitting, however, that the negative obstacle of indifference might by zeal and perseverance be overcome, there is a positive obstacle, of a most substantial and serious nature, viz. the variety of religious faith, and the conflicting claims of the Churchmen, the Protestant dissenters, and the Roman Catholics. Hitherto all attempts to establish national systems of education in this kingdom have been thwarted by the dissensions of rival sects. The efforts of the late Education Commission in Ireland were foiled by the heads of the Established Church; and the plan now attempted to be enforced by the Irish Board of Education has met with vehement opposition both from Churchmen and Presbyterians, and its ultimate success is extremely problematical. Mr. Brougham's education bill yielded to the exertions of the English dissenters. When we consider the entire absence of theological controversy on the continent of Europe; in Italy and Spain on account of the slavery of the press; in France and Germany on account of the state of opinion; it is astonishing to contemplate the activity and violence of the religious contest kept up in this country. Every sect maintains its periodical works, its magazines, its reviews, and its newspapers; which, however, do not supersede the necessity of numberless occasional pamphlets, tracts, and loose sheets; and the warfare is further maintained by field-preachings, controversial sermons, conventicles, and other public meetings. A large part of our modern literature consists of polemical divinity. Even popular writers, like the author of *Little's Poems* and the biographer of Lord Byron, desert those departments of literature in which they are fitted to excel,

in order to assume the unnatural character of polemics. An indifferent spectator, who considered the effects of religion in parts of this kingdom where the unfortunate tendency to religious disputation is developed with the greatest acrimony, might with some reason think that Christianity was a religion of war, not of peace,—of hatred, not of love: that, (to use Lord Bacon's expression,) the Holy Ghost had descended on mankind, not in the likeness of a dove, but in the shape of a vulture or raven. However these disputants may differ in their tenets, they agree in urging them with the same animosity, and assailing their opponents with the same uncharitable and unreasoning zeal. Their doctrines are many, but their spirit is everywhere the same. If one ground of dispute is removed, it is only to make way for another. They forget all they agree in, that they may contend about anything that they disagree in. We by no means intend to say that the great body, or even a considerable minority, of Christians of any religious denomination in this kingdom evince such a spirit as we have described; but, unfortunately, when any question affecting religious matters arises, they suffer themselves to be represented and headed by professed polemics, that is, by persons destitute of any love of conciliation, any willingness to concede unimportant points, or to sacrifice accidents to essentials. It is utterly impossible to produce any sincere agreement between persons in this state of mind, and extremely difficult to contrive any plan in which all parties will acquiesce; nevertheless we are convinced that all attempts to unite opposite sects in the same system of education have in this country hitherto been rested on a false foundation, and that the method adopted in Prussia offers the only chance of success. Prussia, it will be observed, has a population of different religions; of the Christian part, about three-fifths are Protestants, and two-fifths Catholics; there is likewise a considerable number of Jews. The Prussian law of public instruction has the following provisions to meet this difficulty. It enacts that if in a village there are two schools, maintained by different sects, they are not to be united; *but on the contrary, separate schools are to be encouraged, wherever circumstances admit of their formation.* Wherever a school common to two sects is thought expedient, the consent of both parties is to be obtained, and every convenience and security given for the religious education of the several scholars. In establishing the *school-society*, (that is, the body of persons who defray the expenses of the school, see above, p. 278,) the numbers of the Catholics and Protestants in it are to be regulated by their proportion in the district. The school-committee is likewise to be filled on the same principle. Where there are two masters, the principal master is to be of the religion of the majority, the inferior master of the religion of the minority. (Rapport, p. 176, 221.) On the subject of proselytism, the law makes the following declaration:—

"Since in every school of a Christian state the prevalent and universal feeling must be piety and veneration for the Deity, every school may receive children of a different Christian persuasion. The masters and inspectors should most carefully avoid every kind of constraint or annoyance towards the children with regard to their particular creed. No school is to be perverted to purposes of proselytism; and the children of a different faith from that of the school are not required, against their own or their parents' will, to participate in the religious instruction or exercises. Separate masters of their own faith will be entrusted with their religious instruction; and whenever it is impossible to have a master for each belief, the parents must attend to the religious education of their own children, if they do not wish them to learn the doctrines of the school."—p. 191.

Now in this country it seems to have been assumed as a fundamental principle in contriving all systems of national education, that the children of different sects should as much as possible be educated in common; and that a separation of schools tends only to widen the breach and inflame the animosity already existing between the different religious persuasions. But we are convinced that the benefits attempted to be gained by this system are only to be ensured by the opposite course; that a conflict is only to be avoided by keeping the conflicting elements as far asunder as possible; that an explosion is to be prevented, not by attempting to accustom gunpowder to the contact of fire, but by carefully removing the one from the neighbourhood of the other. *Divide et impera* is the maxim which should guide the conduct of one who has to arrange the education of conflicting sects, separated by irreconcilable differences. We agree with M. Cousin in thinking that all national elementary education ought to be founded on religion;* but it ought not to be founded solely on the established religion. A national system of education should be free from all imputation of proselytism, or of being favourable to the clergy of one religious denomination more than another. The law should as much as possible ensure and enforce the education of every child, providing sufficient securities that the children might be brought up in the religion of their parents. Mr. Brougham's education bill was lost because the dissenters considered it too favourable to the Established Church.† The system which he proposed was in truth faulty as being without a *main spring*; it wanted a central authority, unconnected with any peculiar religious persuasion; and hence

* There is an excellent passage on this subject in M. Cousin's Report, p. 394—6, which nothing but our want of space prevents us from extracting. Some remarks on the same subject may also be found in Chalmers's *Political Economy*, ch. 15.

† An able and elaborate account of this bill, and the grounds of the opposition to it, may be found in the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. 34, p. 214—254, and vol. 35, p. 214—257. On its connexion with the Church establishment, see particularly vol. 34, p. 246.

he was obliged to rely too much on the Established Church, the only existing organized body to which he could look for assistance. A central board, free from all religious bias, ought, in our opinion, to be the *fulcrum* on which the entire system of education should ultimately rest; and every facility ought to be given to the maintenance of separate schools for the dissident sects, by the members of those dissident sects. At the same time ample security should be required and enforced by a vigilant inspection, that the prescribed course of instruction should be followed in them, and that no mischievous books, such as those formerly used in the Roman Catholic schools of Ireland, should be read. Under these circumstances, all dissenters, whether Protestants or Roman Catholics, would have the alternative either to maintain separate schools of their own, in which they would undertake to teach the entire course of elementary instruction required by the state, or to send their children to schools in immediate connexion with the established church. M. Cousin states it as "a lamentable fact, that the Roman Catholic clergy of France are generally indifferent or hostile to the instruction of the people." (Rapport, p. 255.) The same statement has often been made with respect to the Protestant clergy of the Established Church of England; but though some members of that body may be bigoted and timid, and others lukewarm or indolent, we believe that the great majority are sincerely anxious to promote the cause of popular education; and as the creed of the Church of England is still the faith of the majority of Englishmen, and as the established clergy by the degrees of their hierarchy, and their distribution over the country, afford the basis of a regular administration, and a certainty that there is for the most part a respectable and well-educated public functionary resident in every parish, every system of national education for England must in great measure depend for its success on the co-operation and superintendence of the Established Church.

But supposing that a system of national education could be proposed in which all the different religious persuasions of this country should acquiesce, we are next met with the formidable question, whence are to come the funds from which its expenses are to be defrayed? In solving this financial problem, we would keep in view the example of Prussia, (*ante*, p. 279.) and would in the first place appropriate the funds of all endowed schools, destined either to general purposes comprehended in the elementary course of instruction to be sanctioned by the state, or to purposes no longer useful, and obviously only fitted for a former state of society. The endowments of schools founded for peculiar and exclusive purposes, such as the use of specified sects or trades, would of course not be interfered with. A very considerable sum would, we believe, annually flow from this source, which now from its imperfect and unsystematic management, is productive of

comparatively little benefit. In the next place, in whatever parish this resource was either wanting or insufficient, we would impose a rate (on a plan nearly similar to a poor-rate, or a road-rate) on a certain part of the parishioners; and if the parish was either from poverty or the pressure of the poor-rates unable to bear an additional burden, it should be empowered to call a rate in aid. Special provisions would of course be required, in order to meet the cases of small parishes which might not require a separate school, and populous parishes in towns, which would require several. The feasibility of this part of the plan would in great part depend on the success of the attempts which will be made to amend the English poor-laws, and to diminish the amount of the poor-rates, which in all parts of the country appear to be steadily and rapidly increasing. That this formidable evil *will* be arrested in its course is what no one can be bold enough to predict; but that it *may* be arrested, we entertain no doubt. It would likewise be proper to admit the mercantile principle in the national schools, so far as it is admissible, and to require a payment for all children whose parents were not satisfactorily proved to be unable to incur such an expense. By this means there would be an additional inducement to the regular attendance of the children, and an additional incentive to the good conduct of the schoolmaster, if he received a proportional part of the money thus obtained. The maintenance of model-schools for teachers ought, we think, to be provided for by the counties. And this is a point of primary importance; as there is no doubt of the truth of the maxim, which (as M. Cousin says) is generally recognised in Prussia, that the goodness of the school depends on the goodness of the master. There is at present in this country no provision whatever for this important subject. We learn from the *Factory Report* that operatives of both sexes often officiate on Sundays as teachers in the Sunday schools: the *Edinburgh Review* speaks of "the barbarous manner in which the Scotch schoolmasters are educated, examined, appointed, paid and superintended," (No. cxvi. p. 525;) and it is known that the schoolmasters of Ireland are frequently persons of most worthless character, and that the threatening letters and Captain Rock notices which abound so much in that country, in many cases emanate from them. The Prussian law, by which the schoolmasters are made as it were an order in the state, the clergy of education, and provided with a small retired annuity, appears to us in every way worthy of imitation. The expenses of a central establishment ought, we think, to be defrayed from the public revenue; and some contribution towards the heavier expenses, such as the building of schools, might be sometimes obtained from parliamentary grants, which in this case would be duly appropriated by responsible persons, and the schools built by means of the sums so granted would belong to the state: instead, like the £20,000 now proposed to be granted for the

building of schools in England; and the large sums of money annually granted for many years to private societies in Ireland, of being expended and often wasted by irresponsible persons, on schools which do not become the property of the public. We are convinced that if the burdens of an education establishment were divided in the manner which we have suggested, the expense to the public would be inconsiderable as compared with the greatness of the object, and the immense resources of this country. Prussia with a revenue of less than eight millions (£7,590,476,) educates her entire population (nearly as large as that of England,) at an expense of about £360,000 a year, of which sum the state contributed in 1831 about £48,000, (Cousin, *Rapport*, p. 268, *Supplement* p. 15.) How small a part of the sum annually raised in England as poor rates for corrupting the poor, would be sufficient to educate them in knowledge and in virtue!

With regard to the *nature* of elementary instruction, there is not of course much room for doubt. Reading, writing and arithmetic are the necessary avenues and means of knowledge; but it must be remembered that they are not knowledge in themselves; that, like languages, they are mere instruments, and do not, so far as they are mere instruments, produce any beneficial effect on the mind of the learner, independent of the exercise of learning. The great object therefore is to establish an education, not of merely instrumental knowledge, but of *facts, principles and habits*; and this can only be done by a course of schooling continued through several years, and not, as is customary in England, confined to one day in the week, and barely sufficient to teach the elements of reading and writing. It has sometimes been said that it is impolitic to teach the lower classes to write, as they thus learn how to forge and to direct parcels of stolen goods. But the object of a good education should be, not merely to teach a child to write, but to teach him how to make a good use of the power which he has acquired. Mere readers and writers and casters of accounts may be as vicious and idle as a man who cannot say his alphabet; but to maintain that the character is not improved by a good moral and religious education, seems to us as absurd as to maintain that the sun is not the source of light and that the moon is not the cause of the tides; for not only is the character improved by this means, but it is the *only* means of improving it. The following extract from the evidence of Mr. H. Ashworth, a cotton manufacturer of Bolton, taken by the Factory Commission, throws so much light on several of the subjects which we have mentioned, that, notwithstanding its length, we venture to insert it.

"In what way do you think that the charge of the education of children in mills should be defrayed where the parents are unable or unwilling to meet it?—If the inquiry has reference to the education of the factory children exclusively, and if it is deemed expedient that some provision should be made for their edu-

cation and early training into proper habits of life (as I think there ought to be,) I think that the manufacturer, if he were to be answerable for the education of the children, should be allowed to deduct the amount paid for schooling from his quota of the poor's rates.

"Why do you think that the expense ought to be defrayed from the poor's rates?—I think that the parish ought to pay for the training of the infant poor, inasmuch as that training has a tendency to relieve the parish from after burthens. The master ought not, I think, to be made to pay, inasmuch as he has no claim for the after services of children. They may, at any time, deprive him of the benefit of the education he has given them, by removing to another mill or entering into some other occupation.

"Have you observed the effect of the education and training the infant poor in relieving the parish from after burthens?—Yes. The township of Turton, where I reside, has the privilege (under a bequest of Humphrey-Cheetham, Esq.) of sending ten or twelve boys to a charity school, where they are boarded and educated. This privilege has been enjoyed for nearly a century and a half; and I have heard it remarked, that during the recollection of the oldest officers and residents of the township only two instances were known where the persons who had been educated under this privilege had received parochial relief. One of these persons was for seven years at school, and never could learn his horn-book or alphabet, and was, in fact, a kind of half-idiot. In the other case, relief was only claimed in extreme old age, and when the family of the pauper had deserted him.

"Were the persons, upon whose children this privilege was conferred, of the labouring classes?—Yes; all of them. They were annually selected by the guardians of the poor.

"Why, seeing the pecuniary benefit derived from the education thus given to a few children, have not exertions been made to extend the benefits of a similar education to all the poor children of the township?—In the first place, many of the rate-payers are persons who would themselves have benefited by a like education; in the next place, they have not all a permanent interest in the welfare of the place; and the immediate expense would produce an impression to outweigh remote considerations, if they were accustomed or able to entertain them. They have many of them limited means, and narrow views of these advantages.

"Are there not some of the manufacturers who have not had the benefits of education?—I think that there are very few who have not had an education to enable them to read and write, but there certainly are some whose education has not been liberal or extensive.

This being the case, that with such evidence of the pecuniary advantages of education (setting aside the moral advantages,) whilst on the one side you have parochial authorities whose views are so narrow as not to prompt them to take measures to ensure those advantages, and on the other, manufacturers whose education has not been liberal, and who are therefore not likely to take comprehensive views of the education of others, would not some extraneous securities be requisite to secure a real and effi-

cient education to the classes in question?—I think that in places where enlightened and benevolent individuals do not come forward in sufficient numbers to direct the education required for children who would come under the contemplated restrictions in their hours of working, means should be taken to secure its efficiency."—*Second Factory Report*, E. p. 1.*

There is, moreover, another circumstance connected with the political state of this country, which should not be overlooked in reference to this question. Those who think it dangerous to diffuse knowledge among the people, judge correctly in wishing to withhold political power from them; but as the Reform Act has given a large share of political power to the people, it can no longer be safe to limit their means of knowledge, even in the views of those who were opposed to the extension of their rights. On the contrary, all parties must now admit that not only ought popular instruction to be encouraged, but that it ought to be ensured, as affording the only guarantee for the proper use of that power, which, whether wisely or unwisely, has at any rate irrevocably been granted to the middling and lower orders of this country.

Any general measure on this subject ought to be the result of accurate and extensive inquiry and mature deliberation, and be so framed as to meet the reasonable demands of the various religious sects and parties who would be affected by it: it should not be like so many of the measures which have recently been introduced into parliament, the extemporaneous production of a person occupied with other matters, a mere skeleton of legislation, wanting flesh and blood:

"Not the hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripened fruit of wise delay."

Under the actual circumstances of this country however, any law on national education must, as Cousin says of France, (p. 245,) be in great measure provisional. The great and ultimate object, viz. the compulsory attendance of all children within certain prescribed ages, can only be approached by slow and cautious steps; and custom must previously establish what the law should afterwards enforce. The new French law is silent on this subject; the Prussian government, as we have seen above, only introduced this obligation gradually in some of its provinces. When, however, we recollect that the late Factory Act has sanctioned the principle of the compulsory attendance of children at school, in order to protect them from the interest of their parents, and to improve their moral and physical condition, we cannot help thinking that this duty might be imposed by law in some modified form, as either for a part of the year or a part of the week; in addition to which, all moral incentives

should be used, such as exhortations of the local authorities, the ministers of religion, &c. in order to habituate parents to the practice of this duty to their children, and to facilitate its ultimate imposition by law.

We have before examined many of the objections which might be made, with considerable show of reason, to a compulsory plan of national education, though we think that they are partly founded in error, and at any rate are greatly outweighed by the countervailing advantages. We do not however expect that the arguments to which we have adverted will be much brought forward in popular discussion: the chief objections to such a system will probably come in the form of such phrases as the following:—"tyrannical interference with natural right," "drilling people into knowledge and virtue," "borrowing measures from despotic governments," "not suit our free constitution," &c. Those who may urge such objections will do well to cast their eyes on our system of poor laws, a system the excellence of which it was for many years unpatriotic to doubt, and which even now passes with many people as a model of benevolence, charity, and humanity; and consider why a compulsory provision for the maintenance of the poor is less "tyrannical," less "suitable to our free constitution," less "an interference with natural right," than a compulsory provision for the education of the poor. Those who judge of political measures, not by the sound of obnoxious epithets, but by the good or evil effects which they either produce or prevent, will probably be inclined to agree with us in thinking, that although both poor laws and national education may be founded on legal compulsion, the one system is beneficial for the same reasons that the other is pernicious. The one has a tendency to increase the rate and amount of the taxation on which it depends, as the numbers and claims of the paupers augment, and the system of pauperism is more completely organized; the other has a tendency to diminish the rate and amount of its taxation, as in each succeeding generation the parents having better learnt to estimate the benefits of education, and gained the industrious habits which it inspires, will be both more willing and able to pay for the schooling of their children. The one has a tendency to generate foresight, prudence, industry, sobriety, and orderly habits; the other, to generate improvidence, recklessness, indolence, profligacy, and irregularity. The one has a tendency to create habits of respect to the law and the magistrate, to teach the sacredness of the right of property, and to strengthen the natural affections; the other tends to break the links which bind the rich to the poor, to set the pauper against the government and the law, to encourage insubordination, to teach that the wellbeing of the pauper varies directly as the terror of the rate-payer, and to extinguish the feelings of family and kindred. Each system tends to move on with a constantly accelerated velocity, and perpetually to widen the sphere of its operation; but

* See also, on the general diffusion and the benefits of education among the manufacturing classes in the United States, the evidence of Mr. James Kempson, of Philadelphia, in the *First Factory Report*, E. p. 21.

the increase of the one is knowledge, industry, wealth, morality, good order, and happiness; the increase of the other is ignorance, vice, misery, idleness, poverty, insurrection, and national ruin.

From the Monthly Review.

EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.

1. *Coup d'œil d'un Aveugle sur les Sourds Muets.* Par Alexander Prodenbach. Brussels, 1829.
2. *Paper on the Education of the Blind,* in the North American Review, No. LXXX. New York, 1833.

FRANCE has the credit of being the first country in which any attempt was made to give to the blind the advantages of education. About the commencement of the last half century, a highly benevolent individual, the Abbe Haüy, taking compassion on the blind, established for a few of them a school in his own house, and there, with a degree of ingenuity and patience proportioned to his benevolent zeal, adopted all sorts of contrivances for teaching the blind how to read. The apparatus which he invented for this purpose was a piece of sized paper, which, being laid on a set of types, was strongly pressed down, so that the letters were produced in bold relief on the paper. By feeling these letters with their fingers, the blind scholar was enabled in a little time to determine each letter, and, finally, each word, with wonderful readiness and precision. The results of his labours brought upon the good Abbe the general attention of the metropolis; crowds of the great, the learned, and the fashionable, used to pour into his establishment, to witness the interesting phenomena which were exhibited by the blind boys. A general feeling of enthusiasm in favour of the design soon seized all parties in the state, and led, at last, to the erection of a vast institution, intended for the reception of the blind. But, unfortunately the institution did not succeed, for some reasons to be sought, perhaps, in the condition of the times; the care of the institution, abandoned almost by public support, was transferred to the Government, and has remained ever since under its protection.

In the meantime, the fame of the Abbe had been carried to every corner of Europe, and he was expressly invited both to St. Petersburg and Berlin, to found, in each of these capitals, an institution for the blind; and by degrees similar establishments were formed in almost every chief city of Europe. With respect to the number and state of these institutions at the present day, we are fearful that no very satisfactory account can be given of them. In some places they have altogether fallen into decay, whilst in others, no exertion is or has been made to improve the method of educating the blind. The institution of this kind which appears to demand the ear-

liest particular notice, is that called *L'Institution des Jeunes Aveugles*, in Paris. There is also another, called *Hopital des Quinze vingt*, founded by St. Louis, when he returned from the East, for such of the soldiers who accompanied him, as had lost their sight by the malignant influence of the climate. The hospital derives its name from the number of patients which it admits, amounting to fifteen score, or three hundred adult blind. In this institution, however, there is no system of education acted upon, and the inmates are regarded merely as objects destitute of the means of subsistence, and, of course, merely treated as such. But the institution for the young blind is quite a distinct establishment, being arranged altogether with the view of educating the blind, and none but children between ten and fourteen years of age are admitted. There are one hundred of these interesting beings in the establishment, and a more delightful spectacle cannot be imagined than a view of its interior. You see not there the listless, helpless, blind man, dozing away his days in a chimney nook, or groping his uncertain way about the house; but you hear the hum of busy voices; you see the workshops filled with active boys, learning their trades from others as blind as themselves; you see the school-rooms crowded with eager listeners, taught by blind teachers. When they take their books, you see the awakened intellect gleam from their smiling faces, and, as they pass their fingers rapidly over the leaves, their varying countenances bespeak the varying emotions which the words of the author awaken. When the bell rings, they start away to the play-ground, run along the alleys at full speed, chase, overtake, and tumble each other about, and shout, and laugh, and caper round, with all the careless, heartfelt glee of boyhood. But a richer treat and better sport awaits them: the bell again strikes, and away they all hurry to the hall of music; each one brings his instrument, and takes his place; they are all there—the soft flute, and the shrill fife, the hautboy and horn, the cymbal and drum, with clarinet, viol, and violin; and now they roll forth their volume of sweet sounds, and the singers, treble, bass, and tenor, striking in with exact harmony, swell it into one loud hymn of gratitude and joy, which are displayed in the rapturous thrill of their voices, and painted in the glowing enthusiasm of their animated countenances.

The pupils, after admission, are expected to remain for eight years; during which interval they receive a very good intellectual education; they have much attention given to the cultivation of their musical powers, and are taught, also, many kinds of handicraft work. Their library consists of about forty different works, which have been printed in raised characters, and are legible with the fingers; among them are Latin, English, and Italian grammars, and extracts from Latin, English, and Italian authors. They have maps, constructed by a very expensive and clumsy process: they paste the map of any country upon stiff

pasteboard, then, having bent a wire into all the curves of the coast, and laid it along the courses of the rivers, and in the line of the boundaries, they sew it down to the pasteboard, and, taking a second map, of the same dimensions, paste it immediately over the first, and, pressing it down all around the wire, leave its windings to be felt. Here, it is obvious to any one, that common ingenuity could devise material improvements. Some have, in fact, been devised and put in operation at the institution in Boston, where the maps, made at one-tenth of the expense of the Parisian ones present the most obvious and important advantages over them.

They have also, in Paris, music printed in the same way as the books, that is, by stamping the notes through the paper, and producing their shape in relief on the opposite side. It is not found very advantageous, however, to print music in this way, for the memory of the blind is so tenacious that they can learn very long pieces. Mathematical diagrams are made in the same way as the maps, but, in defiance, as it were, of common sense, they retain the old ones of Haüy, which are very large and clumsy,—so large, that the hands of the pupils must be moved about in all directions, to feel the whole outline of the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid; whereas the smaller diagram is made, the more easily is it felt and studied, and the less does it cost. The blind are indebted, we think, to the Rev. Mr. Taylor, of York, in England, for a plan of embossing mathematical diagrams; but, even his are larger than they need to be, and many of the problems would be more rapidly learned by the blind student, were the diagrams so small that he could feel the outlines of them with his fingers, without moving his hands.

The children are taught arithmetic, not merely orally, but the use of the slate is supplied to them by a very clumsy contrivance, similar to that of Saunderson; a board is filled with numerous square holes arranged symmetrically; and into these holes types are made to fit, on the ends of which are the shapes of the figures of the units,—as one, two, three, &c., so that when the learner wishes to put down 25, he searches among the types for the one which has the figure 2 upon the end; this he places upright in the square hole, so that the figure is above the surface of the board, and then he searches for the figure 5, which he places in the hole to the right of it, and then, feeling both, he reads 25. And thus any number or combination of numbers may be put down, and any arithmetical process may be performed. This method, however, has been much simplified, by a contrivance of one of the pupils in the Edinburgh school, where they use but two types instead of ten. There the types, instead of having the form of the figures at the end, have a point on one corner; and if the type is placed in the square hole, in such a way that this point is felt on the left hand corner of the upper line, it signifies *one*.—if the type is turned, and the point is on the right hand corner of

the upper line, it signifies *three*, if on either of the other two corners, it signifies the other two odd numbers: thus we have four figures with one type. Now there is on the other end of this type a point in the middle of one of its edges, instead of being on the corner, and this, turned to one or the other of the four sides, signifies one or the other of the four even numbers two, four, six, eight; thus we have four odd and four even numbers with one type turned to different sides of the square hole. Then there is a second type which has a point in the centre of one end, to signify *five*, and which is smooth on the other end to signify *zero*. Now, suppose one wishes to express 5073; he searches for the type with a point in its centre, and puts it into the square hole, so that the point is felt above the surface of the board; he then finds another type of the same kind, and putting it into the hole, the other end first, he has the smooth end of the type above the surface, which is zero, he then has down, 50; now he takes one of the other kind of type, and, feeling for the point at the corner, he places it in the hole, so that the point is felt in the right hand corner of the lower side, or the side towards him, to the right of the zero, it then reads 507; then taking another of the same kind of type he puts the other end down and leaves above the surface the point in the middle of the upper side, in the situation in which it signifies 3.

But even in this method, the best certainly of any in the European schools for the blind, there is an improvement, which has been carried into effect in the institution at Boston. The nature of this improvement will be perceived when we state, that if the fingers be rubbed over the surface of a number of types, it will be difficult for the blind person engaged in the experiment to ascertain whether the point is upon the corner, or in the middle of one edge of the type, and a mistake such as this, it is obvious, will ruin the whole process. Hence, in the Institution in Boston, a remedy for preventing this consequence is employed, which consists of the use of an entirely different mark on the end of the type; instead of distinguishing the sign 3 from the sign 4, by its being on the corner instead of the middle of one side of the type, it is marked by two points on the surface of the type; and the figure 5, instead of being marked by a type which differs only from the rest by having its point in the centre instead of on the corner, is marked by a sharp line drawn diagonally across it, so that the types differ from each other not only by their position, but by such a marked difference in the feeling of them, that they cannot be confounded. The arithmetical board itself has been improved by being made much more compact, by the holes being brought much nearer together, and the bulk and weight of the whole apparatus considerably diminished.

The duties of composing, of taking off the impression, and in fact, the whole business included in the art of printing, is effected in the hospital, and that too with scarcely any assistance from those whose vision is per-

fect. Even the folding, stitching, and binding are performed by blind pupils, and many of them are as expert as it is possible for any boy to be in distributing the type. The only occasion which they have for the assistance of a person with sight, is, when they wish to correct the proof, and then some person must read the copy to them.

With respect to the works already printed by the blind, they do not appear to be executed with any thing like skill; they resemble more the earliest attempts at printing when the art was in its infancy, than they do the elegance of modern ingenuity. There was some reason for this, because the principle unreasonably adopted and adhered to in France, was, that in all things the blind should be brought to imitate those with sight as much as possible, and hence the little tendency which has hitherto been shown in these establishments to change the clumsy apparatus now in the hands of the blind. Mr. Gall, of Edinburgh, was the first to break through the vicious restriction, and zealously, and with great trouble and expense, he instituted a series of experiments. He has succeeded in bringing the lines much nearer together, and saves something in space on each page; but he founds his principal claim for improvement, upon the change in the shape of the letters, which he makes entirely angular: and distinguishes one from the other by the different positions of the angles,—for instance, a triangle with the acute point turned to the left, shall signify one letter, and the same shaped triangle, with the point turned to the right, shall signify another letter. Mr. Gall asserts that he has tried the experiment upon blind children, and found that they could learn his system of letters much quicker than the common shaped ones. This may be, and still his system be a very imperfect one; but we do not place much confidence in such experiments, unless they be tried upon great numbers, and with most marked results.

The American reviewer entertains some striking objections to Mr. Gall's plan, as also to some other systems which have been tried in Scotland, such as that by Mr. Hay, a blind man, teacher of languages in Edinburgh; but there exists as powerful objections to it as to that of Mr. Gall, viz. the size and similarity of the characters; his may be called the right lined system, while Mr. Gall's is the angular one.

But the clumsiest and most uncouth system which ever was devised, is that practised in the Glasgow Asylum; where they have letters made by different kinds of knots tied on a string, which of course must be wound up in a ball, so that the pupil must unroll the whole ball, before he comes to the part he wants. A chapter of the Testament makes a ball as large as an eighteen pound shot; and the whole Bible would require a store room as large as a church.

The reviewer, who appears intimately acquainted with the subject, after declaring all the existing systems of instruction now in use for educating the young blind, proceeds to lay down some general principles,

which should properly form the ground work of any system that is calculated to produce the desired effect. The grand objectionable point which is to be got rid of in the present method, is the clumsy size, and the consequent superfluity of expense to which it gives rise. It is therefore essential that these three principles should form the foundation of any system in future to be carried into operation, namely,—

1. To make the letters differ from each other as much as possible.

2. To adapt those figures or shapes which most resemble each other, to letters which do not often come together in writing, as for example, *P* and *Q*.

3. To express, by signs of the smallest possible dimensions, those letters which are of the most frequent recurrence, such as the vowels, or, at least, the major part of them.

Another great point to be attended to in the education of the blind, is one that happens to be strikingly illustrated in a negative way in the institution at Paris. There, there is no distinction made in accordance with various dispositions and tendencies of the inmates. If, for instance, a boy were tried at different pursuits, say in mathematics, in mechanics, in music, or in any other branch, he might show an aptitude for one of them in preference to the rest, and it is obvious in such a case that if this boy were brought up to the particular art, he would at once have a security for subsistence during his life. But no arrangement like this is known either in Paris or in any other European institution for the blind: every boy is taught the same thing, and many of them came out with a very fair knowledge of several branches of art, but not with a sufficient acquaintance with any one avocation to enable them to turn it to proper advantage. At Paris, the custom is for the whole of the pupils to study for a certain number of hours each day, then to work a certain number, and to give the remainder to music. This routine, is invariable, no matter what are the tastes, capabilities, and predilections of the pupils. The time of these boys is frittered away by an extremely minute subdivision; they give half an hour to one study,—and then they are called away by the bell to another classroom, whence, after losing fifteen minutes in arranging themselves, and fixing their minds upon the subject, they are summoned in less than an hour to a third, and to a fourth. Another great fault is, that they all devote five hours a day to handicraft work; now, this is a great deal too much for a blind man whose object is intellectual education, and it is far too little for one who means to live by the labour of his hands. But what is worse than this, they are obliged to try to learn so many different kinds of work, that they succeed in none: they devote a few months, or a year, to making whips, another similar term to weaving, a third to net-making, and a fourth to braiding; so that, in learning how to braid, a boy forgets how to weave. Now if men, with all their senses, must give their undivided attention for seven years in order to learn

any art or trade, how much more necessary is it for a blind man so to do?

It is with regret we hear from an experienced authority, that the Institution at Paris for the Blind is the centre of a system of illiberality, of mystery and quackery, such as reflects disgrace on so enlightened and otherwise so generous a country. There is a ridiculous attempt at mystery,—an effort at show and parade, which injures the establishment in the minds of men of sense. Instead of throwing wide open the door of knowledge, and inviting the scrutiny and the suggestions of every friend of humanity, the process of education is not explained, and the method of constructing some of the apparatus is absolutely kept a secret! The same spirit leads to ungenerous treatment of those pupils who leave the institution, who cannot procure the books which are for sale there without paying an enormous advance on the cost,—while those who remain, be their age or character what they may, are not allowed to go into the city to give lessons in music, the languages, or in any thing else. Some of them study the English language secretly in their leisure hours, because those having the direction of the establishment had in their wisdom discovered, that it was an improper study for the blind!

The Institutions for the Blind in other parts of the world vary respectively from that of Paris, of which we have just spoken. Those of St. Petersburg and of Amsterdam no longer retain the system of education, and are no more than so many asylums for the blind, who spend a passive existence within them. Political agitations have hindered the progress of all civil and domestic arrangements in Spain; therefore, we shall not be surprised to find that the Institution for the Blind established in Madrid has fallen to the ground. In the establishment at Berlin, which is under the superintendence of a scientific man, Professor Zeun, the inmates seem to be better off for skilful management than in most others; and it is the experience of the learned gentleman just mentioned, that the blind, when educated, form the very best instructors of the ignorant blind.

In England we have not all acted upon the belief that the blind can be instructed, or that there would be any advantage in instructing them. In the Institution, which is situated at the bottom of the London Road, in Southwark, nothing but handicraft and music are taught; and no doubt a considerable sum is yearly obtained by the sale of baskets, &c. But then, no sufficient attempt is made to diminish the grand impediment under which they labour, and no substitutes for books are employed by them. This, in fact, with some slight exceptions, is the principle of all our institutions connected with the care of the blind. And yet a little consideration will show that even on our own principles we ought to change the system all together. What should be our great object in any arrangement for aiding the blind? Would it not be to place in their hands as much moral power as is possible, of a nature that does not require the advan-

tages of the organ of sight? Is handicraft—is shoe-making—is any mechanical trade properly understood, when it is considered as most proper for a blind man? We answer, that it is not because each of these callings is essentially an art connected with external appearance, and therefore best left to those who possess the power of vision; but, on the other hand, how many important pursuits may be considered as exclusively under the jurisdiction of the other four senses, and the general intelligent power, which does not require an immediate sense at all in its operations. Music, for example, exclusively belongs to the organ of hearing, and is assisted, to a very small comparative degree, by the sight. What is more proper, then, than that the blind should be generally educated to that profession, unless where some insurmountable obstacle exists against it? Languages again do not necessarily require any subsidies from the eyes, and the same may be said of the mathematics and arithmetic. How far better off would a blind man be, whose mind was stored with the knowledge which it might easily attain, than he, who, during his early years, is devoted to the manual labour, such as making carpets, baskets, &c. Thus, in the Asylum in Southwark, the blind boys are taught to make shoes; but then send one of them out to work for himself, and he cannot earn under the most favourable circumstances, any thing like half the wages of a common shoemaker. The general conclusion to which these remarks inevitably lead, is this, that manual labour should not be resorted to as an employment for the blind, except in those cases in which a fair trial has been made of their qualifications for a pursuit better adapted to the mutilated condition of their organs.

Amongst the works to which the reader is referred as worthy of his attention, supposing him to be interested in the education of the blind, that of Rodenbach, published at Brussels, is by far the most curious. The author is, or was lately, a member of the Belgian Chamber of Deputies, and, we may add, one of the most zealous and able on the patriotic side of the house; he was deprived, at an early age, of the faculty of sight, and became a pupil of the Abbe Haury; the result of whose care has been since so splendidly attested in the person of M. Rodenbach. The title of this book in English, is "A Glance by a Blind Man at the Condition of the Deaf and Dumb Man."

The most interesting chapter is that on the comparative situation of the blind and the dumb. Is it a greater misfortune to be blind or to be deaf? It is as remarkable as fortunate, that each class decides this question in its own favour; but it appears to us evident, that abundant reasons might be given why blindness is the less evil, were this not rendered unnecessary by the well-known fact, that the blind are generally much more happy and contented with their lot than the deaf. We would recommend this book to those engaged in the education of the deaf and dumb; they will find in it some proofs of the imperfection of the sys-

tem in common use.—some allusions to the quackery that has been imposed upon the world, and from which the Abbe de l'Épée was not entirely free. We fully agree with Mr. Rodenbach on the importance of teaching the deaf to articulate sounds, and we are sorry that this plan has been abandoned in the Hartford school,—which (otherwise) is one of the best in the world. We have known deaf persons in Germany, who could express their thoughts by articulate sounds, so as very easily to be comprehended by any one; and when we reflect that the world will not learn their system of signs, and that they are often placed in situations where they cannot write, it becomes to them a matter of moment to make themselves understood by speech.

While on the subject of the deaf, we may observe that, strong as are their claims upon humanity, those of the blind are still stronger; for the blind are much more dependent, a deaf boy can learn any kind of handicraft work or trade, while a blind one can learn nothing, without a system of education entirely adapted to his situation.

The efforts of human ingenuity to overcome the obstacles which accident has placed in his way, are no where more visible, than in the successful attempts of the blind and deaf to converse together. As the blind cannot perceive the signs of the deaf, nor they hear the words of the blind, each must seek a new language, and they communicate their ideas by tracing the forms of letters on the palms of each others' hands. When more familiar the deaf may be seen teaching the blind the language of signs by holding up their hands, and placing their fingers in the position for the signs; and when the blind have learned the signs, they read those which the deaf make, by feeling their hands and fingers, and ascertaining the position in which they are placed.

One of the most interesting of the branches of inquiry connected with the blind is their relative amount as compared with the population of a given country. It appears that the law of blindness, like the universal laws of the creation, operates in an unfailling and uniform manner; and that of the proportion of the human race born with a deficiency of one of the five senses which are common to the rest, the general law in relation to them is, that blindness is more prevalent. As a general rule, blindness is more prevalent within the torrid zone, less in the temperate, and less still in the frigid; in dry and sandy soils it is more prevalent than in moist ones. Egypt is the country of the blind *par excellence*; different writers have estimated the proportion of the blind there very differently; some say, that one man in every hundred is totally or partially blind; others one in three hundred. The latter calculation is probably the nearest to the truth; but from our observation of the number of men with but one eye, or with distorted eyes, in the Egyptian army, we are inclined to think that the number of the blind in Egypt must be fearfully great. The cause is, probably, the fine sandy dust

with which the air is continually filled in Egypt; and which exists to such a degree, that the first cotton machinery sent out from England for the Pacha Mehemet Ali was rendered useless by it in a very short time. This difficulty is the greatest which his engineers have had to overcome. In several countries of Europe, the census gives accurately the number of the blind. In the centre of Europe, it is about one to eight hundred; in Austria, one to eight hundred and forty-five; in Switzerland, one to seven hundred and forty-seven. Further north the population is less; in Denmark, it is one to a thousand; in Prussia, one to nine hundred; in France, one to a thousand and fifty; in England a very little less. Now, there seems no sufficient reason why North America should be exempt from the laws which operate upon others under the same latitude, and with the same climate; and, it may be safely calculated, that there are more than seven thousand blind persons in the United States. This may seem incredible, and so did the number of the deaf when it was first told; but the blind, from their very misfortune, are hidden from the world; they sit sad and secluded by the firesides of their relatives; the dawn of day does not call them into the haunts of men, and they vegetate through life and sink into the grave, unknown even to their neighbours.

To the statement made respecting the United States, we may add, on the authority of the American reviewer, that there is a striking difference between the numbers of the white and coloured blind, the largest proportion of white being in New Jersey, viz. 1 in 1464; and the smallest in Michigan, viz. 1 in 6269; while the highest proportion of the blind among the blacks is in Rhode Island, being 1 to 447; and the lowest, 1 in 3950, being in Tennessee.

In the whole population of the United States there is a considerable excess in the proportion of the blind among the blacks over that among the whites; it being, among the blacks, 1 to 1584; among the whites, 1 to 2650; the proportion of blind persons, blacks and whites, in all the Union, being, according to this table, as 1 to 2363.

In Tennessee, however, we find more blind in a given number of whites than in the same number of blacks, the former being 1 in 3044, the latter 1 in 3950. In South Carolina, the proportion is about the same among blacks and whites.

That the proportion of blind among the blacks should be greater than among the whites is perfectly natural, and in accordance with the general principle, that the poor are more exposed to the causes of blindness than the rich—the blacks being, generally, poor.

It is important to ascertain the proportion between the blind who are of age to receive an education, and those whom age renders unfit for it; we believe it to be much less than is generally supposed. The number of children born absolutely blind is very small, but many become so in a few weeks

or months; fewer between infancy and youth, but, still more rarely is the sight lost in youth, or during manhood.

It is very singular, that, with such a proportion of blind as the United States' population presented, no steps should have been taken for their protection or education. Very recently, however, the question has been practically considered, and the means of protection put into operation. The Americans have now the advantages to be derived from the experience of Europe; they have an abundance of warnings and lessons, such as must of necessity, insure a better and more profitable system of instruction to their blind. We understand that there is one institution in Boston which is at present in full operation; another is nearly complete somewhere else; and a third is in progress in the flourishing state of Pennsylvania. The institution at Boston owes its existence to the activity and perseverance of a physician in that city, named Fisher. He caused meetings to assemble, and succeeded in organizing a body, which was authorized by an act of incorporation. In 1829, when the first proceedings took place, it was shown, that, in the state of Massachusetts alone, there were no less than four hundred blind; but yet, no efficient remedy was put into execution until the year 1831, chiefly in consequence of the want of funds.

The State now granted the unexpended balance of the fund for the deaf and dumb, amounting to fifteen hundred dollars, and about two thousand dollars were raised by subscription. Resolved to make an effectual effort, the trustees engaged Dr. S. G. Howe to organize the institution, and put it into operation. A few days after his appointment, that gentleman sailed for Europe, visited all the institutions for the blind there, engaged an intelligent blind teacher from the school at Paris, and another from that at Edinburgh, and returned in August, 1831. Although the funds of the Institution were almost exhausted, it was resolved not to make any public appeal until some of the blind could be qualified to plead their own cause; six children were accordingly selected, and the school was commenced privately in September, 1832. In January, 1833, the treasury was empty, and the Institution in debt. An exhibition of the pupils was then given before the General Court, which afforded such complete and striking proof of the capacity of the blind for receiving an intellectual education, that the Legislature, as it were by acclamation, voted that 6000 dollars per annum should be appropriated to the Institution, for the support of twenty poor blind persons belonging to the State.

The next public appeal was made in Salem, where several exhibitions of the pupils were held; from which, and from the Fair which followed, the Institution realized nearly 4,500 dollars. Similar exhibitions were given in Boston, the result of which was most beneficial to the Institution, and creditable to the inhabitants. About the first of May, the Hon. Thomas H. Perkins offered his splendid mansion in Pearl-street, with all the land and buildings, valued at 30,000 dollars, as a permanent residence for the blind; and enhanced the value of

his offer by adding to it the condition, that 50,000 dollars should be raised as a fund for the Institution, before the first of June. The ladies then united, and held a fair on the first of May, which was, perhaps, the most brilliant and effectual one ever known. The proceeds, which, clear of all expenses, exceeded 11,400 dollars, go to make up the Perkins' fund.—p. 57.

Our authority states:—

The Institution may be said to merit this public favour; the progress of the pupils has been such as to astonish even those who have visited the European Schools for the Blind. The apparatus is not only as perfect as any one there, but several important improvements have already been effected by native ingenuity in the methods of teaching the blind. The pupils learn to read by raised letters; they are also taught writing, arithmetic, geography, and all the branches commonly taught in other schools. Music occupies much of their attention; and in a workshop attached to the house, they weave, and make baskets. The number of pupils is at present nearly twenty; and they are as happy and intelligent children as can be found; they spend twelve hours a day at their studies or work. It is intended to teach them all the higher branches of education, and the languages. The musical department is under the superintendence of Mr. Lowell Mason; Mr. Trencher, a blind man, teaches the intellectual branches; Mr. Pringle, who is also blind, instructs in the mechanic arts; the whole being under the direction of Dr. Howe.—p. 58.

We trust that these important facts will make a due impression on the minds of the benevolent in this country, and that we shall not be much longer charged with a gross neglect of performing one of the most interesting and responsible duties imposed on us by that Creator who has blessed us with perfect senses.

THE THEBAN LEGION.

To the Editor of the Christian Observer.

THE vale of the Rhone, in the environs of St. Maurice and Martigny, is one of the interesting spots so frequently visited in Switzerland. The snowy pinnacles of the Dent de Midi; the various other Alpine elevations; the beautiful water-fall, rushing down the rocks like a liquid avalanche; the extensive forests mantling the mountains; the rolling and impetuous Rhone—these, and a thousand nameless beauties, give an impression to the scene which none who have a heart to feel the beauties of nature can fail to experience. But of the many Christian travellers who have gazed on these works of the Creator, few, comparatively, appear to have recalled to memory that it was amidst these scenes that is said to have occurred one of the most remarkable examples of martyrdom with which ecclesiastical history has made us acquainted. It was here that the Theban Legion, consisting of more than six thousand Christian soldiers, died voluntarily for Christ their

Master. The Roman army, under Maximian, was on its march for Gaul. At Octodrum (Martigny) the emperor commanded a festival celebration in honour of the gods, and the Christian soldiers were called on to participate. Far was it from Christian firmness in those days to yield to the most distant appearance of idolatrous worship. The Theban Legion retired to a strong position, under the command of Mauritius, its chieftain, in order to avoid the sacrifice to idols. Maximian, in consequence, inflicted a decimation of the whole legion. Gladly, calmly, triumphantly, did each tenth soldier present his breast to the sword. The survivors remaining faithful to their Saviour, a second decimation was ordered: and this second band of martyrs shewed themselves as unshaken in their fidelity to their Redeemer as their deceased brethren. In this second execution, Mauritius their leader was sacrificed. At length, Maximian, seeing that their constancy was invincible, ordered the execution of the whole of the remainder of the legion; all of whom, unresistingly, calmly, firmly, patiently, died in their ranks, faithful martyrs to Him who had died for them on Calvary.

The feelings excited by recently visiting the scene of this deed of Christian chivalry suggested the following lines.—

THE THEBAN LEGION.

Days of the Alps return!
Ye meaner thoughts, retire!
Burn, rock and mountain-valley, burn,
As once with martyr fire!

'Tis not thy torrent force,
Old Rhone, I gaze along:
Rush, white and deep, thou cascade hoarse,
To win another's song.

Let others laud the plain
Where vines entwine the bower,
The forest's clime, the snow's domain,
Or Mont Blanc's thunder tower.

But, thousands of the brave,
Where, where your Alpine bed?
I seek, I sing, your mountain grave;
I hymn the martyr dead.

'Twas not the crimson flow
Of battle round you poured:
Your sovereign laid your legion low;
In peace your eagles soared.

'Twas not the rebel shout
Which rolled through all your host;
Those lightning spears the panic rout
Of Roman foes might boast.

For Christ, the Martyr King,
Here flowed the blood-red tide;
A trophy to his cross to bring
Here soldier-like ye died.

Twice thro' each tenth heart ploughed
The fatal sword its path;
And last, the whole bright phalanx bowed
Its legion strength in death.

No cry along your line,
No coward shriek was there:

St. Maurice gave the martyr sign,
"For Christ to die we dare."

Soldiers! your fight is done—
Long past your victor day.
The crown of life immortal's won—
Ne'er past your victor lay.

Christian, maintain thy field;
Thy contest, too, will cease;
With Christ to lead, with Christ to shield,
Soon victory! triumph! peace!

What, though a fiercer foe
Than Rome tyrannic frown!
Heaven's power shall lay that foeman low:
On! onward to thy crown!

As the history of the Theban Legion is questioned by some authors, perhaps some of your readers, who have leisure for such inquiries, will favour us with their opinion of its authenticity.—*ANGELICANUS.*

CRABBE.—We are happy to see that Mr. Murray has advertised the publication of Crabbe's works complete, with a selection from his MS. letters and journals, and a memoir of his life by his son. The Prospectus says:—

The life of Crabbe will be found far more abundant in striking incidents and extraordinary contrasts and reverses, than that of almost any other poet with whose personal story we are acquainted. It will be seen from his own Diaries, how calmly he had tasted, both of the very bitterest adversity—a destitute and forlorn wanderer about the streets of London,—and of what, considering his early position and distresses, may be called splendid prosperity—the honoured and admired friend of Burke, Johnson, Reynolds, Thurlow, Fox—and more recently of Scott, Rogers, Moore, &c. &c.—the courted guest of the noblest mansions—placed at length by the universal consent of all capable of appreciating literary merit, on an elevation second to no one among his contemporaries.

The sketches of society, in the very opposite extremes of London life, which these Diaries afford, will, it is believed, reward public attention, as much as any writings of their class ever submitted to the world: and the picture of the Poet's own quiet and virtuous existence in the country, after by Burke's patronage, he had secured a respectable independence in the profession which he adorned, will be given in copious detail, from his own private correspondence, the memorandum books in the possession of his children, and the recollections of his neighbours.—*Examiner.*

The French colony of Algiers appears to be rapidly improving; for the import duties, which in 1830 produced but 5910*l.*, last year produced 25,470*l.* This revenue is derived from a small import duty of 4 per cent. if imported under the French or Algerine flag, and of 8 per cent. if by a foreign flag. The value of imports under the British was last year 32,500*l.*; they were exported from our possessions in the Mediterranean.—*Ibid.*